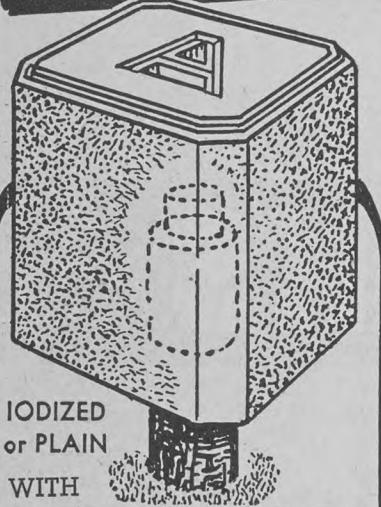




# CASCADE SALT BLOCKS



IODIZED  
or PLAIN  
WITH

## STAKE HOLES --to reduce waste and weathering

The new Cascade Salt Blocks are made with a hole in one end so you can set them up on stakes. They then won't absorb soil moisture, nor will they get crumbled and wasted under the feet of your animals. Snow won't bury them. In any weather, in any season, your animals are assured of all the salt they require, without waste and at the lowest possible cost. Cascade Salt Blocks are full weight and easier to handle as well.



## Did you know?

Hog feeding tests at Purdue University Agricultural Experiment Station showed that one pound of salt saved \$6.37 worth of feed; and that hogs fed salt gained practically twice as much as those without.

Insist on  
**CASCADE SALT**  
It's ALL Western

**ALBERTA SALT  
COMPANY LTD.**  
LINDBERGH, ALTA.



[Photo by Paul Hadley]

## THE Country GUIDE

### What's In This Issue

DECEMBER, 1948

Cover—by F. Sands Brunner	
Under the Peace Tower by Austin F. Cross	5
British Columbia Letter by Charles L. Shaw	13
Editorials	54

#### ARTICLES

A Co-op For Every Want by P. M. Abel	7
Second Chance—by H. S. Fry	10
Spray Wise—by Ralph Hedlin	11

#### FICTION

Flight from Nome—(Serial Part I) by Frank Richardson Pierce	8
The Call of Christmas by Paul Annixter	12

#### FARM

News of Agriculture	16
Livestock	19
Field	22
Horticulture	24
Workshop	25
Poultry	26

#### HOME

The Countrywoman by Amy J. Roe	35
Story of "The Bend" by Bertha Campbell Kurjata	36
Christmas Entertaining by Marion R. McKee	38
Bring on the Turkey	39
For New Good Looks by Loretta Miller	41
Needlework—by Anna DeBelle	42
December Sewing	44
The Country Boy and Girl	53

J. E. BROWNLEE, K.C., President  
R. C. BROWN, Managing Director  
Editors: P. M. ABEL and H. S. FRY  
Associate Editors: RALPH HEDLIN and  
R. G. MARTIN

Home Editor: AMY J. ROE  
Advertising Manager: K. D. EWART  
Extension Director: G. B. WALLACE

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES IN CANADA—50 cents one year; 75 cents two years; \$1.00 three years. Outside Canada \$1.00 per year. Single copies 5 cents. Authorized by the Postmaster-General, Ottawa, Canada, for transmission as second-class mail matter.

Published monthly by THE COUNTRY GUIDE LIMITED, 290 Vaughan St., Winnipeg, Man.  
Printed by THE PUBLIC PRESS LIMITED.

CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED  
Non-fiction, articles or features may be reproduced where proper credit is given to The Country Guide.



## Good reading for how many people?

EVERWHERE today you see signs of a new trend in Canadian reading habits.

Now as never before people are discovering that the printed word, with its worlds of information and entertainment, is a priceless aid to fuller, happier living. So they are reading more newspapers, magazines and books every year!

To help meet this increasing demand for reading material, Canada's vast pulp and paper industry is expanding — thanks, in part, to *your life insurance*.

#### How can this be?

Because part of the money that you and millions of other policyholders pay in to life insurance companies is invested for you in sound Canadian industries — such as the pulp and paper industry.

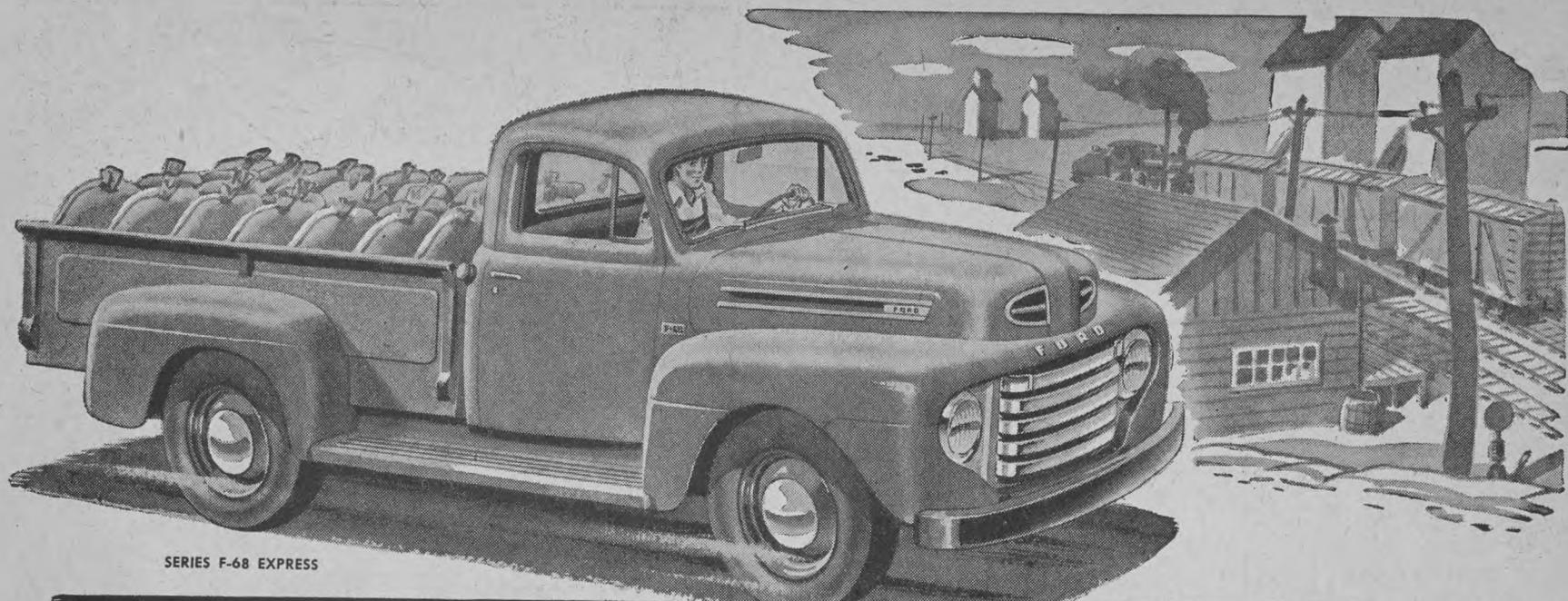
Other life insurance dollars are put to work, through investments in bonds, to help provide highways, schools, harbours, or other public works.

Thus every life insurance owner protects his family and helps to build a better, more prosperous Canada!

*A message from the Life Insurance Companies  
in Canada and their Agents*

It is good citizenship to own

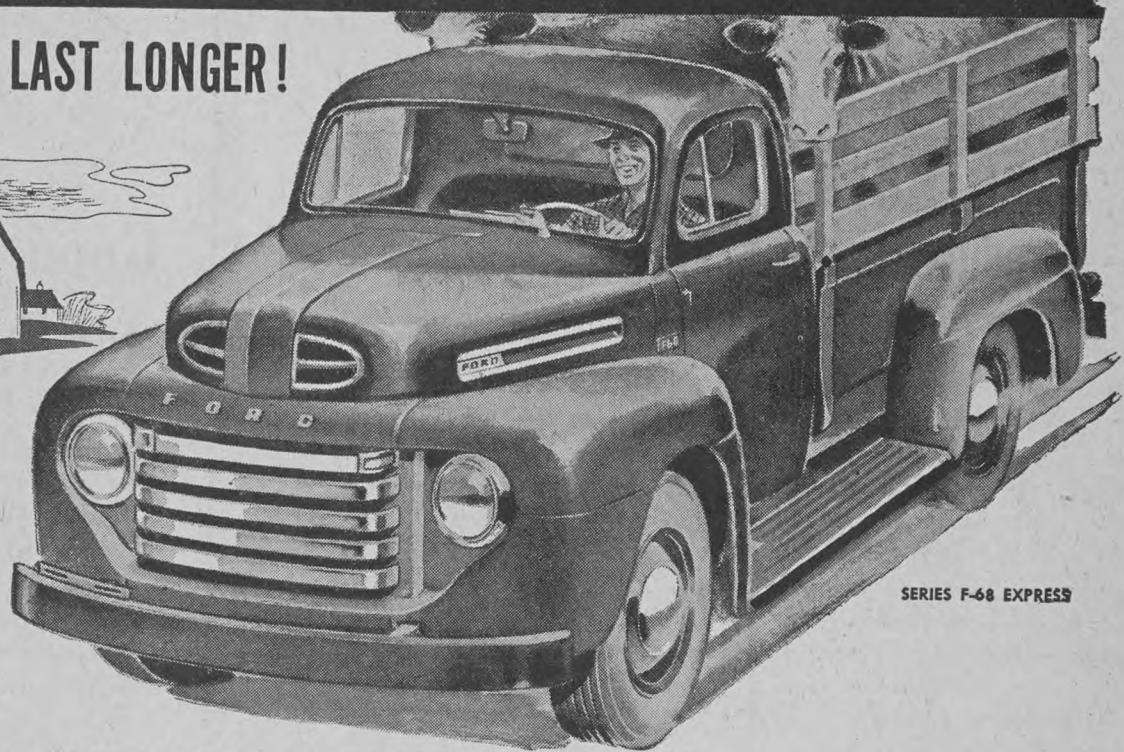
**LIFE INSURANCE**



SERIES F-68 EXPRESS

# FORD *Bonus\** *Built* TRUCKS

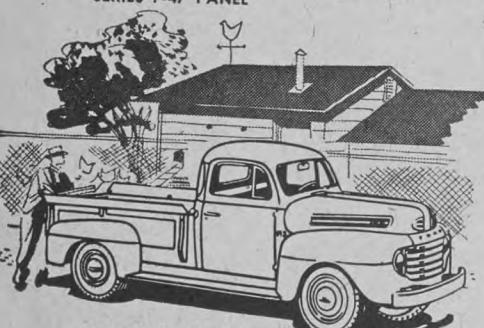
BUILT STRONGER TO LAST LONGER!



SERIES F-68 EXPRESS



SERIES F-47 PANEL



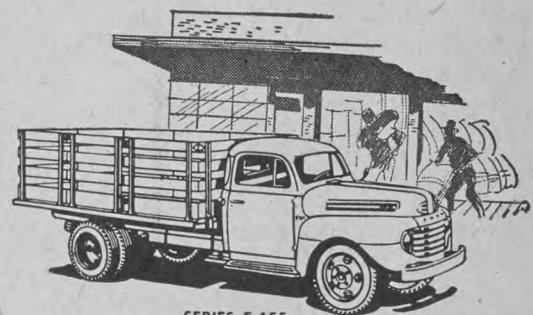
SERIES F-47 PICKUP

Ford Trucks are<sup>\*</sup> built to last through years and years of the toughest, roughest farm hauling. In the big Ford V-8 Truck engines there is power that easily hauls full loads over fields and rough roads. Every point of strain or wear throughout a Ford truck is toughened, reinforced—BONUS\* BUILT. This BONUS\* BUILT strength and capacity widens the range of the work you can do with a Ford Truck. It means lower maintenance, more efficient hauling . . . and more profits.

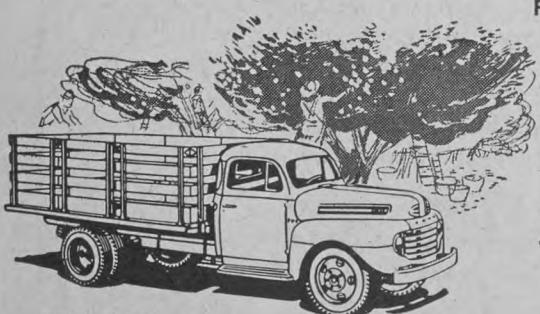
*\*BONUS: "Something given in addition to what is usual or strictly due." —Webster's Dictionary.*

*On The Air! "FORD THEATRE"—Dominion Network, Friday Evening  
"FRED ALLEN"—Trans-Canada Network, Sunday Evening*

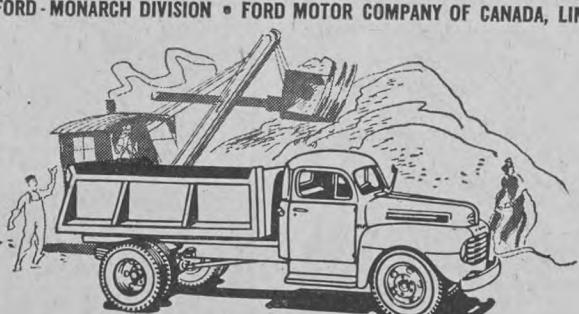
FORD-MONARCH DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



SERIES F-155



SERIES F-105



SERIES F-155 DUMP



SERIES F-135

MORE FORD TRUCKS SOLD IN CANADA THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

# Under The Peace Tower

NEVER before have I covered such a wide geographical range between the time I planned a story for the Country Guide and the time I wrote it. Here I am, pounding my portable typewriter in Regina, Saskatchewan, and the work I began to do was in Carleton County, Ontario. So whether I "slug" the date line, Galetta, Ontario, or Eleventh Avenue, Regina, it doesn't much matter.

I started off to find out what George Drew was going to do in the December 20 by-election in Carleton County, and have ended up reading the placards in the picket line outside the Saskatchewan government's insurance office, while the snow fell on the paper on which I was making notes.

The word went out that George Drew was going to have his troubles in Carleton County, where it was originally believed he would be a shoo-in for the party. But the C.C.F. put up Eugene Forsey, a brilliant economist, as candidate, and things started to happen.

For one thing, Ontario is plunged into a series of blackouts which have really got the folks' dander up. If you have to walk up 15 storeys in a building because the elevator power is off, if you have to work in an office by candle light, if you have to cook your meals at all kinds of queer hours, and all because there isn't enough "juice" to go around, you soon get so you don't like very much, the man you think is to blame.

Quite a few people feel that George Drew is to blame, for he was premier of Ontario when it happened. Quite a few more people also say he was very smart in getting out when he did, otherwise he would have taken an awful beating at the polls next election. Let the responsibility fall where it may, the fact is that he is now running in Carleton County.

THIS writer mounted his trusty Chevrolet and travelled 122 miles through the rural parts of the county, to see how the farmers were going to vote. At Galetta, the tiny hamlet mentioned at the beginning of the story, the writer had gone clear across the county, was indeed almost out of it and into Renfrew. But both on the trip out as far as Galetta, and on the trip back from Galetta to Ottawa, the story is the same. In three words, it is Drew, Drew, Drew. This county, which federally has voted Tory every time since Confederation, and which has offered a snug haven for both Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Robert Borden when their own constituents threw them out, is still tethered to the ancient faith. In Carleton, you could run Tojo on the Tory ticket and Churchill on the Liberal ticket and Tojo would take the county handily.

But something has been added to Carleton, recently, namely, a great new suburban area. To get down to facts, Carleton, once rural, is now three-quarters urban. Therefore the election can be won in the urban and suburban area. For even if Drew carries the county by as much as three to one, the C.C.F. still has a fighting chance in Carleton.



Here's how it can happen; if the Liberals come out and vote C.C.F., then Drew is done. There is already talk of "pulling a South York" in Carleton. It will be recalled that in 1942, when Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, then leader of the Conservatives, ran in the "safe" seat of South York, the Liberals did not put in a candidate. But Mr. Meighen fell into the trap of attacking the Liberals. He could have criticized the C.C.F. all he liked. But when he went after Mackenzie King, it nettled the Grits, and they started to gang up on Meighen. The result was this, that Joseph Noseworthy, the C.C.F. candidate, who had run a bad third in the general election less than two years before, had no trouble in beating Meighen by 4,000 plus.

Now Drew seems to be succumbing to the same lure. Hon. C. D. Howe criticized the Ontario government's power policy, in a speech at London, Ontario. The new P.C. leader immediately rose to the bait, and slammed back at Howe. Then Prime Minister St. Laurent jumped in, and backed up Howe. Now the fat's in the fire, and a lot of Liberals are going to vote for Forsey, the C.C.F. candidate, against Drew. Once upon a time, this would not matter. But with 20,000 voters in the urban area, and only 6,000-odd in the rural area, one can easily see what may happen. In a word, Forsey, the Forlorn Hope, might just possibly beat Drew in Carleton.

This is not to predict that the C.C.F. will win. It is wise to point out this long shot chance. There is of course, a sombre aftermath to this. Should Drew be beaten in Carleton, it would mean the beginning of the end for Conservatives in Canada. Even the Liberals do not want this to happen.

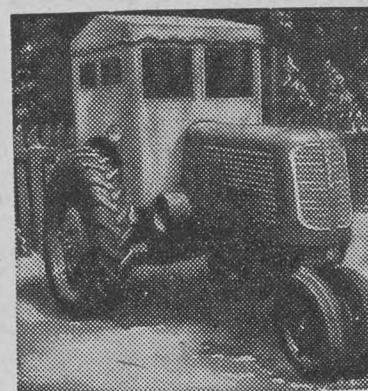
Meanwhile, circumstances took me the day after I was in Carleton, clear across Canada to Regina. To my astonishment, I discovered that the C.C.F. had a strike on its hands. Now I may be dense, (Turn to page 34)



Here are all the natural advantages... cool summers, mild winters and healthful sea breezes. Inquiries welcomed regarding purchase of homes, farms or income properties. Selected first mortgage investments yielding 6 percent.

Plan your Future Home in  
**VICTORIA**  
B.C.  
the California of Canada

**PEMBERTON HOLMES Ltd.**  
Leaders Since 1887 1002 GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA, B.C.  
REAL ESTATE • MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS



**TWO IN ONE TRACTOR CAB**

**NEW and IMPROVED!**

The "All Weather" Cab—For Winter and Summer! Fully Adjustable for Height!

Here's inexpensive protection from winter cold and summer heat. Rigid steel construction. Top and side curtains of heavy waterproof, fireproof cotton duck. Side curtains, with large windshield, wide rear and side windows, are quickly and easily removed for summer use. Cab is large and roomy—stand up while you work. Easily changed from one tractor to another. Specify make and model of tractor and how to ship when ordering. Lowest priced "All-Weather" Cab \$59.50 on the market... F.O.B. Omaha

Tractor owners write for free literature, or see your implement dealer.

Dealers and jobbers write for particulars.

**OMAHA MFG. CO. 903 So. 20th St. Omaha, Nebr.**

Available for Eastern Canadian Distributor. Distributed in Western Canada by Acme Supply Co., 2125 Osler St., Regina, Sask.

**Who  
has a better  
right to be  
TIRED?**



COME SUNDOWN any day in the year—in war or peace, good times or bad—the farmer has earned his rest if any man has! And when he comes to the sunset years of life he deserves a holiday as long as he lives:

But saving up enough money to see you through those years in comfort is a harder job, ordinarily, than earning a living from the farm. Yet it needn't be!

If you knew of a new seed that was easier to plant and cultivate, was insured against crop failure and guaranteed to yield several times as much as the seed you'd been using, you would be interested, wouldn't you? A Canada Life contract offers just those advantages in making your lifetime harvest of dollars earn an income for your retirement.

FILL OUT AND  
MAIL THIS  
COUPON NOW

Dept. 112  
The Canada Life Assurance Company,  
330 University Avenue,  
Toronto, Ontario.

**The CANADA LIFE  
Assurance Company**

Without cost or obligation, please let me know how I can set up a retirement income.

Name.....  
Address.....

F-9

BRIGHTER TOMORROWS FOR YOU AND YOURS!



## How Penicillin makes jobs for Canadians

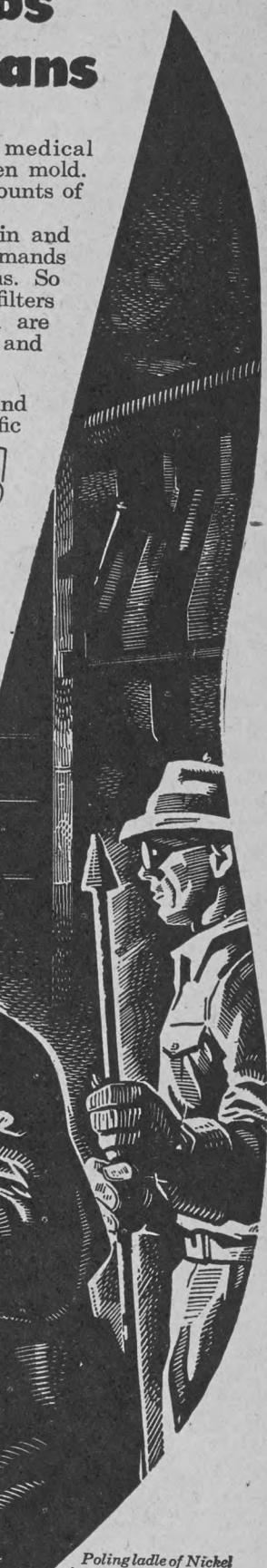
Penicillin, life-saving product of medical research, begins with cultures of green mold. As the mold grows it secretes small amounts of penicillin.

The production of penicillin and other drugs and vaccines demands absolutely sterile conditions. So the tanks, trays, tables, filters and other equipment used are made of Nickel alloys for ease of cleaning and resistance to corrosion.

Practically all drugs, medicines, serums and vaccines in use today are products of scientific research. In designing laboratory equipment for their production, International Nickel has cooperated by supplying technical information regarding the most suitable metals.

The large quantity of equipment required for pharmaceutical laboratories creates a new market for Canadian Nickel, and so increases employment for Canadians.

Thus does research develop better products, increase the use of Canadian Nickel and create more employment.



*Poling ladle of Nickel in preparation for pouring F. Nickel shot which is used in making Nickel Cast Iron.*



"The Romance of Nickel" a 60-page book fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

# Canadian Nickel



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

# A Co-op FOR EVERY WANT

by P. M. ABEL

Illustrations shown below from top to bottom:

The co-op grain elevator with the co-op wholesale warehouse in the foreground. The co-op hatchery, feed and seed store. It did a \$4,000,000 business last year. The co-op gas station which handles 5,500 gallons daily during the crop season. The co-operative livestock exchange. It has successfully adopted auction selling. Other co-op enterprises include a hydro, a lumber yard and a credit union.



*Top: The co-operative creamery, one of the best managed in the state.*

*The co-operative retail market with which is associated the co-op restaurant.*

WE in western Canada take a justifiable pride in our co-operative organizations. The United Grain Growers and the Pools bear comparison with commodity co-ops anywhere. But our organizing has been mostly vertical. Around these towering business structures there are wide areas of trading activity where co-operators have ventured only timidly, or not at all. Along many of our prairie Main Streets no sign bearing the word "Co-operative" may be seen.

Travelling through the spring wheat country south of the border one gets the impression that their organizing has been horizontal. Few units have reached the giant stature of our grain marketing co-ops. But a multitude of strong local co-ops fill the trading sectors between them. In many rural localities a farmer may do the bulk of his buying and selling without stepping outside the ring of co-ops ready to serve him.

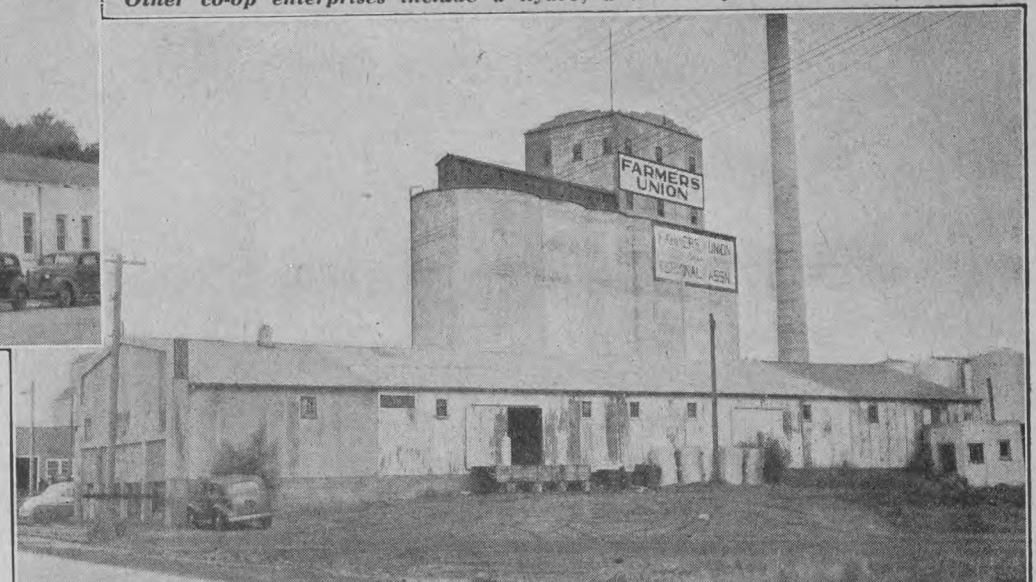
Let's look at one North Dakota community. Perhaps we may hit upon a reason for this difference in direction which co-operative organization has taken.

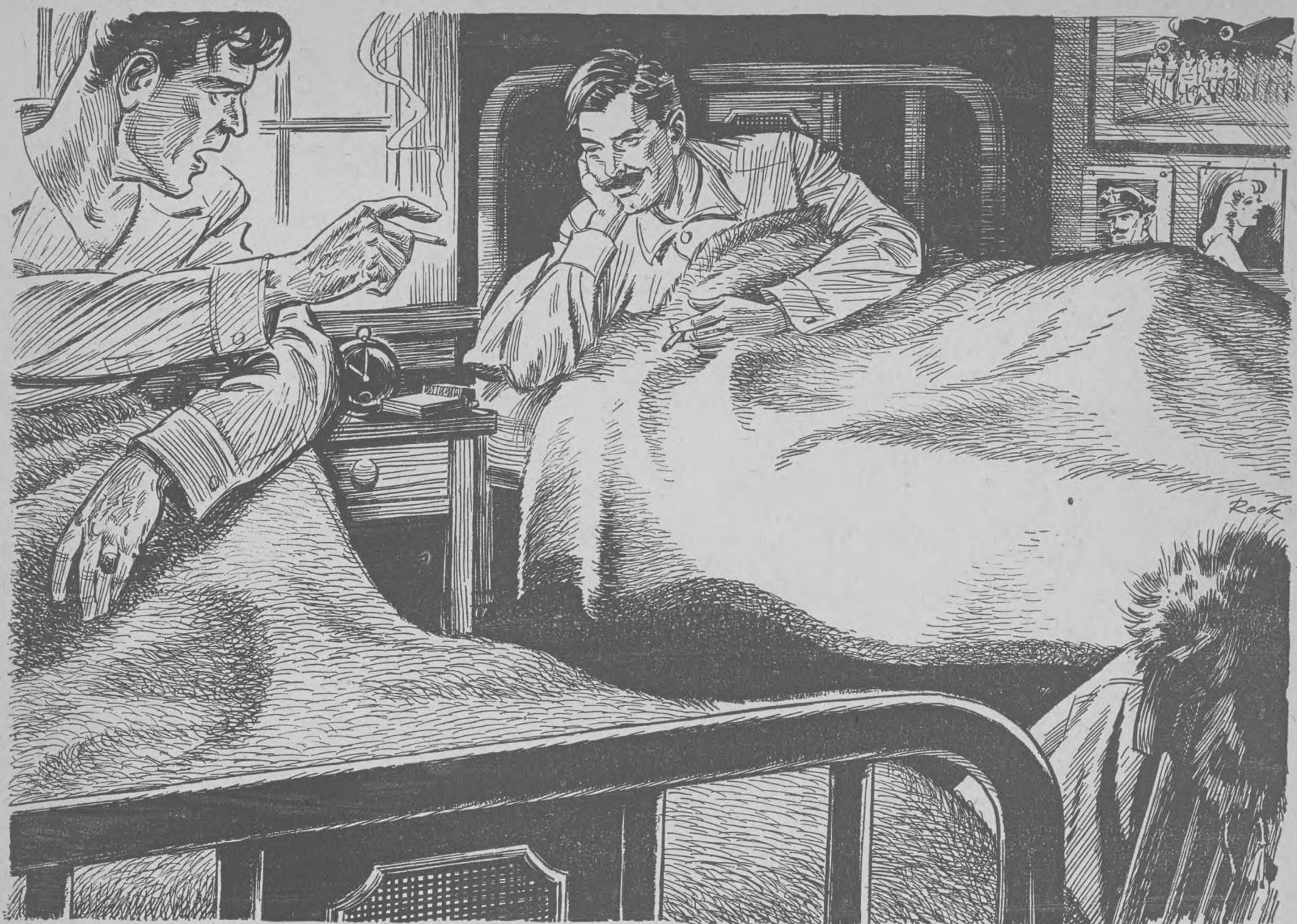
Chance took me to Williston, a city of 8,500 population, with a trading area that contains perhaps 1,800 farms. It lies 100 miles directly south of Weyburn, Sask., and its agricultural setting is not unlike that Canadian town.

The tallest building on the Williston sky line is the 218,000-bushel Farmers' Union elevator, largest in the state with the exception of the state owned mill at Grand Forks. Out of last year's crop nearly 900,000 bushels of co-operatively marketed grain passed through the Williston house, even though there are three other concerns competing for local business.

THE story of marketing grain co-operatively in the American West is a tangled skein. In the days when the forerunners of the U.G.G. were winning their spurs against the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the Americans formed the Equity Co-operative Exchange. Immediately every tactic of competitive business was brought to bear against it. It was denied a seat on the Grain Exchanges, it was slandered in the press, an attempt was made to have it declared insolvent, although its financial condition was excellent. Unfortunately, too many of the farmers who had put their money into the business believed the lies which were circulated and stopped shipping their grain to it. The Equity died of malnutrition.

But out of the battle which raged about the Equity came much good. Farmers learned something about the co-operative system and the need for it. A few leaders (Turn to page 27)





*Joe Lynch, leaning on his elbow, regarded Danny curiously. "I didn't know whether you were dreaming or choking to death."*

DANNY REAGAN heard Joe Lynch's voice, distant and annoyed, "Danny! Wake up! Snap out of it!" Danny struggled through the fog and confusion that lies between a bad dream and complete wakefulness. He blinked stupidly, and slowly the familiar pattern of their room took form—the clock on the little table, the larger table with his collection of ivory carvings gathered in remote Eskimo villages, his rifle standing in the corner and his parka carelessly flung over a chair. It was noon, and the flight from Nome to Anchorage wasn't scheduled until seven o'clock. Plenty of time to sleep if he could get to sleep again. He turned over, closed his eyes, and tried to relax a body that was tense and drenched with a cold sweat because of a nightmare that was so real he wasn't really sure, even now, that he had survived a bad crash.

Joe Lynch, leaning on his elbow, regarded him curiously. "I didn't know whether you were dreaming or choking to death."

"I was dreaming the tanks were about empty," Danny answered. "You were trying to set the plane down, and suddenly I saw a ridge, dead ahead. I was trying to yell a warning, but couldn't speak above a whisper."

"And didn't you try to take over?" Joe asked.

"Me take over when you're riding the left hand side?" Danny angrily retorted. "Hell no!"

"I've sometimes wondered," Joe said, trying to make his voice casual—and failing. He reached for his cigarettes, then the lighter on the little stand between the twin beds.

The Joe Lynch-Danny Reagan flying team was rated the best in Alaska, but the two men hadn't been getting on well lately. Neither wanted to admit it. Neither confessed its possibility by the slightest change in attitude, but there was a tenseness in their relationship since they had been discharged from the flying corps and resumed civilian flying for the Alaska-Asiatic Airlines.

***Opening of a two-part serial—the story of a flying team, reckoned as the best in Alaska, and some things which had brought a tenseness in their friendship.***

Pre-war Joe had been a pretty swell guy. In those days the Civil Aeronautics Administration had just ventured into Alaska and flying was mostly by contact. The AAA's equipment was little more than motorized egg crates. Joe Lynch, a kid with instrument pilot training, had come to Alaska and hit the AAA for a job, only to learn that a good bush pilot packed more weight in the Arctic than an instrument man. He had found himself co-piloting for Danny Reagan, another kid.

A silly situation, Joe had thought, but not half as silly as falling in love with Danny's sister, Maureen. Maureen was only twelve at the time, and Joe wondered how old a girl had to be to avoid the "child bride" rating.

"Piloting in Alaska is simple," Danny had said. "Afloat you keep your ship off the beach, uncharted reefs and pinnacle rocks. Aloft you keep your ship away from the clouds that are full of rocks. Few weather reports, so you get up in the morning, listen to the sounds and chart your own weather. If whistles, bells and Malemute howls are unusually clear—it means rain. You look at the ceiling. If there's a hole big enough to get through, you take off and go through it, thus avoiding icing your wings. You look for a hole somewhere near your destination and come through."

"Beams? No! You fly from a camp, follow a creek until you come to Flapjack Meehan's roadhouse. Then you turn and go on to a mountain with an Indian's profile," Danny explained. "Twenty miles beyond you sight a cabin where George Washington stayed all night—if George had stayed in Alaska. From there you go to Gunsight Pass. If the wind

has more soup than your motors, you back out."

"Back out!" Joe had exclaimed in shocked tones.

"Yeah," Danny had answered. "Keep your plane flying at something above stalling speed, and the gale will blow you backwards."

And gradually Joe had become a bush pilot. Sometimes they would fly in a load of dynamite to a mine, and Joe would hold the percussion caps on his lap, ready to toss them out the window if the landing looked bad. Powder would stand a rough landing, but the combination was bad.

Or they would make a "bombing run" on a mine john and knock off the roof with a 50-pound hunk of frozen beef. It was fun to come suddenly on a camp and see the honest miners burst from the john and race for cover, clutching their pants. Now and then one would lose his grip, move a few yards like a hobbled horse, then bite the dust, or the snow, depending on the weather. And Joe and Danny would laugh. Often Joe would slap Danny between the shoulders after a particularly rough trip and exclaim, "Danny, do you think pilots will ever be more than glorified truck drivers?"

EARLY-DAY travel in Alaska was hazardous and many an unknown reef won a name and a place on charts because a ship's bottom discovered it. Gradually ships and masters built up "safe" reputations—ships like the venerable *Victoria*, and masters like Dynamite Johnny O'Brien. Men sending their families Outside, and sick or old people preferred them.

Because they usually brought their passengers safely through with a minimum of discomfort and risk, Joe and Danny had picked up a reputation for being safe pilots. They flew young women to the hospitals, then flew them home with new babies,

# flight from Nome

by  
FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

cribs, formulas and other infant gear. Their mercy flights made the headlines. They read the glowing reports and shook their heads, as Arctic pilots do, because imaginative writers had confused the words routine and bravery.

With the CAA gradually expanding in Alaska, Danny had seen the handwriting on the wall and traded places with Joe who taught him the intricacies of instrument flying.

**M**AUREEN went Outside to school, returning each summer. Danny was happy the day she and Joe became engaged. He lived for Maureen. No one else counted the way she did, not even himself. This devotion puzzled strangers. They thought, for instance, that he should have his own ship instead of flying on the right hand side for a prospective brother-in-law. They didn't know that Danny couldn't be happy until Maureen's happiness was assured—and that meant staying close to Joe for the time being.

Strangers didn't know about Jack and Molly Reagan sailing from Nome with Danny and the baby Maureen that grim fall when winter came ahead of time; nor the spray freezing until the steamer was a ghost ship; nor the pinnacle rock that stabbed deep into the ship, breaking her back.

Danny had never forgotten it; Mom was insisting that he take a nap and he wanted to watch Dad play cards in the smoking room. He could hear the moaning and groaning of the ship in her agony; the grinding and rasp as frames and plates gave way under the strain; and Mom, deathly white, but working with steady hands as she dressed him in his warmest clothing, then buttoned a slicker around him. He could hear Dad's voice saying, "Unlock the door, Molly!" And Mom answering, "It's jammed, Jack. Hurry around to the porthole and take the children."

He remembered the shouts and thud of running feet, then Dad was saying, "Pass Danny through first, Molly." He remembered the tenseness of Mom's arms as she held him, kissed him, then lifted him to the porthole and said, "Make yourself stiff as a ramrod, Danny." And Dad had drawn him to the narrow deck and hastily strapped a life belt marked CHILDREN about him. He had drawn Maureen through the porthole and hurried to the boat deck. Danny had followed.

An officer was saying, "Women and children first." And Dad had said, "Here are two." Then he had put Danny onto the amidships thwart between two young women with children, and he had said, "Take care of Maureen, son . . . always. Take care of Maureen." And those words had changed a little, skinny guy's sense of responsibility to that of a man's.

Then Dad had said, "I'm going back for Mom."

The little, skinny guy who was hardly more than a baby himself, sat quietly in the boat and watched the men beat the boat falls with clubs to clear them of ice so they would run freely through the blocks. He remembered the waves licking at the lifeboat with curling, damp tongues, then clawing at it, tossing it about and drenching the occupants with spray.

He saw the spray freeze on his slicker and on the rubber blanket Mom had wrapped about Maureen. His arms had ached, but he held her tightly, yet gently as Mom had taught him to do. After awhile his arms no longer ached because the clothing about them was frozen, and frost had worked into the flesh. Hours later when a rescue craft took them aboard, his arms remained cradled. He remembered the big, rough man with the ruddy face who worked a long time, thawing and straightening his

arms, and who kept swearing softly. He remembered, particularly, because Mom had warned him they were swear words and little boys never used them.

He remembered the tossing boats, and the stern half of the steamer, up-ending, then sinking. In later years his imagination completed a picture that none living had seen—of Dad trying to batter down the jammed door in time and of Mom quietly waiting. Danny had a clear picture of his father's face as he said, "Take care of Maureen, son . . . always." As if he were thinking, I know this skinny little guy's breed. I'm not coming back. He won't fail me.

Dad's faith had been an enduring flame through boyhood and young manhood, and it had sustained Danny. It wasn't difficult for him to put aside his own plans in the process of taking care of Maureen. It was a work of love. He never interfered and never preached, but remedied things needing attention, working quietly from the sidelines.

**D**ANNY blamed the war for the present tenseness between Joe and himself. It had changed Joe, but not as it had changed some men and was supposed to have changed many more. Sixty bombing missions without losing a man and seldom returning with plane damage had convinced Joe that he was lucky. Some rather high "brass" believed it too, and for that reason Joe had been sent on the toughest missions.

Flak, unaccountably, was too high or too low. Overtaking attack planes were usually almost out of ammunition or fuel. When hard pressed, friendly clouds formed and received Joe's plane with open arms. And toward the last Danny noticed that Joe was beginning to like the "Lucky Lynch" legend that was going the rounds. He was beginning to lean on it.

That was why Danny had turned down a plane of his own. It might be a good idea if he were around when Joe's luck ran out. The "brass" hadn't urged too strongly because it did seem a shame to break up a winning team and change good luck to bad.

But nothing happened that good mechanics couldn't repair in a few hours. After that, there were the medals, the bond tours, and endless dinners with chambers of commerce chairmen rapping for order and beginning, "We have with us this evening, a man . . ."

And the man was invariably Joe Lynch. Seated among the sub-chairmen was Danny Reagan, nervously toying with a fork, thinking of post-war flying in Alaska and getting his knees and feet straightened out so that he wouldn't wreck the table when he stood up for his bow.

**A**LONG the way, there were sultry, hero-worshipping numbers with come-hither expressions in their eyes and Joe had gone hither and perhaps thither. Danny didn't exactly blame Joe. There had been a war, hadn't there, and the girl had thrown herself at him, hadn't she?

Nome had its newsreels and there would be shots of Joe up to his ears in adoring lovelies. Maureen would see them, but she would sensibly take a long haul view of things and try not to let her heart ache.

But sometimes it got Danny down. Then he would buy a bottle of whiskey, retire to his room where he couldn't become a pain in some worthy stranger's neck, and get good and tight.

The war's end should have cleared up everything, but it hadn't. Joe hadn't forgotten he was Lucky Lynch. He had taken a couple of chances—nothing really serious—but it revealed a tendency that Danny considered significant. The tricky, vile weather that brewed bad medicine for man-made birds perhaps hadn't heard of Joe's luck.

That was what worried Danny and gave him nightmares while Joe's sleep was untroubled. Now as Joe leaned on his elbow and studied Danny curiously he asked, "Normally you sleep like a log. What's the reason for these nightmares? Are you in love with that little CAA dish at Cold Deck?"

So Joe had noticed that. Danny had fallen in love with her voice first as it came over the air, reporting weather conditions. And for several weeks he had refused to wander into the station because he had built her up into something very special in his mind and didn't want to be disappointed. When he finally met her he wasn't the least bit disappointed.

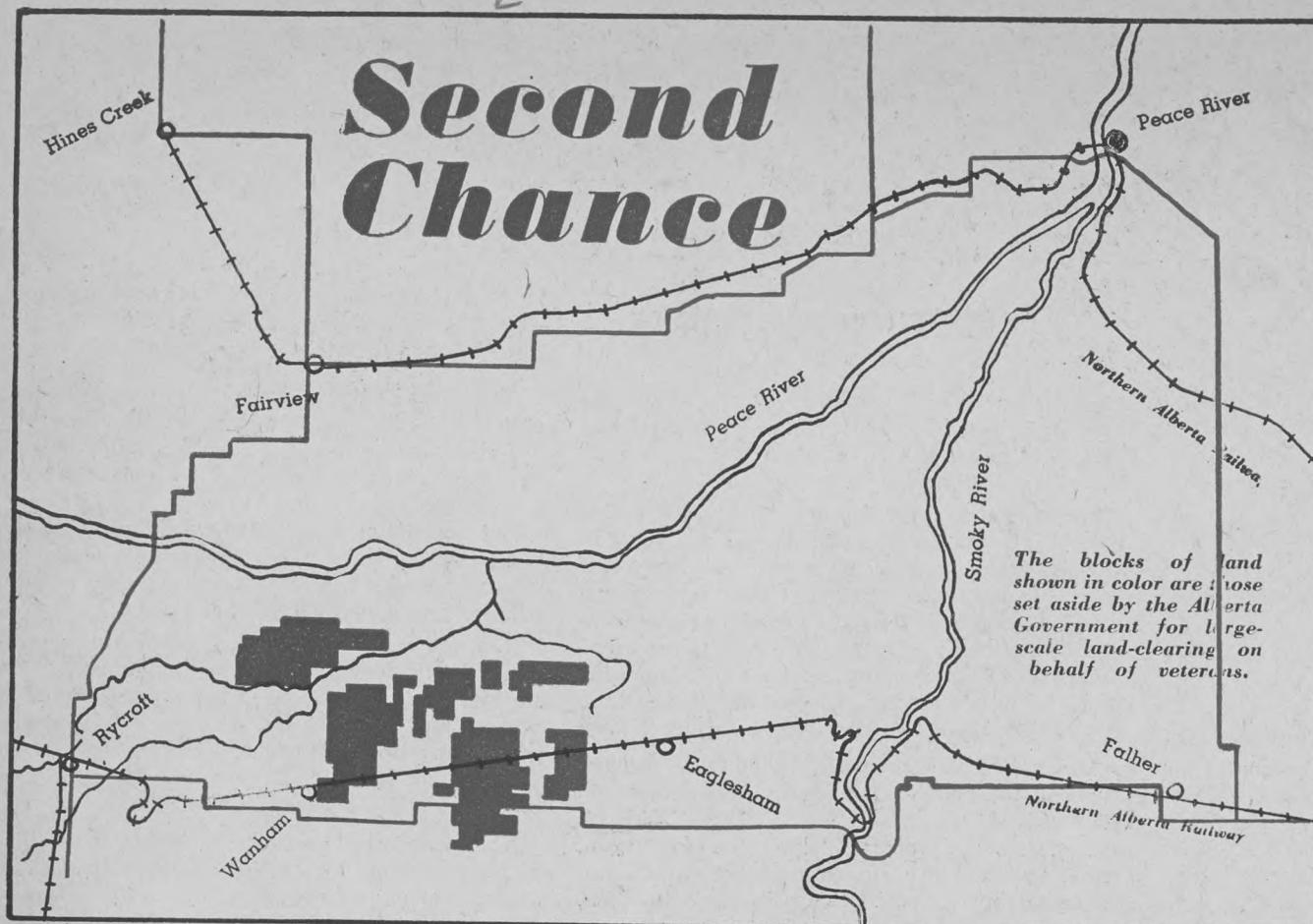
In turn, Danny's voice had intrigued her. She came just to his shoulder, which was higher than most shoulders and her heart told her here was the man she had been waiting for. Danny began making tentative, long-term schedules in which she figured prominently.

Now as Joe smoked and studied him through the haze, Danny thought. If he knows that I'm that way over Nancy, why does he turn on the old personality whenever he's within gunshot of her? Is the damned fool through with Maureen, or is he just throwing his weight around? He was conscious of a slow burn, but he kept his temper. He said, "Answering your question—loving Nancy wouldn't

give a guy bad dreams."

He lit a cigarette, thinking. It was a grisly dream, but I think I'll give it to him, uncensored, because it could happen just that way to us. It might sober him. Danny said, "It was a granite ridge armored with thick ice. When the motors hit, they splattered like molten lead. The starboard wing sheared off, stabbed into a snow bank and stood there—a marker for the search planes. The port wing and fuselage were reduced to numerous, odd-shaped pieces of junk; and the people—clay fragments. The cliff blazed briefly from the gasoline remaining in the shattered tanks. Then it was all quiet—and millions of snowflakes hurried in to cover the sickening mess. The point I can't get is that all this should register in a dream when obviously I was one of the first killed." (Turn to page 45)





**S**INCE the end of 1945, more than 2,000,000 acres of new land has been broken in the three prairie provinces. Figures are not yet available for the current year, but in 1946, the total was 779,100 acres and in 1947 it was 809,450 acres. Thus, these two years brought 1,588,550 new acres under cultivation of which 940,900 acres were in Saskatchewan, 556,300 acres in Alberta and 91,350 acres in Manitoba.

There is no doubt that some of this land at least, might better have been left under its cover of virgin sod or other vegetation. The spur of relatively high prices for farm products has combined, however, with mechanization of land clearing to bring into potential production a lot of new acres. Many alleged authorities have been estimating for years that Canada's margin of potential new breaking is becoming extremely narrow. It will, nevertheless, be the established farmers and the new settlers who will ultimately determine what and when land is to be broken and cropped.

**I**NCLUDED in the additions to improved farm lands in Canada, is a substantial acreage broken by, or on behalf of the 16,923 veterans who have gone to the land since the war. This number includes only those who have been established under the Veterans' Land Act. For these the D.V.A. has purchased 3,400,055 acres in the nine provinces. Two out of every three veterans, however, will farm in the four western provinces and will occupy 80 per cent of all land purchased for veterans in this country. Nearly three out of every four acres of veterans' land are located in the prairie provinces.

In addition to this D.V.A.-purchased land, more than three-quarters of a million acres of provincial land has been allotted to 2,625 veterans in the four western provinces, 90 per cent of it in the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

It is a fortunate thing for the veterans of World War II who are returning to the land, that the day of the glittering axe and the straining back and arm muscles is rapidly disappearing from land-clearing operations. Today, huge and ponderous machines, driven with the power of a hundred horses, are available to clear, pile and break as many acres in a day as a willing settler could make ready for seeding in from one to two years by brute strength alone. Great steel blades can be made to shear off a 15-inch trunk at the base as if it were cheese. Another machine will gather and pile everything that falls on several acres while a single man operates a few gear shifts and levers. Giant disc plows weighing

tons will turn over 30 acres per 24-hour day, and cleave through a 14-inch stump without a tremor.

These larger and weightier machines, of course, are not suitable for small acreages. Great projects are their meat. It would probably cost as much to move them and their gear from one small farm to another as to clear several acres and make it ready for seeding. Jobs requiring only a few hours or a few days of work would mean that depreciation and the time of idle operators would more than eat up the economic value of the equipment.

I had an opportunity in early August to see two large veterans' land projects in process of development. One of these was at Fort St. John in the Peace River block, British Columbia, and the other the much publicized Alberta project at Wanham, in the Peace River district — east of Rycroft and south of the Peace River. The Fort St. John project is being developed as a D.V.A. project, for which the Dominion has purchased from the Indians an entire reserve; and the Alberta project represents the potential development of approximately 120,000 acres of provincial land to be selected in an area of approximately nine townships or 206,000 acres.

**F**OUR contractors are operating in this project, of whom one, Lassiter's Limited, has contracted to clear and break 100,000 acres by September 1, 1952. The contract price for this tremendous undertaking is \$25 per acre, for which O. B. Lassiter,

the owner of the company, will receive \$7 per acre when brush-cutting is completed, \$8 per acre after piling, \$5 per acre after burning and breaking, and \$5 per acre when the land is made ready for seeding. Mix Bros., holding the second largest contract, have undertaken to complete 6,400 acres by September 1, 1950, for \$22.50 per acre.

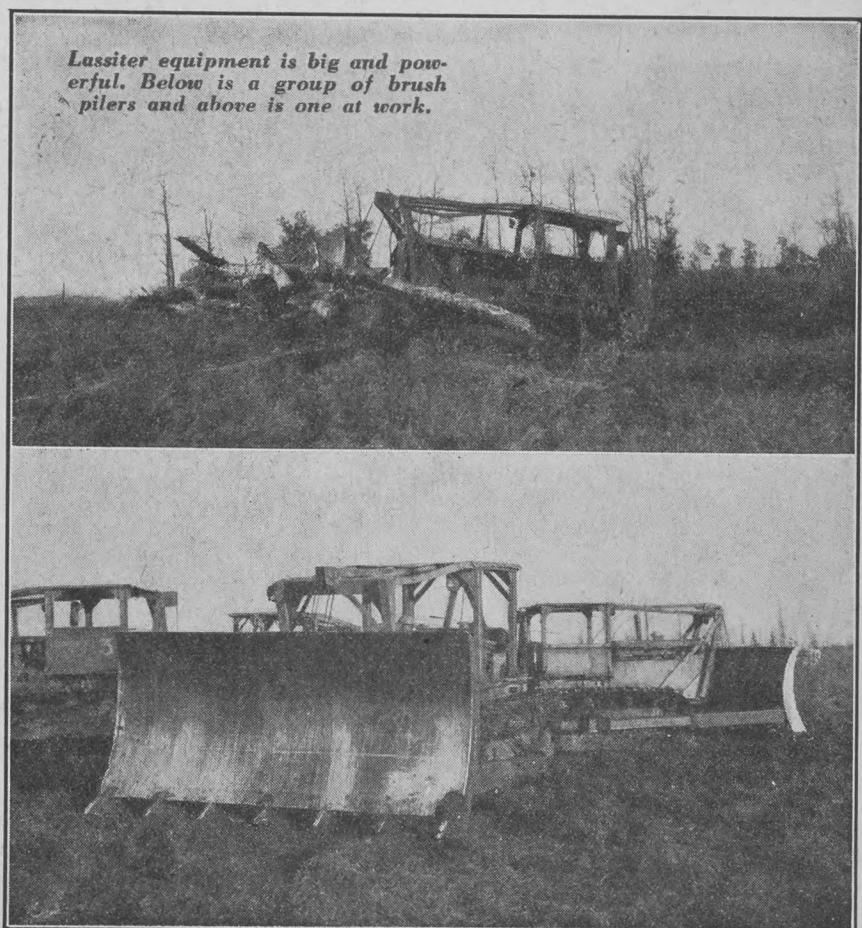
The present contract is Lassiter's second attempt to bargain with the government. The first blew up in his face, after he had expended \$628,000, of which he had furnished \$100,000 himself, the government had advanced \$500,000, and the \$28,000 represented suspended checks. The first deal was decidedly unusual, if not, in fact, bizarre. As concisely put by Mr. Lassiter last December in the heat of recriminations and the wordy battle preceding re-negotiations: "I was to get a 30 per cent crop share from all veterans homesteads, and an opportunity to put two 20,000-acre blocks into crop myself as a means of continuing financing." (For further details see *The Country Guide*, page 7, September, 1947).

### Mechanized land clearing for Veterans! It took two tries to get Alberta's Wanham scheme off to a fair start.

by H. S. FRY

**M**EANWHILE, between August 13, 1946, and the suspension of operations by the government in the first week of November, 1947, Lassiter had invested \$354,000 in massive and expensive equipment and preparatory work, and had approximately 11,000 acres cleared, of which 1,200 were ready for sowing. The government claimed that \$60 per acre was a ridiculously high cost and, having advanced \$500,000 as required by the contract, it was time to call a halt. It offered three choices to Lassiter, first to

(Turn to page 32)



Lassiter equipment is big and powerful. Below is a group of brush pilers and above is one at work.

**A government universal sprayer at Hamiota, Manitoba, has demonstrated the value of one of these machines in a mixed farming area in controlling weeds and insects.**



**Left: Harvey Jones, who ran the show for the provincial department of agriculture.**

OUT around Hamiota, Manitoba, this summer they have been spraying almost everything for insect control. There is no record of new-born babies being sprayed, but that is not because they didn't have the equipment and spray to do the job. They just didn't think it was worth while.

A universal sprayer was loaned to the three municipalities of Hamiota, Minto and Blanshard by the Dominion Department of Agriculture through the Experimental Farm Service. R. H. Painter, officer-in-charge, Livestock Insect Laboratory, Lethbridge, Alberta, is responsible for outlining the plan and, in co-operation with H. E. Wood, chairman of the Manitoba Weeds Commission, for arranging the delivery of the sprayer. His idea was that there should be plenty of work in any mixed farming area to keep a universal sprayer busy, and that if sprayers were loaned in a few areas that it would serve to demonstrate their value on the rural scene. This plan has been successful in the Hamiota area. Very few who had any contact with the jobs done failed to be impressed.

The machine used is, of course, a power sprayer. It is equipped with a pump capable of producing pressures up to 500 pounds per square inch. It is driven with a 2½-horsepower air cooled motor. The sprayer is equipped with an 80-gallon wooden tank, fitted with two agitating paddles. The spray can be applied in a number of ways. It can be applied through a single nozzle, high pressure spray gun for high pressure work, or through a four-nozzle hand boom for work where lower pressures are needed. A 16-foot boom is used for weed spraying. In this case a low pressure attachment, capable of pressures from five to 100 pounds, is used on the machine. This equipment, weighing 700 pounds, is mounted on skids, and transported in a small truck.

The sprayer is under loan by the Dominion Department of Agriculture to the three co-operating municipalities. The Manitoba Department of Agri-

culture undertook to supervise and manage the experimental work, and arranged that the local agricultural representative should provide on-the-spot supervision. The municipalities agreed to hire an operator and truck, purchase all spraying materials used, and supply grease, gas, and other incidentals required. The farmers were charged the actual cost of the spraying operation. This cost was made up of spray and materials, 70 cents an hour for the operator, 65 cents an hour for an assistant when one was required and a charge of 10 cents a mile on the truck. Collections were the responsibility of the municipality.

DURING the summer an attempt was made to test the sprayer on every job that would be required of a sprayer in a mixed farming area. The

buildings on the agricultural fair grounds were whitewashed. It was a bigger problem to complete all the jobs requested, than it was to find work for the machine.

Derris root powder mixed at the rate of one pound of powder to five gallons of water was used for spraying cattle for warble control. Six head were run into a box stall. The operator stood on the side of the stall and directed the spray down onto their backs. The spray was applied at a pressure of 500 pounds per square inch. This was enough to knock off the scabs and force the mixture down onto the grubs. Results were excellent.

Perhaps the machine gained its greatest popularity in its use for fly control. It scarcely needs to be repeated that flies are a great nuisance and annoyance on most farms, yet W. J. Pollock, Hamiota, who keeps 100 pigs, 150 chickens and 40 head of cattle, was able to say: "After the farmyard and pig pens were sprayed we didn't even have to worry about a screen door on the house. Flies were no problem."

Any place where flies were known to gather or breed was sprayed. Barns, pig pens, hen houses, brooder houses, poultry range shelters, milk houses and house porches were all sprayed. The procedure followed consisted of stripping all dirt and cobwebs down from the roof and ceilings with clear water at high pressures. This was followed with DDT at the rate of one pound to five gallons of water, applied at about 100 pounds pressure. Everything inside the building—walls, ceilings, windows, doors, floors, stalls—was sprayed. The east and south outside walls were also sprayed. Manure piles and pig pens were treated. It was found that one application gave good fly control throughout the summer.

**A**NOTHER successful operation was the spraying of cattle with DDT, to keep flies and mosquitoes from troubling them in the pasture. The cattle were run into a loose box and the spray applied at 500 pounds pressure. All parts of the animal were covered, but particular attention was paid to the neck and shoulders.

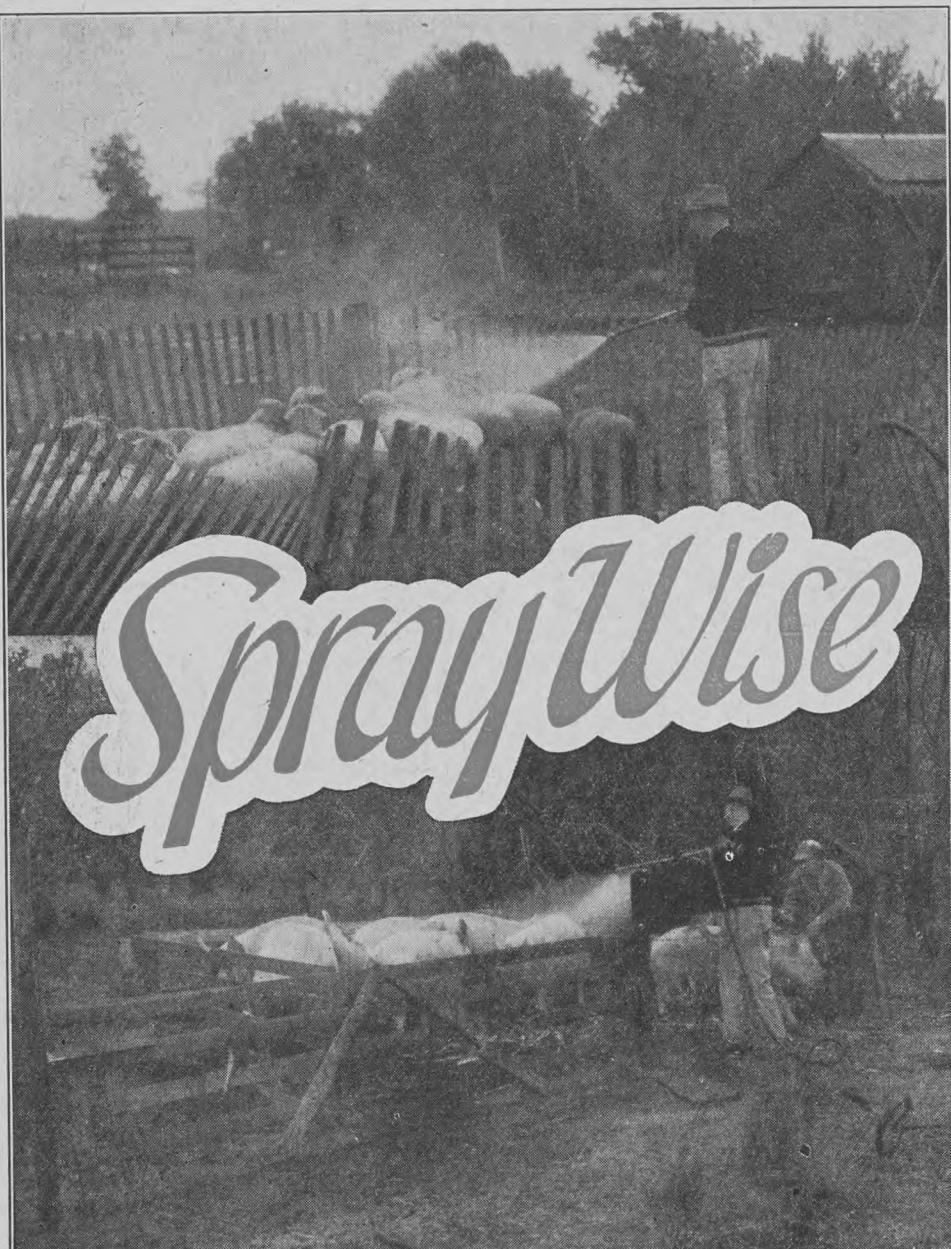
Good control of barn flies and stable flies was achieved. The control of mosquitoes was reasonably good, though they still bothered the cattle to some extent. Control of horse flies and heel flies was very limited. Control lasted for from six to eight

weeks. At the end of that time the residual effect appeared to wear off and a second spraying became necessary. It was felt that there was a relationship between the pressure at which the DDT was applied, and the length of its effectiveness.

Harvey Jones, the agricultural representative who supervised the work, reported one interesting check. "On one farm we missed three head that we couldn't get into the barn. The flies bothered those three all summer, but the rest of the herd, which was treated, were unmolested." A farmer—John Rankin, of Oakner—stated: "I believe it will pay a man \$10 for every dollar he spends in spraying."

Bill Baxter's 19 head of purebred Shropshires were also sprayed—with DDT. "The spray did a 100 per cent job of killing ticks," he stated. "Also it was quick and convenient. I always get soaked

(Turn to page 18)



**Top: Spraying sheep with DDT for tick control on the farm of Bill Baxter, Hamiota.  
Below: Spraying hogs with DDT on W. J. Pollock's farm at Hamiota.**

reason was that Mr. Painter wished to see evidence gathered that would prove that there is a real place in any mixed farming area for a universal sprayer. The summer's work has achieved this objective.

**T**HE machine was used for a diversity of jobs. Cattle were sprayed with derris root powder for warble control and with DDT to repel flies. Sheep were sprayed with DDT for tick control. Roadsides were sprayed with 2,4-D to kill scrub and weeds, and field spraying with 2,4-D for weed control was also practised. The inside walls of farm buildings were washed down with water and sprayed with DDT to kill flies, and shelterbelts were sprayed with the same for pest control. The inside of chicken houses and barns were sprayed with whitewash. Back lanes in the village of Hamiota were sprayed for house fly control, and



*As Tim broke out of the thicket, his heart leaped as it had never leaped before. There in the trail, not a hundred feet ahead, the great shaggy form of the bear was advancing upon him. . . .*

## The Call of CHRISTMAS

by PAUL ANNIXTER

**E**HERE it was again. Those little voices talking up. Always when he made the long north loop of his trap line, that kept him four full days and nights in the woods, it got him like this. Worse lately. Out here in the thick spruce the silence was more than silence—it was like a spell. There were caves of gloom and stillness in here that seemed never to have stirred since the beginning of time. Old Tim Withrow had played it solitaire before, but not on the upper Jack Pine. He wasn't built for the likes of this. No, never no more.

Old Tim was heartsick and soul-hungry. He was dying to hear a noise he wanted; to tuck the hearty sound of a human voice in his ear; just to swap a string of words with someone—no matter who-all. My Crimis! To sit down across the table, stump, or grocery counter for twenty minutes, say, and talk, just clap-clap with even a coffee-coolin' schoolmarm—that was all Tim asked! Let her wind up proper and run down, then ask her about it all over again. But above all Tim was dying to turn words into conversation with big Joe Peters for an hour.

Good old Joe Peters, who had been Tim's partner for three years. Hived up over in Banion for the winter, Pete was, because he'd come down with flu-pneumonia in the fall and the doc wouldn't let him hit the long trails. Helping Hill Beachey a bit in the general store, Pete was, and moping. Call that a job for a six-foot-two, hell-cussing, husky, hairy, ham-handed son of a he-man with a voice like a foghorn, who owned a half interest in this virgin stream of theirs on the upper Jack Pine?

This afternoon, coming in from the north loop, Tim had come to a blasphemous decision on all that. Dying to clap a hand on Joe Pete he'd been for three months past, and, by the jumped-up Jimmy-jams, he'd do that little thing before next snowfall! Seventy-eight miles it was to Banion, but he'd make it "poco pronto," with the shoeing like it was. Trek all night if need be. Just a day and a half trotting trip, that, for a young man under sixty.

December was nearing an end. The biggest snows of the year were on their way, and after they came he'd be holed up for keeps till spring let him out; but right now he could follow the Jack Pine up to

its source and fight his way up over the spine of Sawtooth, then drop down the east slope to Banion. The traps could lie for a week. Tim was leaving them all sprung as he went now, that no small fur-bearers might slowly die by freezing in their clutch. He'd had enough of this for one spell—aye.

**H**E could get over Sawtooth if he started at once, and if he had luck to get back again before heavy weather set in. But even if he didn't get back, it was worth it. He'd had a whale of a season so far; the critters had been plain fool-crazy to take Tim's traps and deadfalls—up to a few days back, at least. Tim had around fifteen hundred dollars' worth of pelts drying now in the lean-to back of the cabin—half of it Pete's—so they had fair stakes come spring if he never got back. Besides, he reasoned artfully, he'd be able to pack back a lot of truck he really needed—tin cow and more eatin' tobacco and a bit of the synthetic syrup they served in the Wheat Stack Restaurant. And get a bit of news.

Illustrated by Clarence Tillelius



God knew what had been brewin' since he'd been outside. Maybe his country was at war, in a close-to maybe with this Yellow Peril they talked of!

With luck he'd make it in time for Christmas day in Banion. What a day they'd make of it, by

the crippled crimin! If it wasn't for the mountain that lay between, he'd bring Joe Pete back with him—sled him in if need be, and look after him like a nurse, and it'd be a long-come-short before they'd get him away again, too. But of course they could sleep him a few nights where Pete was staying, and that would help.

Tim was sucking avidly at his dead pipe as he tramped, 'what with the flood of old scenes with Pete—and scenes to come—that trooped his mind. Then he snubbed himself short abruptly.

"You'll be blattin' to yourself like a sheep-herdin' coot, Tim Withrow, if ye don't make tracks for Sawtooth."

Then he halted abruptly on the brow of a knoll.

Down below in a brush-lined hollow was sudden movement. A great dark shape upreared a moment and sank back again, low, startling sounds following hard upon it, between a bawl and a roar, a registry of elemental pain.

**A**LREADY Tim was hastening downgrade. He remembered that trap well—the single bear set he had planted along his line after having twice come across the trail of a lone bear upon his range. And now of all times he'd pinched the toes of the only bear that was wintering on the Jack Pine, just when he was hell-bent to get over the Sawtooth.

He was looking down at the captive now, wallowing in a pocket amid the brush and bellowing low in wrath and pain. An old male, and a big fellow too. It was only the solitary, ill-tempered old males, Tim knew, that braved the cold and privation of a northern winter in the open. For after the first heavy snows there is no hope of a herbivorous diet, and if the game be scarce they are doomed to wander the snows till spring, gaunt, sleepless, and half starved. This one, by the look of its slab sides and sunken reddish little eyes, had already suffered greatly. The trap had clamped about its right foreleg and the monster was alternately lunging against

(Turn to page 50)

# B.C.'s Transportation Troubles

*The doubtful future of the foundling  
that won't grow up — the P.G.E.*

by CHAS. L. SHAW

PERENNIAL problem of British Columbia is the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, "the line that begins and ends nowhere," and which has cost the provincial government some \$100,000,000 in bond interest and other items since it was obliged to take it over some 30 years ago.

Developments of the past few weeks indicate that the P.G.E. is likely to remain a problem—for a considerable time at least. The rosy plans of John Hart and his successor as premier, Byron Johnson, to turn the unhappy railroad over to the transcontinental systems and the Ottawa administration have somehow lost their lustre since Premier Johnson had his most recent conference with Canada's railway bosses in the east.

Mr. Johnson, rather dejectedly, announced that the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National just don't seem to be interested in British Columbia's "poor orphan." Skeptics on the coast are apt to wonder sometimes whether they ever were interested—or at least interested to the extent of taking over the P.G.E. and extending it into the Peace River country, which was an essential part of the Hart-Johnson plan.

Unfortunately for British Columbia, conditions have changed during the past few months so far as sentiment towards the P.G.E. is concerned. One of the most significant events was the retirement of W. M. Neal as president of the C.P.R., for he, almost alone among top-ranking railroad executives of Canada, seemed to have a sincere recognition of the British Columbia railway's possibilities. He was, and is, a true believer in the economic potentials of Canada's northland and there is reason to assume that he regarded the P.G.E. as one of several means of turning that potential into actual wealth.

SO far, Premier Johnson has been unable to find anyone in the east to share his—or Mr. Neal's—enthusiasm for the P.G.E. This is not to say that there are not promoters who would very much like to get hold of the P.G.E. and extend it northward, preferably to Alaska rather than to the Peace River. Such promoters, however, reside in the United States and while in a sense that might be an advantage, it has always been the provincial government's ambition to retain the P.G.E.'s ownership and control in Canada. The trouble with most of the American promoters who have so far shown an interest in the P.G.E. is that they are unable to lay their hands on sufficient cash to swing a reasonable deal. There always appear to be too many reservations or requests for concessions such as the B.C. government has been loath to grant.

Mr. Johnson's government would dearly like to dispose of the P.G.E.—a feeling once shared by John Hart, Duff Pattullo, Dr. Tolmie and even "Honest John" Oliver, who was premier when the P.G.E. was somewhat reluctantly taken over from the financially embarrassed contractors. But none of the succeeding governments has been willing to part with the railway for a song.

The impasse over the P.G.E. is a serious thing for the province not only because it is a terribly costly thing to maintain, but because in its present form—running from the tiny hamlet of Squamish to the frontier town of Quesnel—it does not begin to realize on the traffic which it would feel entitled to were its tracks to lead into Vancouver at the south end and into Prince George at the north. The original conception of the P.G.E. was to be a feeder between the old Grand Trunk Pacific (now C.N.R. to Prince Rupert line), and Vancouver. It never reached that point because the contractors threw up their hands when the road was only partly built, and the government, which picked up and cared for the foundling because there was no decent alternative, has never been able to afford the expenditures necessary to make the line profitable or even self-supporting.

WHEN the Transport Board held its sessions in Vancouver, shippers complained that the increased charges on freight hauled over the Rockies made it increasingly difficult for British Columbia industry to sell in the prairie markets in competition with eastern manufacturers. They claimed the mountain differential was discriminatory and should have been written off long ago. Then in the Okanagan fruit country the Transport Board was told that the high mountain rate was hamstringing industrial expansion.

The argument of Okanagan business men is that owing to the seasonal nature of the orchard crops and revenue the area should have its quota of all-year industries, but it isn't getting them because of the handicap of high freight rates.

The cattle industry also had its inning before the Transport Board, charging that the range men as well as dairy men were being forced to pay exorbitant costs for their feed brought in from the prairies because of the mountain haul's impact on the freight rate structure.

Competition from producing areas not adversely affected by freight rates has stifled some canning lines in the Okanagan, according to some of the spokesmen appearing before the Board. One canner said that he used to pack 60,000 cases of canned pumpkin, but none would be packed this year—because of the high rate on freight.

Generally speaking, British Columbians have had a good year in a business sense. Employment is as high as ever, and industrial revenues are well maintained. It looks, though, as if there might be a slight decline in value of farm output this year. The provincial government's estimate is \$130,000,000—down about \$4,000,000 from 1947. It would be simple to blame the Fraser Valley floods for the drop, and it might be reasonable too, but there was also a failure of the tree fruit crop to size up during the late part of the season, and that is a pretty vital factor inasmuch as the apple crop alone is probably worth close to \$13,000,000.



## SURE YOU DO... AND HERE'S HOW YOU CAN GET IT

If you are skimming by hand . . . using an old or inefficient centrifugal separator . . . or the water dilution method . . . you can very likely increase your cream checks by 25% or more.

Here's how you can prove this for yourself before you buy:

1. Just use a De Laval Separator for two weeks on a free trial. We'll loan you the machine and show you how to use it.
2. See for yourself how much bigger your cream checks are with a De Laval Separator. See how it would pay for itself in extra cream produced.

Then if you are satisfied and like your bigger cream checks you can keep the De Laval Separator and make small, easy, weekly payments on it—in most cases the extra cream it gets for you will easily make the payments.

Do you want to make more money? Then ask your De Laval dealer today to arrange for your free trial.



# De Laval

THE DE LAVAL COMPANY, Ltd.



PETERBOROUGH  
Quebec • Montreal  
Winnipeg • Vancouver • Moncton

The De Laval Company, Ltd., Dept. 55-0  
113 Park Street, Peterborough, Ontario

Please send me printed matter on:

- De Laval World's Standard Series Separator  
 De Laval Junior Series Separator

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Here it is! ... The Here it is! ... The **SUPER**

**SUPER**

TREAD IS  
WIDER, FLATTER!

**SUPER**

LUGS ARE  
BIGGER, DEEPER!

**SUPER**

DRAWBAR  
PULLING POWER!

**SUPER**

DESIGN FOR  
EXTRA WEAR!

Take a good look at Goodyear's new SUPER Sure-Grip—the biggest advancement in tractor tires since Goodyear pioneered the famous o-p-e-n c-e-n-t-e-r tread back in 1936!

See how its husky, evenly spaced lugs are built bigger, broader, thicker and deeper! They're longer, too, with powerful, square-cut shoulders. This tire gives you all the time-proved superiorities of open-center design, *plus* deeper bite, longer wear, and far greater traction. It's the best . . . made better . . . but you pay nothing extra for it.

**You'll Plow, Plant and Harvest Quicker!** In exhaustive tests, the SUPER Sure-Grip has already proved that it

will do deeper plowing and haul heavy implements in wet, slick, slippery soil where other tires bog down. For your farm—any part of it—see how it outpulls any other tire under good conditions or bad! You'll plow, plant or harvest a field much faster—save precious hours when time is short!

Remember, too, that more rubber in the tread, higher lugs, deeper traction mean more years of top performance—at lowest cost per tractor-mile.

If you're buying a new tractor, make sure it comes on Goodyear SUPER Sure-Grips. When you buy new tires for your present tractor remember—the new Goodyear SUPER Sure-Grip will give you more pull than ever before!

# GOOD YEAR

## Super Sure-Grip Tractor Tires

# NEW GOOD YEAR SURE-GRIP

**TRACTOR  
TIRE**

**ONLY GOODYEAR  
SUPER SURE-GRIPS**

give you

**O-P-E-N C-E-N-T-E-R TREAD**

—world's most successful tread design with bite edge on every lug for full-depth soil penetration.

**PLUS**

**NEW DEEPER BITE**—higher, broader lugs put more rubber into ground for greater grip.

**NEW WIDE-TREAD TRACTION**

—massive, square-shouldered lugs extend traction area full width of tire.

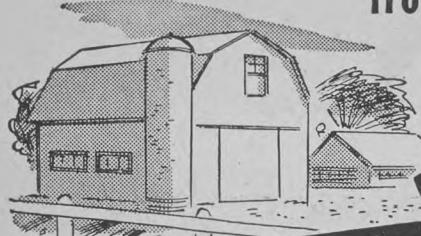
**NEW LONGER WEAR**—extra

rubber in higher, thicker, balanced lugs ensures far longer wear at no extra cost.

"Greatest pulling tire  
on earth!"



**"Every building on my farm is protected from FIRE, WEATHER and WEAR!"**



# Johns-Manville Asbestos Building Materials

It's simple to safeguard your complete investment . . . home, barns, livestock and machinery from the hazards of fire, weather and wear. When you build or remodel, choose Johns-Manville Asbestos Building Materials. Made from the magic mineral Asbestos, they will not burn, rot or wear out . . . need little or no maintenance. For full details, see your J-M dealer today.

- DURABESTOS ROOF SHINGLES
- CEDARGRAIN ASBESTOS SIDING SHINGLES
- ROCK WOOL INSULATION
- FLEXSTONE ASPHALT SHINGLES
- ASBESTOS ROLL ROOFING
- ASBESTOS FLEXBOARD

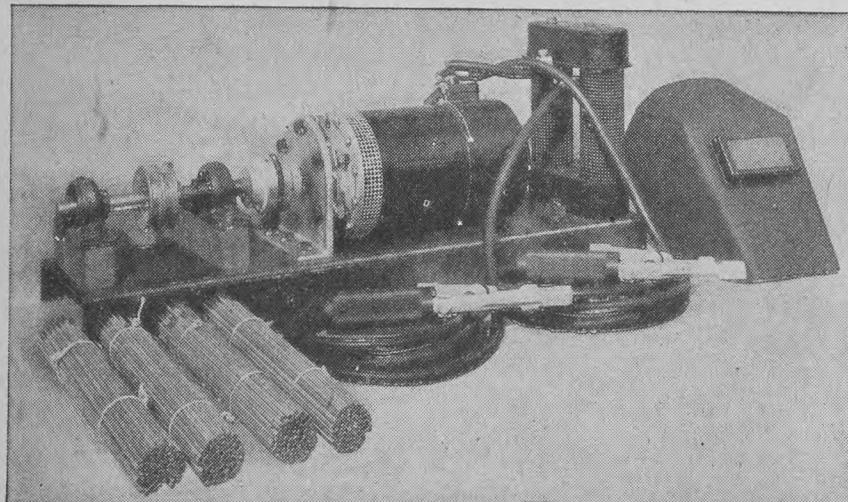
FARM IDEA BOOK—For your copy of this big, 64-page, information-packed handbook send 10¢ to Canadian Johns-Manville, Dept. CG12, 199 Bay Street, Toronto.

B.624



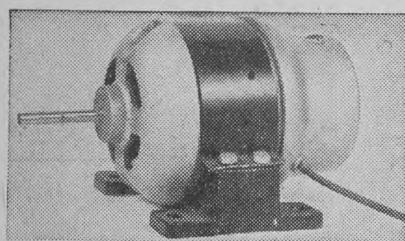
**JOHNS-MANVILLE BUILDING MATERIALS**

## NEW FARM WELDERS UNIVERSAL P2-200 AMP. ENGINE DRIVEN



200 Amp. D.C. Continuous duty, 250 Amp. maximum; NEW and GUARANTEED for 6 months. Sold on a money-back guarantee if not satisfied. Complete as illustrated \$139.00 with all accessories (less pulley).

### New Universal 32-Volt D.C. Electric Motors



- Heavy Duty Type
- 1/4 H.P. Continuous Duty
- Special Laminated Wound
- Not a Surplus Item
- 1 Year Guarantee

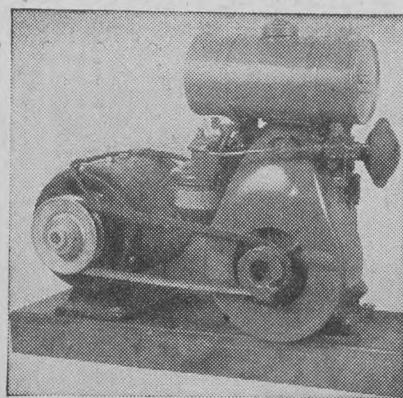
Each

\$34.50

Write to

**UNIVERSAL DISTRIBUTORS**  
194 Osborne St. Winnipeg.

### NEW LIGHT PLANTS 110 VOLT, 60 CYCLE A.C.



1000 watt	.....	\$210.00
750 watt	.....	\$187.50
500 watt	.....	\$165.00

1 Yr. Guarantee, built by Universal Distributors.

## News of Agriculture



Food output in 1947-48 compared with prewar output. (1934-38=100)

### Bread Grain In Europe

IT was estimated a short time ago that bread grains production in the 19 European countries participating in the European recovery plan would amount to approximately 1.1 billion bushels or approximately four to five per cent more than in 1947. This might mean a reduction in the import requirements of these countries of 1,200,000 tons. Of the imported amount an additional million tons may be obtainable from eastern Europe, instead of from the Western Hemisphere, which would mean a reduction in import from the Western Hemisphere of something over two million tons or about 80 million bushels.

In 1947-1948, western Europe apparently consumed 38.3 million tons of wheat, of which 17.3 million tons was imported. This year western Europe will probably consume about 46 million tons. This will still not be sufficient for free bread consumption. One reason is that the European population has increased by at least 15 per cent since 1938, and this year's European production is still about 17 per cent short of the prewar average.

### Paper From Wheat Straw

AS this is written we have before us a Chicago daily paper of June 29, 1948. The paper used contains 17 per cent of a bleached wheat straw pulp developed by a new process at the U.S. Department of Agriculture Laboratory at Peoria, Illinois.

Several tons of this paper have been made under the supervision of a representative of the Peoria Laboratory, by the Ontario Paper Company Limited, Thorold, Ontario. Dr. C. A. Sankey, research director of the Ontario Paper Company, said some time ago that his company did not intend to make much of this kind of newsprint at present. The new process, he thought, when commercially developed may be used for blending into the fine grades of paper such as book papers and writing papers. At present newsprint manufactured in this way would be too expensive.

As an experiment the Thorold test was successful. A blend containing 15 per cent of the ground pulp ran without difficulty in high speed newsprint machines.

"The new process is worth further careful study," said Dr. Sankey, "especially by those interested in fine papers. Nothing is going to happen over night. About two tons of de-

chaffed straw has to be collected and brought to a mill, for each pound of wheat pulp made . . . Future developments will always be dependent on the geographic and economic conditions at that time."

### Science Hit A Bonanza

AS early as 1786, or within ten years of the American Revolution, Charles Darwin, best known for his theory of evolution, made inbreeding studies with corn. Nearly 120 years later inbreeding experiments were begun (1905) at The Carnegie Institute of Washington, by G. H. Shull. He (1908) first suggested the use of hybrids among inbred lines, for commercial corn production. Ten years later a Connecticut worker, B. F. Jones, suggested the use of double-cross hybrids and soon after, the very rapid expansion in corn breeding research began, leading to a definite national program in 1922.

Hybrid seed corn is now credited with having increased corn production in the United States on the average, by at least 25 per cent. It was first seeded commercially to any extent in 1933, and from that time increased from 143,000 acres to 62 million acres in 1947, or 71.4 per cent of the U.S. corn acreage. In Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa the percentage of corn land seeded with hybrid seed was 99 per cent or greater last year.

In a good corn year the States averages more than a three-billion-bushel crop. During the last 15 years, increased yields from hybrid corn are estimated to have resulted in at least as much additional corn as one full record crop for the entire country—and all for five million dollars spent on corn breeding research.

### Farming In A Big Way

SAYED to be the largest growers of alfalfa in the world (120,000 acres), Harriet and Ubici, of Salto, Uruguay, recently flew a \$45,000 shipment of 17 purebred Ontario and Quebec Holsteins to Uruguay. They purchased a total of 38 head, some of which were shown at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, for shipment later. Practically all of the selections were made by Dr. Antonio Ubici and J. A. Harriet, who said that after studying the best strains of Holsteins in several dairy countries of the world, they decided to buy their foundation stock in Canada.

The Uruguayans farm over one million acres in both Uruguay and Argen-

tina. They have 750,000 acres in one block. Every fortnight 3,000 baby beef steers are shipped to the British market. On one Uruguayan farm they have 16,000 steers and they also have a herd of 1,000 head of Holsteins, mostly grades, and 10,000 sheep. To go from farm to farm, the South American firm uses three airplanes.

#### Iraq Mechanizing

THE government of Iraq is planning a five-year mechanization program for agriculture, involving 2,000 tractors and suitable implements, 450 combine harvesters and 100 separators. Of these one-half will be retained for hire by the government. Four years ago only 28 tractors, all prewar, were operating, but there now are 450 tractors, 150 threshers, 100 cultivators, 100 harrows, and 50 seed drills in the country. The government operates 60 tractors and plows, and 45 combine harvesters, for hire.

#### Underground Grain Storage

SINCE 1941, the Argentine government has been experimenting with underground grain storage. Storages now in use number 1,474 and have a total capacity of around 15 million bushels. Each underground silo is about 100 feet long and 25 feet wide and holds approximately 586 tons. They look like large swimming pools with sloping ends to facilitate emptying, and are lined with cement.

When filled the silos are covered with a new type of waterproof covering, but originally they were first covered with canvas, over which earth was placed to a thickness of a little more than three feet. With the new waterproof covering, of which several layers are used, the covering of earth is eliminated. After some 15 to 30 months of storage in this way no deterioration has been evident in the milling or baking properties of the grain. Since the storage is hermetically sealed, insect damage is slight because the insects rapidly use up all of the oxygen and suffocate. Moisture must be kept below 13 per cent.

#### Britain Exports Cattle

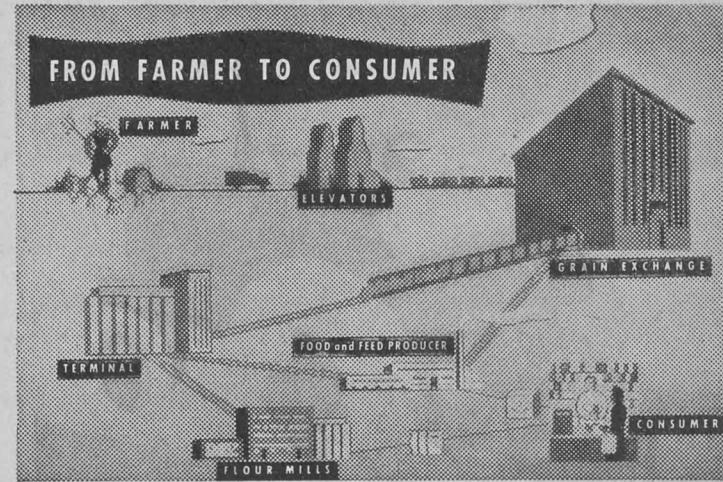
EXPORTS of livestock are playing an important part in Britain's battle to close the dollar gap. During the first nine months of this year, Britain earned \$12,800,000 from the sale of livestock abroad, according to A. G. Bottomley, secretary for overseas trade. Before the war the actual total was under \$2,250,000. During the whole of 1947 farmers in Canada, the U.S. and other hard currency countries imported \$1,600,000 worth of pedigree U.K. livestock.

#### Australia Lacks Machinery

AUSTRALIAN farmers, too, are alarmed at the lack of farm machinery. In New South Wales, used machinery has been selling at auction sales for as much or more than new equipment. Tractors, one-way disc plows, tandem disc harrows and harvesters are all in demand. At Moree, only nine tractors and combines out of 110 on order had been delivered early in November. At Narrabri, five out of 50 were delivered. Shortage of repair parts had put 41 tractors out of service and no tractors were available for 43 repatriated soldiers. In all, New South Wales expected no deliveries on 6,446 tractors ordered, and only 204 out of 884 ordered in 1947-1948 have been delivered.

# GRAIN MARKETING

## *of Vital Importance to Prairie Farmers!*



It is not enough to know how to **produce** a crop. Farmers are dependent upon overseas markets for so much of their wheat that they should be equally familiar with all methods of **marketing** it.

In your study of the open market please remember this. The reports of **fourteen** different Royal Commissions found charges against the Grain Exchange to be untrue. Furthermore, the services of the Grain Exchange and the Futures Market were commended to the farmer. It is logical to suppose that current charges are also false. **You** be the judge.

Through a series of advertisements, of which this is the first, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange will present the story of the open market. **In your own interests**, study it **with an open mind**—then **form your own conclusions**.

The Winnipeg Grain Exchange believes that the Canadian Wheat Board should be retained to administer floor prices on grain and that farmers—if they so desire—should be permitted, **but not compelled** to sell their grain through the Board at a fixed price.

The Winnipeg Grain Exchange similarly believes that farmers should be able to sell their grain on the **open market** if they so desire. In other words, that farmers should have **FREEDOM OF CHOICE** in the marketing of grain. To promote this belief and to encourage a study of Grain Marketing, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange offers

**\$3,000.00  
IN CASH PRIZES**

Simply Complete this Statement  
in not more than 300 words.

**"I believe in**

**FREEDOM OF CHOICE  
IN THE MARKETING OF GRAIN**  
**because . . . . .**



All entries become the property  
of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange

For Details, Mail Coupon Today  
WINNIPEG GRAIN EXCHANGE,  
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

Please send me free copy of your booklet "DEAR DAD" for details  
of contest and for a study of Grain Marketing.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name and address clearly)



# 1949 POWER CHAMPION



## THE NEW WD TRACTOR with POWER-ADJUSTED Wheel Treads



Spiral-rail rims use engine power to set rear wheels at the desired spacing, without jacking up tractor. Wheels properly spaced for plowing give you more effective power.

### ★ 5-WAY HYDRAULIC CONTROL

A single touch-control lever at the steering wheel answers every command of the operator in controlling implements.

### ★ TWO-CLUTCH Power Control System

Tractor may be stopped and started without interrupting power-takeoff or hydraulic system.

### 17 NEW FEATURES Include:

New light-pressure foot brakes; hydraulic shock absorber seat; easier steering; new low-pitch muffler; ASAE swinging drawbar.

**ALLIS-CHALMERS**  
RUMELY, LIMITED  
CALGARY • EDMONTON • REGINA  
SASKATOON • TORONTO • WINNIPEG

## Get It At A Glance

*News shorts for quick reading.*

DURING the first eight months of 1948 the United States exported wheat and flour at an annual rate of nearly 1.5 billion dollars, a substantial increase over 1947, while exports from the United States of meats, animal fats and dairy products were considerably below 1947 at approximately \$300 million.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH at Hereford, England, recently conducted a special animal pet service in memory of St. Francis of Assisi, who in his ministry extended brotherhood even to the animals. Children brought dozens of cats, chickens, ducks, guinea pigs, dogs and a lamb, a sunfish and a little white mouse to the service. About 20 horses were thought too big for the pews and had to wait outside.

MRS. ADA ELIASSEN, Pennsylvania widow with 11 children, has a cow in a billion. Her cow, Daisy, recently gave birth to five healthy heifer calves and the attending veterinarian reported that the mathematical chances of such an occurrence were certainly more than a billion to one.

ACCORDING to the British Milk Marketing Board: "Every year in England and Wales 160,000 dairy farmers produce 1,250,000,000 gallons of milk, from 2,500,000 cows for 42 million people."

J. G. GARDINER has stated that it is possible that there will be an increase in the initial price of wheat to be paid to farmers. He suggested the possibility of a boost of 20 cents a bushel, retroactive to August 1, 1945, and covering all wheat sold to the Canadian Wheat Board in the crop years 1945-46, 1946-47 and 1947-48. He also suggested that a further payment of 10 cents a bushel on the five-year period might be made at the end of the period.

THERE is conjecture among the delegates to the 58-member United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization as to the likelihood of resumption of discussions for an international wheat agreement. It seems possible that they will be resumed. The FAO is currently meeting in Washington.

### Spray Wise

*Continued from page 11*

myself when we are dipping sheep and spend a long time doing it. This year I stayed dry, and we did the job in less than half an hour."

DDT was used for the spraying of shelterbelts. Evergreen trees in the area have suffered from the attacks of the yellow-headed spruce sawfly. A single spraying gave complete control of the pests. A single nozzle and high pressure was used, so that the spray would reach the top of the tallest trees.

In past years flies have been a nuisance in Hamiota. This year the sprayer was used to treat back lanes, outhouses and garbage cans. The house fly population in the town was noticeably reduced.

The greatest problem in the summer program was the whitewashing of the insides of poultry houses and other farm buildings. Seventy-five pounds of whitewash and five pounds of fine salt were added to 20 gallons of water. (The salt is supposed to make the whitewash stick to the walls.) It was applied at about 80 pounds pressure. If the pressure used is too low or the mixture is too thick, the whitewash will tend to plug the nozzles. If the pressure is too high a lot of the whitewash splashes off the wall. This job demanded great care and patience.

Sixty-eight miles of roadsides were sprayed in the three municipalities. The use of 2,4-D necessitated the use of metal drums—one of few changes needed in the machine for its use in different jobs. The regular wooden drum was removed. One man drove the truck and another stood in the back with the four-nozzle hand boom and sprayed the weeds and small trees on the edge of the road. They moved along at about five miles an hour. There was a fairly good kill for about 10 feet, the distance varying with the amount of wind. In a high wind over 10 feet were covered.

THE costs for most of these spraying operations was quite reasonable. Spraying both sides of a road with 2,4-D cost \$5.18 a mile. The cost of spraying farm buildings and livestock with DDT on a farm with 44 head of cattle, 10 pigs, a barn, henhouse, brooder house, two poultry range shelters and a pig pen was \$8.00. The cost of spraying cattle with DDT ran to about 10 cents each, and the cost for sheep was about 14 cents. The cost of spraying shelterbelts averaged less than a dollar apiece.

"We feel that the work we have done demonstrated that there is a place for a sprayer of this type in a farm community," said agricultural representative Harvey Jones. "We have shown that the sprayer is capable of a diversity of jobs, and the farmers have shown a lot of interest in it. A large number of farmers have requested to have spraying done another year, and they feel that the machine can do the jobs more effectively and cheaply than they are likely to be able to do them with small or hand outfits of their own."

Mr. Painter, and those others responsible for the experimental work at Hamiota this summer, deserve a lot of credit. They have been instrumental in demonstrating that there is a very real place for a universal sprayer in a mixed farming area, and that it is able to make a substantial contribution to increasing both the profit and pleasure of farm life. Moreover, they have demonstrated that this machine lends itself to community ownership and management, and that if the people that benefit are prepared to co-operate they will reap an ample reward in the form of reduced weeds and reduced insect pests. Further, they have demonstrated that a degree of co-operation will permit the performance of most spraying jobs more cheaply and more adequately than any one farmer would be able to do on his own. Certainly they have done a good piece of work.



[Guide photos.]

D. C. Smith (center, above) and Jim Goode, D. A. at Westlock, discuss the seed crop; and (below) the clover scalper.



## These Pigs Are In Clover

*This northern Alberta farm is based on pigs and clover seed.*

In the Country Guide for August, 1948, reference was made to a Yorkshire sow, Townview Lass 17X, owned by D. C. Smith, Westlock, Alberta. This sow was five years old on May 10, 1948, and had weaned every pig in her first eight litters. These together with ten pigs produced in May, 1948, made a total of 104.

As much by accident as design, I visited the farm of D. C. Smith and Son in late summer. Mr. Smith told me that his sows last spring had averaged 9.8 per litter. He figures the only way to get large litters is to be with the sows at farrowing. He puts a cot in the pigpen and has a box which is big enough to hold a litter of new-born pigs. As soon as they are born they go into the box for from 12 to 24 hours before they go back to the sow. The pigs are then warm and strong. When the sow has completed farrowing she will lie down and before the pigs are put back with her, their sharp little black teeth are cut out. If this isn't done they irritate her when feeding, so that she is likely to jump up and crush one or more of the pigs. Mr. Smith told me that he has no trouble even with very large sows.

In 1947, Smith and Son had the high Advanced Registry sow at the Edmonton A. R. Station. A sow from the Provincial Farm at Oliver produced somewhat higher carcass scores, but the Smith sow scored considerably higher for maturity and that on about 15 per cent less feed consumption.

Up to the time of my visit Mr. Smith had been following the practice of seeding down all his land to clovers and buying all the grain used. He is in the midst of an alfalfa, altaswede and sweet clover area and figures that he can't seed home grown grain any cheaper than he can buy it. Up to that time, also, he had been in the habit of selling his surplus pigs at any age a buyer happened to come along, but at the time of my visit he was trying to figure out whether to continue buying feed, or to sell all his pigs as weaners.

He markets a fair number of market

hogs and in 1947, about 30 per cent of these graded A and the balance practically all B1. All his pigs grown for advance registry testing have graded A. Pigs from the fall litters never run outside, but summer pigs run on pasture until they reach 125 pounds. All the Smith pigs are hand-fed grain and concentrate, but Mr. Smith believes he will probably equip himself for self-feeding before long.

He believes in putting his small pigs on wet feed for two weeks just after weaning. This seems to work better than taking them directly from the sow to dry feed. They get tired of the wet feed after a couple of weeks, however, but while it lasts he uses the feed mixture he gets from the mill at Barrhead and soaks it from one feeding time until the next.

Mr. Smith sells his market pigs at six to seven months of age, although the first ones go away a little under six months. They are weaned at 45 to 60 pounds and at about 120 pounds he thins out the heavy concentrate feed somewhat, with alfalfa.

While visiting alfalfa and altaswede fields in the district, including Mr. Smith's own fields, I saw an ingenious device he and a neighbor had put together and which they call a clover scalper. They had mounted an air-cooled engine on an old Chevrolet chassis and connected it with a set of knives from an old binder. The scalper was run over the field at the right height to clip off all the timothy and ragweed as well as other taller weeds growing up above the clover. With a ten-foot cutting bar and on a fairly smooth field it could travel at 15 miles per hour and get over about 50 acres per day.

Mr. Smith believes that bees are quite a factor in setting seed on alfalfa and altaswede. He told me of one instance at least on each crop, where a few hives were located at or near one end of a field and said it made quite a difference in the seed yield. In one case the yield of seed at that end of the field was nearly double that of the other end of the field.—H.S.F.



## MORE LICE THAN HAIR!

It's a fact! One female louse can raise a family of 20,000,000 from November to March. That's more lice than there are hairs on one of your cows. The time to stop them from breeding is now.

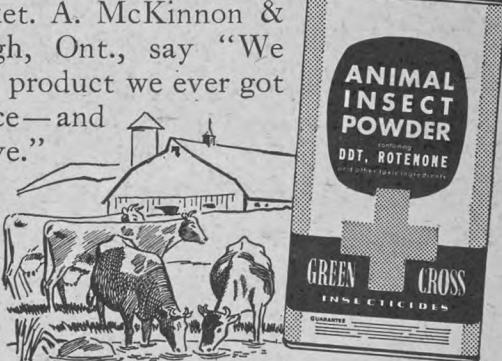
**KILL LICE and FLEAS with GREEN CROSS**

## ANIMAL INSECT POWDER

• Lice, fleas, and the like can sap an animal's health. The damage they do means money out of your pocket! Get rid of them! Kill them with Green Cross Animal Insect Powder. It's a non-irritating blend of DDT, rotenone and other ingredients deadly to parasites. Easy to use, you just dust it on cattle, horses, poultry, hogs, etc., from the shaker-top tin.

Farmers who have used Green Cross Animal Insect Powder call it the finest product of its kind on the market. A. McKinnon & Sons of Hillsburgh, Ont., say "We think it is the best product we ever got to rid cattle of lice—and it's very inexpensive."

Get Green Cross Animal Insect Powder from your nearest dealer.



**KILL RATS WITH GREEN CROSS RAT-KILLER**

• Rid your farm of rats with this new, clean scientific killer. Each tablet contains both bait and poison . . . enough to kill twenty rats! There's no mixing, no baiting, no mess. It contains two powerful rat poisons . . . Red Squill and Antu . . . plus a special bait. To use, just distribute a few tablets near rat holes, along runways, or wherever rats pass. Green Cross Rat-Killer takes over from there.

Get rid of rats now. You can get Green Cross Rat-Killer at your local Green Cross dealer's.



**Green Cross\* INSECTICIDES**  
Everything For Modern Pest Control

Reg'd. trade-mark

**MIRACLE LAYING MASH —**

Many poultrymen report substantial increases by feeding "Miracle" Laying Mash—scientifically tested for extra egg production. For

more eggs, better eggs, bigger profits, ask your feed dealer for "Miracle" Laying Mash.

**MIRACLE HATCHING MASH —** Your key to increased egg fertility! You'll be surprised at the high percentage of hatchable eggs when you feed "Miracle" Hatching Mash for a month before collecting eggs for incubation. Higher hatchability means better prices for your hatching eggs.

**MIRACLE CHICK STARTER —** Keep hoppers full of "Miracle" Chick Starter and watch baby chicks thrive. They'll be top-flight layers much sooner.

**Don't Buy Feeds — Buy Results**

**SEND FOR THIS FREE!**

Make money. Know how to break and train horses. Write today for this book **FREE**, together with special offer of a course in Animal Breeding. If you are interested in Gaiting and Riding the saddle horse, check here ( ) Do it today—now.

BEERY SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP  
Dept. 5712 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

**CAR OWNERS—ATTENTION**

We are now mailing our 1948 Catalog of new auto parts and accessories and if you have not received your copy write us to mail you our **FREE CATALOG**. Largest stock in Canada of used and new Auto, Truck and Tractor parts and accessories. Generators for battery charging, Ignition parts, Generator and Starter repairs, etc. Tire Retreading and Vulcanizing. Springs and Spring Leaves, Auto Glass, Modern Machine Shop and Motor Rebuilding Plant. Crankshaft Grinding and Rebabbiting, Cylinder Block, Head and all kinds of Welding.

AUTO WRECKING CO. LTD.  
263 to 273 Fort St. Winnipeg

**GIVE CALVES a flying start with "CALVITA" CALF SAVERS**

Every calf starts life with a marked vitamin A deficiency. By correcting this condition, plus giving the added protection of vitamin D and Niacin, "Calvita" Calf Savers help to prevent nutritional scours, pneumonia, rickets and digestive ailments during the first critical weeks of a calf's life. In convenient capsule form, "Calvita" Calf Savers are very simple to administer.

C-4913

Order from your  
drug or feed store  
\$1.25 and \$4.50



ST. THOMAS, ONT.

**The Sunshine Vitamin**

PIGS born and raised indoors in the fall have little access to the sun, and are likely to develop rickets. This disease is recognizable in pigs, making them stiff-legged or lame, and unthrifty with bowed thighs.

Even if young pigs are well fed and their rations include a mineral supplement containing both calcium and phosphorus, the body of the pig seems unable to properly utilize these two minerals, which are both essential for a proper development and growth of bone. Under natural conditions this utilization is brought about under the influence of sunshine, the action of ultra-violet rays on the skin of the animal creating the necessary supply of Vitamin B, often called the sunshine vitamin. Even when the pens are well lighted by fair-sized windows these ultra-violet rays of the sun cannot penetrate the glass effectively and thus, according to W. J. Cuthbert, Dominion Experimental Station, Prince George, B.C., the sunlight passing through ordinary window glass largely loses its valuable properties.

For these reasons newborn pigs should be fed cod liver oil. About a half tablespoonful daily of a standard feeding oil containing 200 units of vitamin B is recommended; and, as a general preventive, it should be continued until the pigs weigh about 100 pounds. Cod liver oil of feeding grade is much cheaper than that manufactured for human use.

**Healthy Winter Pigs**

HEALTHY fall and winter litters depend on the care given to brood sows at the present time.

A stack of early-cut, well-cured alfalfa can be placed near the piggery and brood sows and other pigs given a forkful each day when green pasture is no longer available. Sods or other clean soil can be cut to good advantage before the snow comes to provide iron for the new-born pigs.

Anemia in the small pigs is prevented by sprinkling the sods with a solution of iron sulphate. The solution is made by adding a teaspoonful of iron sulphate to a small quantity of water. It reinforces the beneficial effects of the sods.

A. J. Charnetski, livestock supervisor, Alberta Department of Agriculture, has reported good results from the feeding of cod liver oil to sows, starting about four weeks before far-

rowing. It appears to build up the reserves of vitamin A in the small pigs, giving them increased resistance to disease.

The importance of a balanced ration for the small pigs cannot be emphasized too strongly. This necessitates the inclusion in the ration of protein of animal origin, such as skimmed milk, tankage, meat scraps or protein concentrate.

If sows are fed some distance from their sleeping quarters it compels them to take some exercise.

**Water In The Winter**

THE importance of adequate watering facilities for livestock in the winter months cannot be over-emphasized.

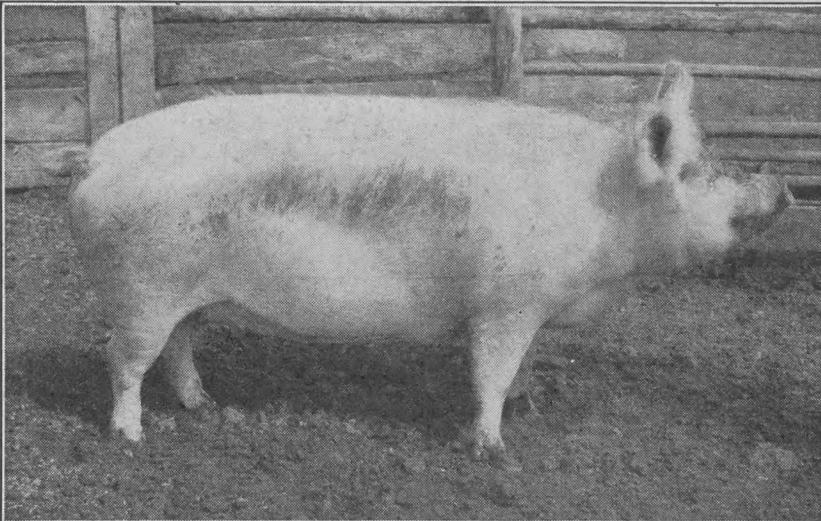
Sheep and horses will do reasonably well on snow alone, but they will do better if water is available, especially when hay or straw is being fed. If cattle do not have ready access to water at all times, they will not get full value from feed and pasture. Also, the lack of water is known to contribute to urinary calculi, and other disorders that have been responsible for the loss of cattle.

All classes of livestock will do better if water is warmed on cold winter days. The Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, Sask., points out that a great variety of tank heaters can be obtained for this purpose. They include various types of heaters that burn coal or fuel oil, steam or hot water heaters, and electric heaters. The investment represented in maintaining a supply of warmed water in the winter will pay a very good dividend in terms of better condition of the animals, or added pounds of marketable products.

**Penicillin And Cheese Starter**

DR. E. R. WHITEHEAD, chief chemist, Dairy Research Institute, New Zealand, recently issued a warning that milk from cows under treatment with penicillin for mastitis control should not be sent to a cheese factory during the period of the treatment, and for at least one day thereafter. Penicillin, it is claimed, has an adverse effect upon starter action.

For the three days of the treatment and one day thereafter the milk must be used for something else. The penicillin can adversely affect the starter action in a whole vat of cheese, causing a very large loss.



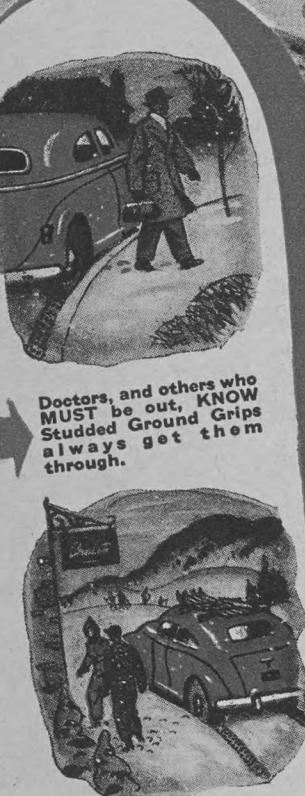
This sow, Townview Lass 17X, owned by D. C. Smith, Westlock, Alberta, weaned every pig in her first eight litters and at five years of age had given birth to 104 pigs.



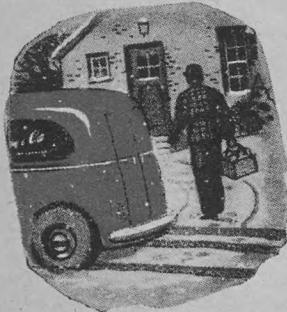
**FOR CARS  
and TRUCKS**

With Firestone Studded Ground Grip Tires on your rear wheels, the hazards of snow and mud-covered roads disappear! For these super-traction Firestones, with the husky, self-cleaning, eight-sided studs are always ready to go . . . always ready to pull you through mud, slush or snow — without the bother of getting chains on and off.

Especially designed for Canadian winter driving conditions, Studded Ground Grips make their own road in soft going — perform satisfactorily on cleared pavements. Ask doctors and others who MUST be on the road, regardless of the weather . . . they rate Firestone Studded Ground Grips a "must"! Have your nearest Firestone Dealer put them on your car today . . . then forget winter driving worries.



Sportsmen find they take a terrific hold in snow — add driving pleasure to their fun.



Men who deliver necessities count on them to get through — on time!



Farmers are no longer hampered by winter weather. Studded Ground Grips hang on and pull through mud and snow.

# Firestone

## STUDDED GROUND GRIPS

**Firestone**  
**BATTERIES**

Firestone Extra-Power batteries are tops for SUPER winter starting, long life and dependable, heavy-duty service.



## TO PROTECT THE NEWBORN!



During the winter months, the danger of neonatal diarrhoea, pneumonia, rickets or convulsions is increased. Vitamins A and D, given regularly, can do much to guard against these conditions.

Ayerst

### "VADOL" TYPE A (No. 2521)

Is an efficient and economical source of these two vitamins and is recommended both for the pregnant female and the young. "Vadol" Type A contains 1200 Int. Units vitamin A and 200 A.O.A.C. (chick) Units vitamin D per gram.

Available only from your druggist or veterinarian in 1 and 5 gallon containers.

• 67

### 555 CANADIAN HOLSTEINS

Have produced at least  
**100,000 Pounds Milk  
On Lifetime Record  
Of Performance Test**

FIVE of these super-producers have given over 200,000 pounds, two of them on twice-a-day milking.

#### HERE ARE THE FACTS:

5 Holsteins over 200,000 lbs.  
14 Holsteins over 175,000 lbs.  
53 Holsteins over 150,000 lbs.  
195 Holsteins over 125,000 lbs.  
555 Holsteins over 100,000 lbs.

#### High Lifetime Production Means Bigger Profits

For further information write:

**THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN  
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA**  
Brantford Ontario

**END COSTLY  
BREEDING  
FAILURES  
WITH REX  
WHEAT GERM  
OIL**

R491

VIOBIN (CANADA) LTD. St. Thomas, Ont.



## FIELD

Left: Luxuriant growth of alfalfa on land that was formerly drifting sand.



## Cropless Land Comes Back

*From waste and barren land to profitable cropping in eleven years.*

MOST of us remember the dry days, the whistling winds and the rolling clouds of dust of 15 years ago. They were days of poverty and discomfort. The dust that filtered in around the farm house windows to form first a thick blanket on the sills and, as the winds grew more vicious, worked through the whole house, was not just a nuisance. It was the certain sign of - at least a partial failure of farm practice and a frightening indication of the irreplaceable loss of a most important and valuable farm asset.

Some of that dust rattled on the windows of the Parliament buildings in Ottawa. So immediate was its challenge that early in 1935 the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act was passed, designed to set up experimental and research projects to deal primarily with soil and its associated problems in the areas of the west subject to drought and wind erosion. In the same year under this act the Dominion Reclamation Station at Melita, Manitoba, was set up.

During the six years, 1929-1934, the average annual rainfall in the area was 14.58 inches, compared with the long-time average of 17.63 inches. The soil is classed as Souris light sandy loam over a sandy clay subsoil, with the water table 10 feet below the soil surface. If dry and unprotected the soil lifts readily with moderate winds. During the dry years, drought, grasshoppers and soil drifting led to crop failures over wide areas, and low, unprofitable yields over the whole area.

THE Reclamation Station consists of two sections of land that had produced practically no crops from 1928 to 1935 and had finally been deserted. The wind had cut out the surface soil badly—in places to a depth of a foot, in strips running up to half a mile. Fence lines were piled high with drift soil, and, when rain did fall, the gouged areas were transformed into sloughs. Several hundred acres were prevented from further drifting by a dense cover of couch grass and other weeds.

The first problem was the levelling of sand banks and the eradication of weeds. This had to be accomplished without exposing the soil to the wind.

be gleaned from a glance at yields over the years. Early seeding of wheat in 1938 gave a yield of 6.9 bushels per acre, and in 1939 it had risen to 13.5. The 10-year average from 1938 to 1947 was 31.3 bushels per acre. Early seeding of barley yielded 12.5 and 28.5 bushels per acre in 1938 and 1939 respectively, yet the 10-year average yield from 1938 to 1947 was 48.6 bushels per acre. Oats showed the same trend. The 10-year average for the same period was 75.7 bushels per acre, yet the per acre yields in 1938 and 1939 were 27.2 and 46.0 bushels, respectively.

The final test of the techniques adopted at the Melita Reclamation Station cannot be made until another series of dry years have been experienced, and the land has been exposed to the full rigor of drought and high winds. However, it is felt that the experience and experimental evidence accumulated will assist in bridging the periods of drought and lead to the avoidance of a recurrence of the widespread disaster of the thirties.—R. H.

### Treat Barley For Smut

FIELD surveys conducted in Manitoba have revealed that smut in barley is on the increase. Probably two of every three barley seed lots over the prairies require treatments.

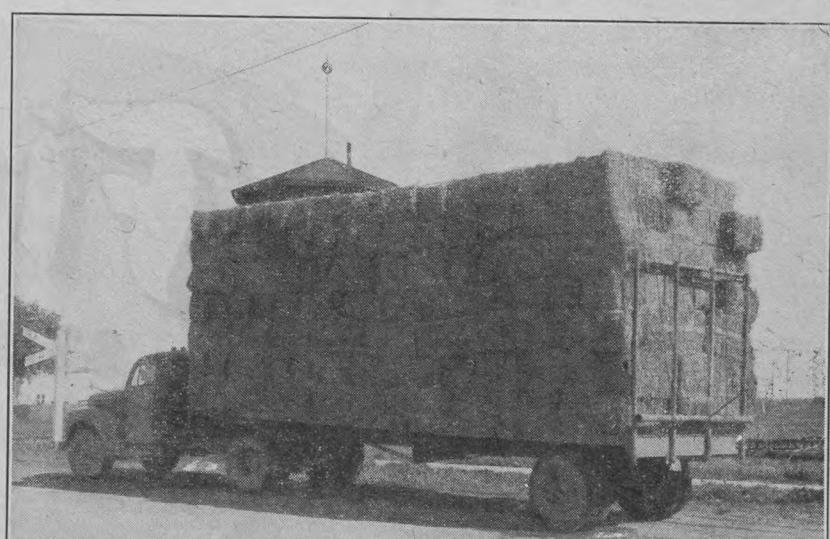
Seed treatment is a cheap insurance against heavy losses. Standard seed treatment will control covered smut and false loose smut of barley, as well as other injurious seed-borne diseases. W. H. Johnston, Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon, Man., urges farmers to treat all barley seed before sowing next spring.

Present recommendations call for an organic mercury dust, applied at the rate of at least one-half ounce per bushel, several days before seeding. Farmers who have noted smut of any kind in their barley fields are well advised to treat seed for next year's crop.

### Insects Destroy Stored Grain

A GREAT deal of grain is lost every year by infestation of grain in the bin by weevils and grain borers. The loss is particularly heavy in the United States, but is by no means unknown in Canada.

At the present time there are a number of commercial preparations on the market that will successfully combat these insects. One frequently used is a five per cent solution of ethylene dibromide in a chlorinated solvent. This chemical is very effective in controlling the insects, yet it does not harm the grain. damage



This truck is carrying about a carload of baled flax straw.

germination, or do harm to flour made from the grain.

The grain in the bin should be leveled, and the fumigant sprayed over the surface. If the granary is tightly constructed two gallons of the chemical should be used per 1,000 bushels of grain, but if it is loosely constructed, double this amount.

Danger of infection can be reduced by spraying empty bins with a five per cent solution of DDT.

U.S. government entomologists have found an excellent way of determining whether or not wheat is infected with the eggs or larval stages of weevils or grain borers. Samples of wheat are tested with a solution consisting of one gram of potassium iodide, mixed with two grams of distilled water, and mixed with water at the ratio of 1:3. When the solution is applied to the kernels it penetrates the punctures made by insect egg laying, and colors the punctured areas a dark blue. These areas will appear as small, dark spots, and will make detection of infection relatively simple.

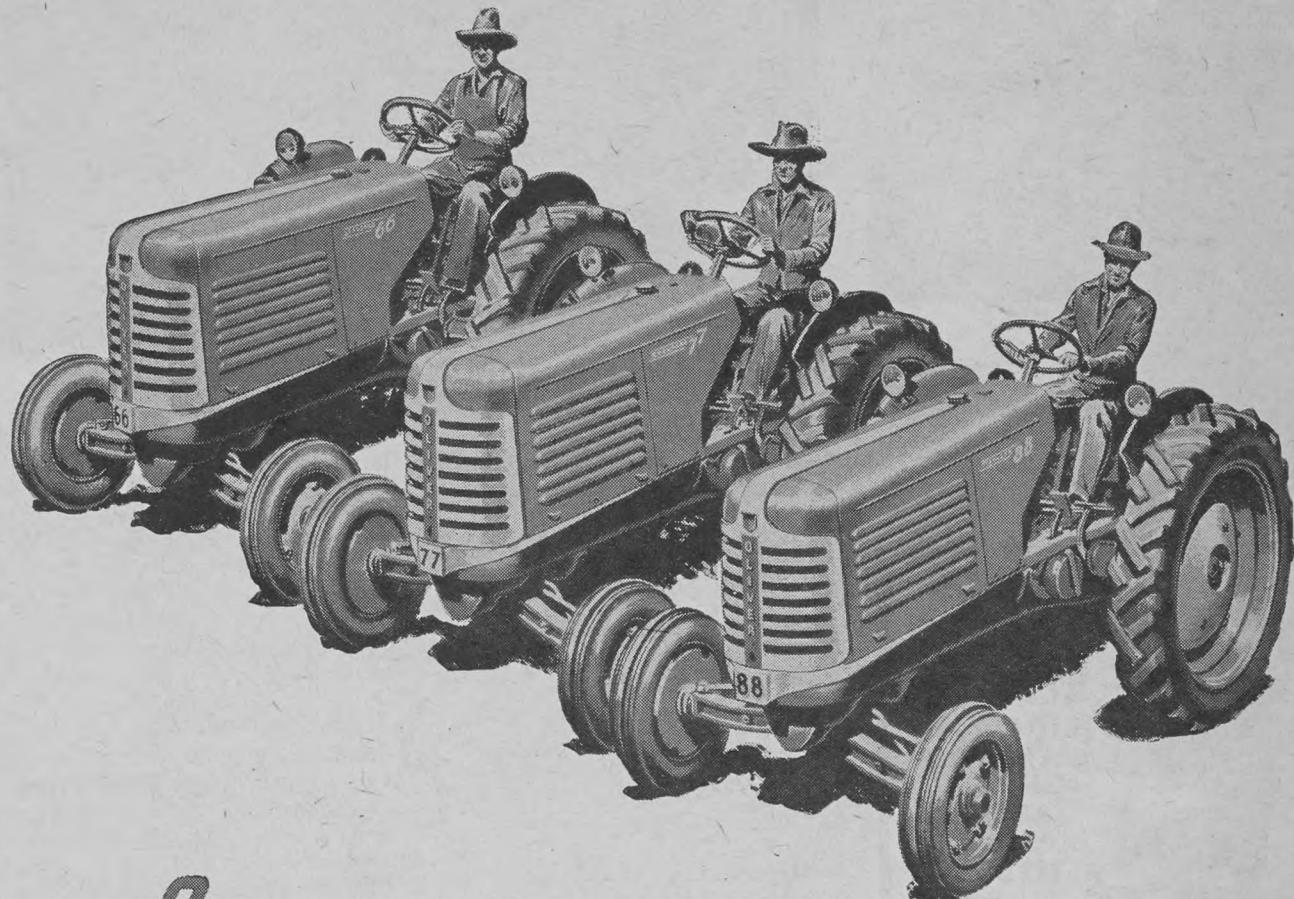
#### **Seed Cleaning Plants**

THERE is sufficient importance attached to seed cleaning in the prairie provinces, that a growing interest in municipal seed-cleaning plants has developed. Country elevators are not generally suitable for seed cleaning because of the danger of exposure to diseases of various kinds. Permanent and fairly well equipped municipal seed-cleaning plants will render more satisfactory service on the whole and can be used during the fall, winter and spring months satisfactorily. Home or farm cleaning is laborious and even if adequate equipment is available, expensive.

The Alberta Department of Agriculture has recently announced a new policy, whereby municipal districts will be assisted in the construction of centralized seed-cleaning plants where farmers within the municipality are willing to organize a seed-cleaning co-operative association. The association, the municipality and the Department of Agriculture will jointly provide for the cost of such plants and their equipment. By one method, the association will manage and operate the seed-cleaning plants, but if the plant is financed only by the municipality and the Department of Agriculture, it will be managed by the municipality under the general direction of the Agricultural Service Board. Field crops commissioner J. M. Wilson at Edmonton will provide any additional information on request.

The Dominion Experimental Station at Swift Current, Saskatchewan, comments also on a seed-cleaning and treating plant successfully operated at Eston by the rural municipality of Snipe Lake. Careful planning and adequate support from farmers will make such a plant of great use. Also, say officials at the station, chemicals formerly applied as dust can now be used in a wet form due to recent improved seed treating equipment. Wet applications increase moisture content less than one-half per cent and permit grain to be stored safely. Equipment can be installed in a seed-cleaning plant and thus eliminate the danger and inconvenience of flying dust particles, during both cleaning and seeding.

# OLIVER "66-77-88"



## **3 New Farm-Utility Leaders!**

Here's a new OLIVER tractor trio that fits your farm better—provides greater power flexibility and operating efficiency than you've ever before experienced.

For the first time, here's a new tractor fleet with identical utility features and performance advantages. These practical new OLIVER tractors differ only in size. Just pick your power for the jobs to be done from these three great new models—the snappy 2-plow, 4-cylinder "66" . . . the smooth 2-3 plow, 6-cylinder "77" . . . and the powerful 3-4 plow, 6-cylinder "88"—built in Standard and various Row Crop types.

Stop at the sign of the OLIVER Shield for all the facts on the newest . . . and the finest in farm power.

**The OLIVER Corporation**

Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg



#### **OLIVER-COCKSHUTT OWNERS!**

—Come to Us for the  
Finest in Tractor Service

Your OLIVER-Cockshutt tractor is OLIVER-built! That's why it pays to see your OLIVER dealer first! You're assured expert, dependable service—plus replacements with genuine OLIVER repair parts. So remember, always take your OLIVER-Cockshutt tractor to the man who knows OLIVER-built equipment best—your OLIVER dealer!

#### **Direct Drive Power Take-Off**



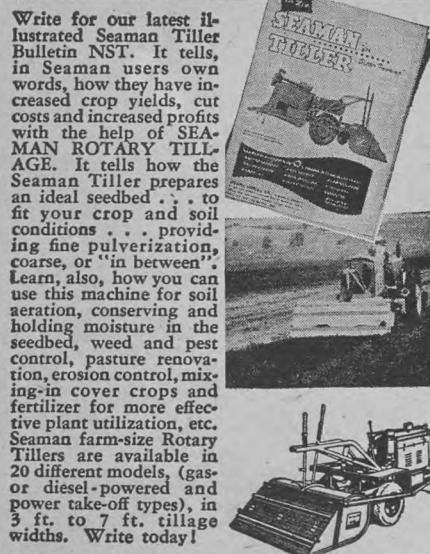
Saves time . . . increases efficiency of power take-off machines. P.T.O. unit driven directly from engine. Controlled by separate clutch. Standard equipment on all three new OLIVER tractors at no additional cost.



#### **Six Forward Speeds**

Money saver! Gives you almost any ground travel and drawbar pull combination you need, at an operating economy that adds up to substantial savings in fuel. Standard equipment on all three models at no extra cost.

**FARMERS: Get these Answers to Your Tillage Problems...for Higher Yields at Lower Cost!**



**SEAMAN MOTORS, Inc.**

381 N. 25th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wis.

**FREE**  
YOURS  
IS  
READY!  
BIG 1949  
SEED AND  
NURSERY  
BOOK  
SEND  
TODAY

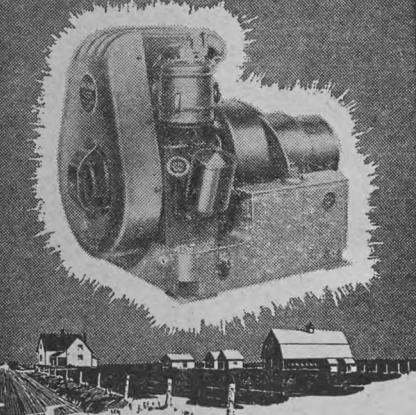


**DOMINION SEED HOUSE**

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

**LowCost Electricity**

Beyond the Hydro



**ONAN Diesel Electric Plants**

Supply dependable, 110-volt, A.C. power for lights, household appliances, water system, milking machine, motor-driven tools and equipment of all kinds. Can be started and stopped from any number of points within 250 feet of plant. Operate on inexpensive diesel fuel. Shipped completely equipped... easy to install.

Air-cooled models—2500 watts, 115 or 230 volts A.C., 32-volt D.C. battery chargers.  
Water-cooled models—10,000 to 35,000 watts. All standard voltages A.C., 115 or 230 volts D.C.

**Send Coupon Today**

for  
**FREE CATALOG**



**D. W. ONAN & SONS INC.**

2914 Royalston Avenue, Minneapolis 5, Minnesota

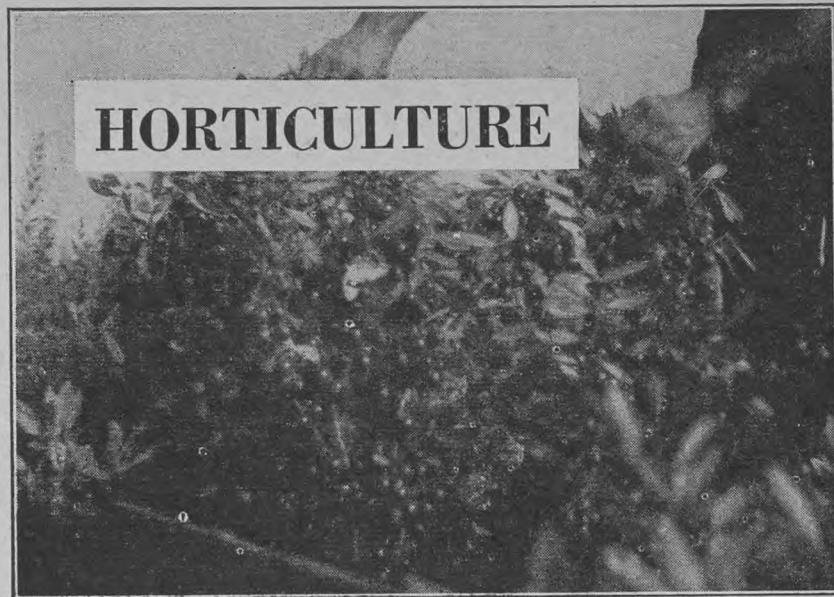
Please send catalog on Diesel Electric Plants.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... PROVINCE.....

## HORTICULTURE



Heavy yields of fruit were general throughout the West in 1948.

### Winter Beauty From Bulbs

ONE winter day the good man looked over my windows full of nice house plants and said, "Why don't you have more color in them? Just some red geraniums." So I took stock of my plants and decided they all bloomed in the spring or summer, leaving me with a window full of green for winter. This is nice but not nearly as nice as what I do now.

Every fall I buy a few daffodil and hyacinth bulbs. I plant these in cans or pots—not more than three to a pot and put them down cellar for about six weeks. I bring up one pot each week so as to spread the blooms over a longer period.

From Christmas to Easter I have a few bright blooms and how cheerful they are. Everyone who comes in notices them the first thing. The hyacinths scent the room as well, and make one think of spring. These bulbs require less care than the usual house plants and pay bigger dividends in blooms. After they die down I again put them in the basement and in the summer I plant the bulbs outdoors. After a year they bloom in the garden.

On the prairie they could be planted in an apple box and put in the basement for the winter—moved out for summer.—Jenny Pringle.

### Repellent For Rodents

THE season when damage may be expected to fruit trees and plants, by mice and rabbits, is again approaching. A considerable amount of experimental work has been done on the subject of controlling these rodent pests but the final answer to the problem has not yet been secured. A committee of the Western Canadian Society of Horticulture has been making some studies during the last two or three years and has found that the bush rabbit is rodent pest No. 1, closely followed by jackrabbits, field mice and cottontails.

All rodents appear to have cycles of great abundance. Most rodent pests seem now to be on the increase and this is the season of the year to plan destruction of them. All kinds of methods seem to have been tried including clean cultivation, fencing, trapping, snaring, hunting, poisoning and the use of repellents.

A thoroughly satisfactory repellent would be invaluable. However, it must be non-injurious to the tree or plant on which it is used. The committee has

tested many repellents on different types of growth and finds that either raw or boiled linseed oil, creosote, axle grease, crankcase oil and some paints are injurious, though the degree of injury varies considerably. In some cases leafing out is delayed or occasionally is prevented. Sometimes a form of girdling occurs and occasionally only the poor and undeveloped buds are forced into growth. Some so-called repellents have little or no effect in repelling the rodents. Furthermore a repellent that will be protection against one rodent might even attract another. The bush rabbit is the most difficult to repel.

The committee found that an alcohol-resin formula was less injurious than most materials tested. The formula for this mixture is to dissolve two pounds of resin in one quart of denatured alcohol using a cheap grade of each and applying by means of a brush, old mittens or a sprayer.

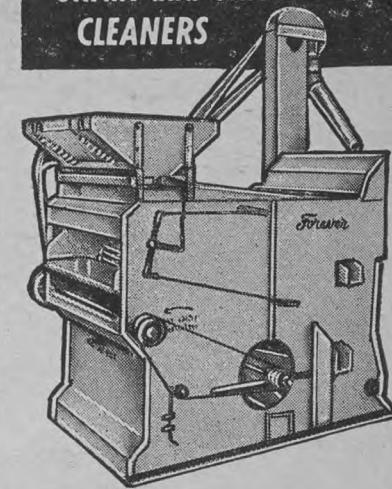
### Trees Prevent Snowblocks

JUDICIOUS planting of hedges and windbreaks can pretty well protect prairie roadsides from drifting and blocking with snow. What seems to be needed is a well-developed, thick hedge six to eight feet from the edge of the road boundary; and at least one secondary hedge running in the same direction as the road and not more than 30 rods back from the first one. This second hedge reduces the volume of snow accumulating in any one place, while the six foot hedge near the road catches the small quantity of snow which might otherwise drift across the road. R. H. Dunlop, senior tree planting supervisor at the Dominion Forest Nursery Station, Indian Head, suggests that the main function of a roadside hedge is to disperse air currents.

Where properly planted hedges are available in winter to prevent road blocking, the ditches may be full of snow but the road itself is likely to be kept clean by the air currents which hit it with sufficient force to keep the snow from drifting on its surface.

"Roads at right angles to field strips and sub-dividing hedges," says Mr. Dunlop, "are invariably blocked to all field traffic. A hedge at the road margin invariably adds to the volume of accumulated snow. Direction of field strips, whether north and south or east and west, does not alter the amount of drifting."

**Forever**  
ALL STEEL  
GRAIN and GRASS SEED  
CLEANERS



It cleans, grades and separates wheat, barley, oats, rye, flax, alfalfa, clover, alsike, timothy, corn, brome grass, crested wheat grass, peas, beans, vegetable and flower seeds.

**Forever Industries Ltd.**  
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

To Assure Spring Delivery  
**ORDER NOW**

"Equipment Plus Experience Counts"  
**STANDARD MACHINE WORKS**  
660 St. Matthews Ave. Winnipeg  
MOTOR REBUILDING—CRANKSHAFT  
GRINDING  
Bearings reconditioned. General Machine Work.  
Cylinder Reconditioning.

## BUILDING PLANS

Plans of Homes and all other types of Buildings drawn by Architect to suit owner's and builder's own ideas and requirements.

Familiar with modern Home design trends. Quotations on cost of blueprint plans given. No obligation. Please give particulars of project when writing. Address F. LEMASTRE  
Architect, 310 Birks Building, Winnipeg. REDUCED RATES DURING WINTER MONTHS.

## FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Atlas, Logan and Clausing Back Geared Screw Cutting Lathes and Accessories	\$234.00
TH-42 Atlas 10 1/4" swing by 24" centres	\$270.00
TH-54 Atlas 10 1/4" swing by 36" centres	\$300.00
QC-42 Atlas Quick Change Lathe 10 1/4" x 24"	\$336.00
QC-54 Atlas Quick Change Lathe 10 1/4" x 36"	\$125.70
No. 618 Atlas 6" swing by 18" centres	\$372.75
No. 200 Logan 10 1/2" swing by 24" centres	\$212.10
No. 400 Logan 9" swing by 18" centres	\$748.65
No. 825 Logan 10 1/2" swing by 24" centres	\$407.25
No. 105 Clausing 12" swing by 36" centres	\$488.70
No. 111 Clausing Quick Change 12" swing by 36" centres	

FREIGHT SHIPMENTS ONLY WILL BE PREPAID

Can Be Purchased On Easy Payment Plan  
Write For Catalogue and Full Description

**LUKE'S ELECTRIC  
Motors & Machinery Co.**  
324 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg, Manitoba.

## Does ASTHMA Make YOU fight for Breath?

"I am 85 years of age," writes Mrs. A. Corson, Kamloops, B.C., "and suffered from asthma and bronchial cough for years. I choked, fought for breath and coughed until the muscles in my chest were sore. I took many things without doing much good, then I heard about RAZ-MAH. Since taking RAZ-MAH, I've had real relief and can sleep comfortably."

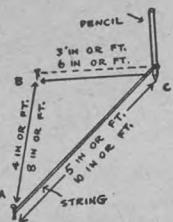
Don't smother, choke, sneeze another day. Take RAZ-MAH—now—and get quick, safe relief. Used by thousands every year, RAZ-MAH is sold at drugists everywhere. 60c, \$1.25. R-35

# Workshop In December

*Mostly simple suggestions for odd spare moments.*

## For Emergency Squaring

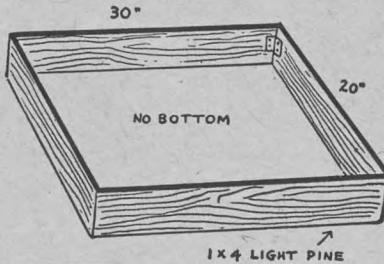
Many farmers are familiar with the 3-4-5 triangle method for determining a right angle. For use on paper or a small piece of material to be cut, three, four and five inches can be used. A larger triangle such as 18-24-30 inches will enable you to check the accuracy of a carpenter's square and for outdoor work such as squaring a building corner, the usual method is to use six, eight and 10 feet. Any size will do so long as the proportions of the three sides of the triangle are as in three, four and five. The principle is to lay out four inches from the edge of the board or on paper and mark each end of the four-inch strip, as A and B in the diagram. At B, use a string with a pencil to make a small arc three inches from B. Then, at A, use the string and pencil to make another arc cutting across the first one, at exactly five inches from A. The point where the two arcs intersect is the point which, when connected with B, will complete the triangle A, B, C and indicate an accurate right angle at B.—I. W. D.



the hole through the can at the spout after the spout is soldered on. For the handle use a piece of tin one inch by six inches, and fold in  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch on each side. Bend into shape and solder in position exactly opposite spout.—Thomas Atrill.

## Folding Fence for Baby

To keep baby from rolling off bed or couch at home or when visiting, make a small folding corral 30 inches in length by 20 inches wide. Use two pieces  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch plywood four inches by 30 inches, and two pieces four inches by 20 inches. Also, two pairs of light butt hinges, one for each inside corner.



When joined and hinged, the corral will stand in a corner, or can be carried, and when opened up on a bed or couch with blankets spread over it, baby will not roll out.—Roy C. Bradley.

## Electric Fence Control Box

An electric fence control box that will lengthen the life of the fence by years can be easily and cheaply made by using a butter box or other type box of similar size. Nailed to a fence post, it should have a metal cover for protection against rain and cover the front. Door should be hinged top or bottom and cables from the electric fence controller inside, lead through holes in the bottom of the box—the ground wire to an iron stake at the foot of the post and the fence cable to the fence wire below the box.—H. R. Nicholls.

## Small Spouted Can

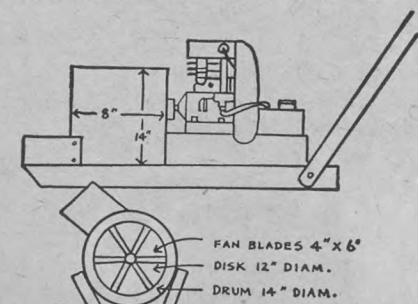
I made this pouring can for use in filling lanterns without a funnel, from an old fruit juice can and scraps of tin. Skill in soldering is not necessary, as long as the can is designed as shown. Take a can of desired size, cut off half of the top and roll the cut edge of the remaining half once with a pair of pliers. For a spout and handle, use good tin, cutting the piece four inches long for the spout and two inches wide at one end and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide at the other. Roll and solder along top edge, then solder large end to the top of the can directly opposite the open portion, so that the bottom of the spout tip is slightly above the top of the can, which prevents the escape of fluid when the can is standing full. Make

## Loose Bolts or Screws

To keep bolts or screws from loosening, put transmission oil or any lubricant (the heavier the better) on the threads of nuts and bolts before turning it on. We have done this for several years, and in addition to keeping the bolts and screws tight, there is real satisfaction in being able to take nuts off with the fingers, after loosening with the wrench. This is especially true on combines.—W. Williams.

## Efficient Snowplow

I have made an efficient snowplow powered by a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -horsepower washing machine engine. A small drum or a large grease pail can be used as the main part of the snow rotor or blower. I used a diameter of 14 inches for the blower. A round disc 12 inches in diameter made of sheet metal supports the fan blades and acts as a back for the snow blower. Six fan blades, 4x6 inches, are fastened to the disc and an old cog of the chain-guard type, also bolted to the centre of the disc, will serve as a coupling to the engine. The latter is raised on a stand to bring the crank shaft to the centre of the drum. This snowplow rests on runners, and in front of the drum a piece



of heavy tin is shaped and bent to fit in order to guide the snow up into the fan blades.—Ernest W. Scott.

# READY MONEY FOR THE GO-AHEAD FARMER

## Working Money

Put a B of M Loan to work for you. If you need extra money for your farm's development or improvement, see your B of M manager today. Ask or write for folder "Quiz for a Go-ahead Farmer."



## BANK OF MONTREAL

*working with Canadians in every walk of life since 1817*

## Announcing the NEW "49" SYSTEM JACOBS

AVAILABLE IN  
32 Volt or  
110 Volt System

NEW PERMANENT  
FARM AND RANCH  
ELECTRIFICATION SYSTEM



### CHECK THESE EXCLUSIVE JACOBS SYSTEM FEATURES

- Generator is unconditionally guaranteed for five years against burnout— even by lightning!
- Automatic Fly-ball governor feathers all blades to withstand strongest gale or utilize lightest breeze!
- Provides ample power for all farm and ranch appliances!
- Wiring for highline service, and the NEW Jacobs System is identical!

### NEVER OUT OF POWER, NEVER A CURRENT FAILURE with the NEW JACOBS SYSTEM

No more current shortages during extended calm periods. Each installation correctly engineered for your farm. This new System insures all the current you want every day of the year. New permanent 1949 Jacobs System is designed to end forever the electrification problem for farms and ranches.

Use all the current you need for home freezers, water systems, air conditioners, lights, motors, and appliances. Let the free wind supply your electric needs. The new Jacobs wind electric automatically increases its monthly electric output year after year as more appliances are added. No other system can supply additional current without added expense!

Install this new permanent Jacobs System and your electric problems are over. Many thousands of Jacobs plants are in use all over the world. For more than 20 years they have been unequalled in the farm lighting field. Five year unconditional guarantee against burnout even by lightning. Be independent—own your own permanent electric system.

Write for FREE LITERATURE

# JACOBS

WIND ELECTRIC COMPANY  
MINNEAPOLIS 11, MINNESOTA

AUTHORIZED JACOBS DISTRIBUTORS

Tibbets Electric Co., Ltd.  
Southern Saskatchewan  
1640 Alberta Street

Davis Electric Co.  
Northern Saskatchewan-Alberta  
Regina  
Saskatoon  
Calgary

**FREE** WRITE A CARD TODAY  
For Full Information on ...



### LOWER COST, LESS WORK RAISING CHICKS in This AMAZING BROODING SYSTEM

Instead of buying a \$60 brooder house and a \$10 brooder, you can now get Smith's Mother Nature Brooding System, which is a brooder house and brooder all in one! All you pay for everything furnished is \$4.75. Over 225,000 satisfied users.

#### Each Unit Broods Up to 150 Chicks

Each unit broods successfully up to 150 chicks 5 to 8 weeks on as little as one gallon a week of kerosene. You can brood as many chicks as you desire by having more than one unit.

#### Easy to Clean — Safe — Sanitary

It's the lowest cost system we know of! No getting up at nights to see if chicks are warm! Safe! Sanitary—no more crowding and piling up!

Built at home quickly, easily from simple plans any 15-year-old boy can understand, using scrap lumber, old packing cases, or new lumber if desired. Plans and heating system furnished for just \$4.75 postpaid. Investigate this astonishing invention now—before your chicks arrive! We ship prepaid!

**WRITE TODAY For Full Information Postcard Will Do**

**J. A. SMITH CO.**  
Dept. 5501-N ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

### STEWART'S R.O.P. SIRED CHICKS AN INVESTMENT FOR MORE PROFITS

Stewart chicks are 100% R.O.P. sired. They are produced from some of the finest Pulletum tested flocks from Alberta and B.C. headed by R.O.P. males from trap-nested hens with records from 200 to 300 eggs per year. Chicks that will Live—Grow—Lay and Pay.

Specializing exclusively in R.O.P. Sired White Leghorns, Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, New Hampshires, Light Sussex and Leghorn-Hampshire Crossbred Chicks.

#### Broad-Breasted Turkey Poult.

Order Now For 1949 Delivery.

Write today for large illustrated catalog and prices.

### STEWART ELECTRIC HATCHERIES

602C 12th Avenue West

Calgary, Alta.

### R.O.P. SIRED

W. Leghorns, B. Rocks, R. I. Reds



#### APPROVED

New Hampshires and Leghorn-Hamps. crosses

### Order Chicks Early

Write for our Annual Catalog and 1948 Price List.

### J. H. MUFFORD & SONS

Box Q

Milner, B.C.

"The Firm of Over 40 Years Standing"



### BOLIVAR SINCE 1912

#### What's In An Egg?

Is a day-old chick one day old or is it actually 22 days old?

#### What's In A Chick?

Will it lay 200 eggs or only 100? The answers will be found in our new folder.

Calendar, Prices and Service Bulletins mailed on request.

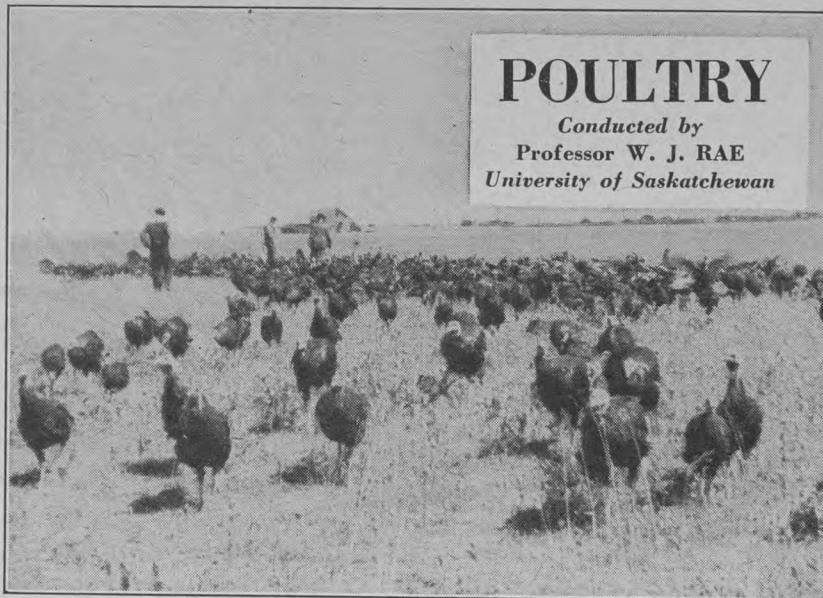
### BOLIVAR HATCHERIES LTD.

1503 Pacific Highway, New Westminster, B.C.

### 'Beattie' Blanket Cleaner

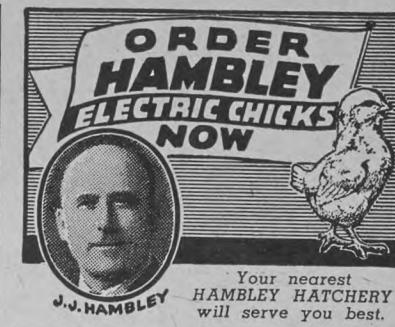
Cleans wild oats out of tame oats and all grains. EARN MONEY: Do custom work—sell your oats as seed. Satisfaction or money refunded—\$169.50. Write for catalog.

Sifton Products, Box 104, Sifton, Man.



### POULTRY

Conducted by  
Professor W. J. RAE  
University of Saskatchewan



Your nearest  
HAMBLEY HATCHERY  
will serve you best.

Efficient Poultrymen

Insist on

### PRINGLE BABY CHICKS

Now booking orders at our three Hatcheries for: R.O.P. Sired White Leghorns, New Hampshires, Barred Rocks, also Leghorn-Hampshire Cross Breds and Broad Breasted Bronze Turkey Poult. We guarantee correct prices. Be assured of your chicks on date required by booking your order today. IT'S QUALITY AND SERVICE AT PRINGLE'S.

### PRINGLE ELECTRIC HATCHERIES

Calgary, Edmonton—Chilliwack, B.C.

### Chicks—1949—Taylor-Made

BOOK ORDER NOW—DON'T WAIT

Black Minoras; White Leghorns; Wyandottes; Buff Orpingtons; Barred Rocks; White Rocks; Light Sussex; New Hampshires; R.I. Reds. Try our Limerick for Xmas Gift. Pullet Chicks 96% Accuracy Guaranteed.

Baby Chick Oil Brooder, 500 size ..... \$17.95

Free Circular. Spring Orders Booked Now.

ALEX. TAYLOR HATCHERY  
362 Furby Street Winnipeg, Manitoba

### You Can Get Chicks,

reasonably prompt shipment. But hatching to order, advise your ordering well in advance. That goes for January-February delivery also.

### Bray Hatchery

146 John N. Hamilton, Ont.

### SLOANE'S MALT EXTRACT

### PRICES REDUCED



- A good bodybuilder.
- Aids digestion.
- Enquire at your Grocer's or Druggist's or write
- W. T. SLOANE CO. WINNIPEG

Make money raising fur and trapping. Our books on mink, muskrat, fox, rabbit raising, also trapping teach you how. 16-page booklet FREE.

FUR TRADE JOURNAL  
588 Mt. Pleasant Rd. Toronto, Ontario

### Use Cooper's Dri Kil

Kills lice on cattle, hogs and horses, ticks on sheep. Price delivered: 2-lb. tin, 75c; 10-lb. carton, \$3.50; 25-lb. carton, \$7.75. Saskatchewan customers add 2% Education Tax. Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Limited, Regina, Sask.

### THE CHICKS WHICH GIVE RESULTS



YOUR CHICK ORDERS SHOULD BE PLACED NOW!

For nearly 30 years "THE CHICKS WHICH GIVE RESULTS" have been raised by thousands of Western Canada poultrymen.

The following breeds will be available: White Leghorns, New Hampshires, R.I. Reds, Barred Rocks, Light Sussex, Black Australorp, Leghorn-Hampshire Cross and Austra-Whites.

Write for price list and full particulars, and remember

"IT'S RESULTS THAT COUNT"

Available also this season  
BROAD BREASTED BRONZE  
TURKEY POULTS.

Price list on request.

### Rump & Sendall

BOX G, LANGLEY PRAIRIE, B.C.  
BOX G, VERNON, B.C.

We are often asked the value of artificial lights in the chicken house.

## A Co-op

Continued from page 7

rose, phoenix-like, from the ashes and saved enough wreckage to build the present Farmers' Union Grain Terminal Association. As its name indicates, it operates the terminals fed by the local co-ops in the wheat belt. Its rise to power is one of the thrilling stories of co-operation in America. It now plays an important part in forming local co-ops, which in turn keep it supplied with grain.

It was the G.T.A. which, in 1938, re-established co-operative marketing of grain in Williston. In 1943 the new local was strong enough to proceed as a fully grown-up member of the co-operative family, master in its own house, but consigning all its grain through the G.T.A.

Now note a feature of policy which runs more or less throughout the co-operative structure in Dakota. They know what a mistake it is to dissipate the profits of co-ops through the open handed distribution of patronage dividends. They count as one of the enemies of co-operation the patron who comes to the annual meeting with a sack on his back eager to take home the loot. Only by leaving a healthy slice in the treasury can a co-op face every possible contingency or expand.

The elevator at Williston kept all the profits for the first two years, except to pay off farmers who quit the business, or to the estates of deceased. Not till it had accumulated \$150,000 for working capital did it slacken the purse strings. That \$150,000 is now a revolving fund. As new profits are added to it in succeeding years, patrons of earlier years are paid equivalent sums in deferred dividends.

Last year the Williston elevator paid \$108,000 in patronage dividends out of \$163,000 net earnings. These are fantastically high for a local co-op, but there are three things to remember. This large house can operate as an interior terminal as well as a local elevator; the figures may include inventory profits on some unhedged grain; and lastly, profits on the other side of the line cannot be fairly compared with profits in Canada where elevator service charges are regulated by the Board of Grain Commissioners and where operating margins are much lower than in the United States.

CATTY-CORNER from the big elevator is the Co-op oil station, dispensing 5,500 gallons of fuel daily during the crop season. Of this amount, about 4,500 gallons is delivered by three tank trucks to farm patrons within a radius of 40 miles. Under American law the oil co-op must sell 85 per cent or more of its goods to stockholders or it must pay corporation income tax. Consequently transient business at the pump is not encouraged. Nevertheless this local co-op plans to do a \$425,000 business this year.

The oil co-op began business in 1928 and lived through the '30's when every second farmer in North Dakota was broke. It admits to its full share of mistakes. It advanced credit in the years of deepest depression. It was a hard thing not to do. At one time it had \$45,000 on its books which the most warm-hearted banker would have stigmatized as bad debts. But

the rains came, and apart from one \$3.00 debt, every dime was paid back!

Another mistake. The story of the grain elevator in another guise. The oil co-op commenced paying all its profits in patronage dividends. But you can't eat your cake and have it. The directors saw business opportunities slipping through their fingers because the co-op did not possess the capital necessary for expansion. They rassed it out with the shareholders and obtained the authority to pay only half the dividends in cash, and the other half in stock credits. At one time the oil co-op had an accumulated capital of \$230,000.

How wise to have husbanded the money! And how wisely it was spent. During its lifetime the oil co-op has spawned three other co-ops, each of which has a story of its own to tell. Newest among the local co-ops is the lumber yard. The directors of the oil co-op learned on the Q.T. that one of the local privately owned lumber yards could be bought for \$35,000. Negotiations were immediately opened and within three hours the deal was closed. The owners of stock credits were handed a fully fledged co-op with its doors open for business. The incident provides an answer to those who charge that a co-op always moves slowly. In other, and equally intriguing ways the oil co-op gave birth to the Co-operative Livestock Sales Ring, and the Co-operative Credit Union.

The multiplication of new co-ops out of conserved capital is not yet finished with the oil co-op. Under its own roof it is building up a business in hardware, electrical appliances and farm implements which, I should judge, will undergo the same process of separation from the parent when it has attained full stature.

The oil co-op's record in its own peculiar activity provides a chapter that ought to go into our school books. By the early '30's it, and 800 others like it were doing a roaring business in the American mid-West. They had established relations with a central distributing agency not unlike that which exists between the local co-op elevator and their terminal organization. They had reduced the margin of profit on gasoline at the pump from as much as 11 cents a gallon to three cents!

Big business met that situation by taking the major profit at the refineries from which the co-op had to buy. The answer of the national organized co-ops acting in concert was to buy a producing well, build their own refinery, and lay a pipe line to consuming centres. From this sweet set-up the Williston oil co-op chalked up \$56,000 in net earnings last year, including \$14,000 from the earnings of the oil-well-to-gas-pump chain. In this town of Williston, where successful co-ops are the rule, the oil co-op is one of the standouts.

ANOTHER such is the co-op creamery, rated as one of the best in the state of North Dakota. Any creamery operating in 15-inch rainfall territory which can make a million pounds of butter a year and pay out \$59,000 in dividends is apt to be a well run concern.

The creamery was one of the missionaries of co-operation in Williston. And what a persuasive missionary it was! When it commenced business the New York price of butter was invari-



**The hired man feeds me Alox now. You can afford to take it easy, with extra profits coming in. Alox Linseed Oil Meal sure makes a difference in my health and finish. It's the high oil content plus natural phosphorous calcium, and vegetable proteins in Alox that makes me a real money maker!**

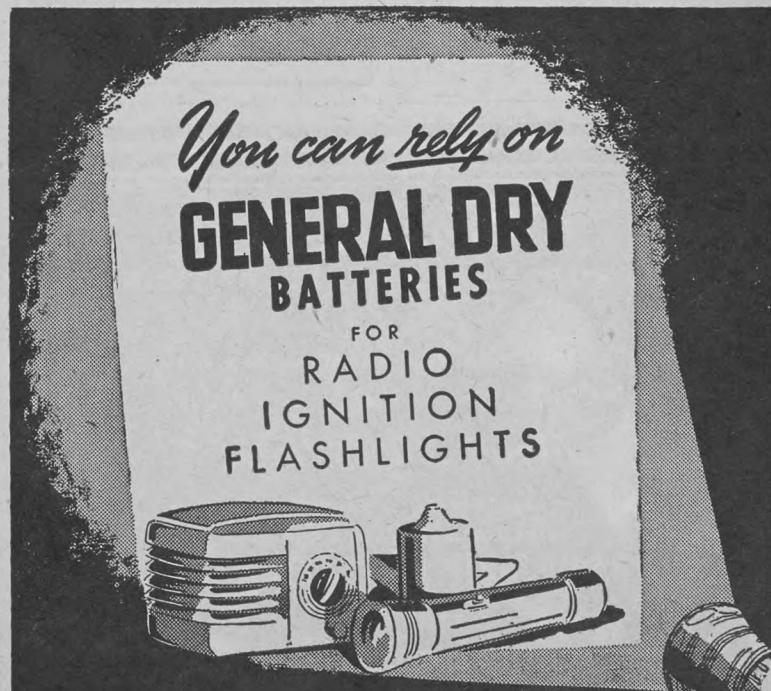
*Write for our FREE booklet  
"Feeding Farm Animals  
for Profit"*

**A PRODUCT OF  
THE ALBERTA LINSEED OIL CO.  
LIMITED  
MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.**

**PATENTS**  
FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.  
FOR MEN OF IDEAS SINCE 1890  
302 C.P.R. BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MAN.

**OTTAWA Buzz Master**

No Other Like It!  
A faster brush cutter and wood sawing machine. Propels itself while cutting saplings and brush. 7 H-P motor. Many outstanding and exclusive features. Available attachments: sickle bar, rotary tiller, sprayer, air compressor, snow plow and pulley for belt work. Thousands in use. Send for FREE booklet.  
**OTTAWA MFG. CO., 1-948 Brush Ave., Ottawa, Ont., U.S.A.**





## Keep your daily milk supply on your pantry shelf!

No milk delivery? Have creamy fresh milk on hand all the time ... with KLIM!

KLIM is pasteurized whole milk in handy powder form... makes delicious milk in a jiffy, for drinking and cooking. One pound makes nearly 4 quarts of nourishing fresh milk.

**FREE:** easy KLIM recipes for cakes, desserts, other tempting dishes. Write The Borden Company, Limited, Spadina Crescent, Toronto 4, Ontario.

And for weeks after opening, KLIM stays fresh on the pantry shelf without refrigeration! It's easy to store, light to carry, perfect for overseas parcels.

Ask for KLIM in 1-lb. or economy 2½ or 5-lb. tins. "If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

© The Borden Co. Ltd.



## Borden's KLIM

Pasteurized milk in its handiest form!

### For delicious drinking and cooking!

TUNE IN Borden's "Canadian Cavalcade" every Tuesday Night, CBC Trans-Canada Network

An Economical Relief for ASTHMATIC Misery

Why spend needless time and money when Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND may bring comforting relief from the misery of asthmatic attacks? On sale at nearly all drug stores. Cigarettes, 60c. Powder, 35c and \$1.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Use only as directed on package. Write for FREE sample to Lymans, Ltd., Dept. A-10, 286 St. Paul St. West, Montreal

#### BECOME A DETECTIVE

Men, Women over 16, Learn Detective Secret-Service. Work home or travel. Write Can. Investigators Institute, Box 25, Station T, Montreal.

#### Free For Inventors

Everyone with a good idea should promptly secure the Illustrated Booklet "Fortunes from Inventions," and the handsome form "Record of your Invention." Get them today — Free — from W. Irwinaskett, 53 Queen Street, Ottawa.

#### HI-POWERED RIFLES

Write for new lists and prices.  
SCOPE SALES CO.

326 Queen Street Ottawa, Ontario

ably 10 cents higher than the Williston price. Today rarely more than half a cent separates them, and as frequently as not the local price is the higher.

The limits of this article do not permit me to fill in the details of how this was accomplished. Let me, however, reiterate the principle illustrated in the foregoing. The creamery does not hand out its profits gratuitously any more than the other Williston co-ops. It maintains the loyalty of its patrons by giving the best service at fair prices. It has educated them to regard dividends as gravy, not as the main meal. The time came when the creamery had to expand its premises. It was able to swing a new building of wire drawn brick which is a model of attractiveness and utility.

THE co-op retail store is a comparative late comer, having opened its doors in 1940. Now Williston is a modern American town. Its citizens have learned to expect Neon lights, window displays, and an air conditioned atmosphere in which to make up their minds. A 20x20 room on a back street, such as the co-op started with, doesn't excite much curiosity in a town with 32 competing privately owned retail grocery stores.

Of course the co-op lost money in its early months. It moved into a 60 by 30 shop and turned the corner. In December, 1943, it bought new premises 150x50, remodelled them, and since then it has never looked backward. Dry goods department, meat shop, and fruit and vegetable departments have been added. For the last two years the annual turnover has been well over a quarter of a million. The original capital has increased from \$975 to \$60,000. How? By the retention of profits instead of liberal handouts of dividends. Two years ago the shareholders voted to keep all the profits in the business. They get their satisfaction out of quality and service over the counter, plus a steadily mounting equity in a growing business.

Any well managed retail co-op is about the same as the next one. But this store at Williston has developed two unique features, a restaurant and an undertaking service, although I do not suggest that customers patronize them in that order. Indeed, your author, who confesses to highly developed gastronomic prejudices, ate several meals in the restaurant and gives it an unqualified recommendation, both as to cuisine and the pervading friendly atmosphere. The cafeteria, located above the store, employs eight girls and serves an average of 125 dinners daily.

The funeral business was never operated as a profit-making enterprise, but a service to families of co-operative shareholders. In a typical year it conducted funerals for \$140 which otherwise would have cost \$300. The business went through several transformations. The first plan was a contract with one of the local morticians at \$80 a funeral, plus caskets at nearly cost. Subsequently the co-op hired a qualified undertaker and conducted its own services.

THE co-operative gospel doesn't convert a community like Williston without the promoting genius of a few men of zeal and ability, not always found in the same degree in the same person. S. A. Forseth is one

of those fortunate few who possess both. It is a little invidious to commence an order of merit when lack of space compels me to stop at the beginning. But the story is incomplete without his name.

Forseth was a local farm boy of that generation which had the misfortune to come to maturity when the full force of the depression made itself felt. His first skirmish in the service of co-operation was the job of collecting \$1.00 apiece from 20 neighbors to finance co-operative grocery purchases by mail. Even under the blighting influence of depression he forged ahead. At an early age he became a director on one of the co-operative boards in Williston, and later manager of the Co-operative Credit Union. Today he is manager of the co-operative rural electric power distributing company.

OF the Credit Union he says it was not started till 1938, but had the local co-operators known all that they now know, it would have been the first co-op to have been established. The story of its origin is entertaining drama. Following one of those casual conversations which begin, "Why don't we—" he and six others dug into their pockets and produced \$2.50 each. It gave them \$17.50—a pebble with which to slay Goliath. But it was enough to obtain articles of incorporation and to sell stock quietly among the locals growing yearly more confident in the power of co-operation.

The Credit Union did not make an overt move till it had \$1,000 in the till. Then it made its first loan. Before the two local banks knew what was in the wind they discovered a competitor armed with the same lending powers as themselves and inspected by the same state bank inspector. Today, ten years after, the credit union has a million dollar capital; has made individual loans to other co-operatives as high as \$65,000, and is a powerful force in the co-operative structure within the community.

THE Rural Electric Association is also big business. It was made possible by an Act of Congress passed in 1934 and subsequent annual appropriations as high as \$400,000,000 in some years. From this sum farm groups like that at Williston may borrow enough to construct their power distribution systems.

Forseth and his associated directors borrowed a million dollars as coolly as they had raised the \$17.50 for the credit union. With it they have completed the first of two power blocks, which was energized in 1947. Application is before the federal credit corporation for the loan of another million to complete their project. Their franchise covers the whole trading area around Williston. Franchises in the towns had previously been let to private companies.

Farmers in Williston R.E.A. are obtaining current at prices varying from 8½ cents for the first kwh to two cents for current in excess of 120 kwh. American farmers are electricity conscious. Many of them are using 800 to 950 kwh monthly. Their peak load is in winter when stock water heaters are in use.

The electric power co-op does not generate its own juice but buys it from a private company which in turn

**Honor Rolls**  
MEMORIAL AND DEDICATION  
**Plaques**  
FOR CHURCH AND FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS  
**MEDICAL - LEGAL - BANK**  
**Metal Sign Plates**  
"Specialty Designers"  
WRITE FOR INFORMATION AND SAMPLES TO:  
**RAPID GRIP and BATTEN LIMITED**  
METAL CRAFT - PLASTIC DIVISION  
290 VAUGHAN ST. WINNIPEG PHONE 93 494

gets it from the gigantic federal project at the Peck dam on the Missouri River. Relations between the private company and the co-op are cordial, but no deterioration could result in cutting off the power for the private company is a fief of the federal government reclamation service. Electric current for the co-ops is part of the bargain.

Mr. Forseth estimates that 90 per cent of the farmers around Williston were members of one co-operative or another before the R.E.A. came into existence. Many belonged to several, and some belonged to all of them. There are, however, as in any community, a few men who like to live in splendid economic isolation—w h o won't have any truck or trade with any co-op. The R.E.A. presents these brave individualists with a new alternative. Be a co-operator or go without line power!

**A**T the close of the first war, when there was quite a little dissatisfaction in western Canada about the methods of selling cattle consigned to central stockyards, there was quite an agitation in favor of auction selling. It was supported by returned men who had seen that method at work in Great Britain, and by native Old Country men. Nothing ever came of it. The idea died under the condemnation of being old-fashioned.

It is a surprise to Canadians to see auction marketing in full swing under co-operative auspices in Williston. The organization which directs it is a full grown offspring of the local oil co-op, as previously related. It does a shipping and commission business for those who prefer it. Particularly is this true of hogs which, under American health of animals regulations may not go back to farms as feeders but must go forward to slaughter.

The bulk of the cattle business is done by auction at the local sales ring. Sales take place weekly during the heavy cattle run, and fortnightly at other seasons. Buyers come from near and far. Packers are well represented and stock frequently go under the hammer at St. Paul prices. Stock moves both east and west. Frequently 200 head go through the ring in one sale. The co-op takes 1½ per cent of the sale price. Farmers attend in large numbers. The claims made for auction marketing in the Manitoba agitation of 1920 are well supported. The business, which only began in 1944 is continually on the up-grade.

Space compels me to break off the story without mention of the other co-operative enterprises at Williston. To include them would be merely piling it on. I have set down enough evidence to show that part which co-operation has come to play in the economic life of this community. Some Canadian leaders familiar with these developments protest that the Williston measure of success owes a great deal to the local density of population. To some extent that is undeniably true.

Williston co-operation as I see it underwrites three principles; the value of a strong central organization in fostering new locals; the strength which local co-ops engaged in different enterprises lend to one another; and the prime importance of retaining dividends for a period to build up adequate capital wherewith to insure progress and security.

# NOW!

## for the first time in Canada

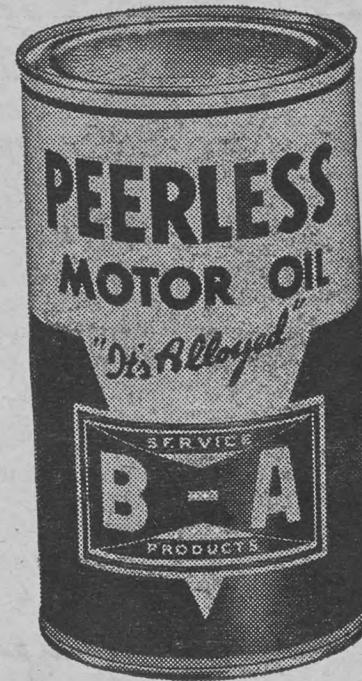
# "PEERLESS 5W"

## a new sub-zero motor oil by B-A

You have wanted a motor oil that will eliminate hard starting . . . that will help your motor to give "Summer performance" in SUB ZERO weather.

Here it is . . . Peerless 5W . . . a motor oil that has performed successfully in temperatures as low as 42° below zero . . . introduced now, after thorough, exhaustive tests by automotive engineers and in collaboration with major automotive companies FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CANADA!

Yes, for HIGH motor performance at LOW temperatures the new PEERLESS 5W sub zero motor oil is best for your motor . . . BEST because you can't buy a better motor oil . . . BEST because "IT'S ALLOYED" to prevent the formation of dangerous varnishes, sludge and corrosive acids . . . BEST because it supplies good lubrication at low temperatures . . . Peerless 5W protects your motor and enables it to perform efficiently.



THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED





CAPITAL \$7,000,000

RESERVE \$10,000,000

# IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

## 74th ANNUAL STATEMENT

Year Ending October 30th, 1948

### ASSETS

Deposits with and Notes of Bank of Canada	\$ 41,336,391.54
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks	19,428,277.59
Other Cash and Deposits	9,278,131.57
Government and Municipal Securities (not exceeding market value)	186,278,469.28
Other Bonds and Stocks (not exceeding market value)	14,963,957.27
Call Loans (secured)	6,305,327.57
<b>TOTAL QUICK ASSETS</b>	<b>\$277,590,554.82</b>
Commercial and Other Loans (after full provision for bad and doubtful debts)	176,991,342.62
Liabilities of Customers under Acceptances and Letter of Credit (as per contra)	10,999,824.94
Bank Premises	6,138,956.40
Other Assets	122,578.08
	<b>\$471,843,256.86</b>

### LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$441,115,976.35
Notes in Circulation	789,892.50
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding	10,999,824.94
Other Liabilities	209,043.83
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC</b>	<b>\$453,114,737.62</b>
Dividends due Shareholders	212,740.40
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits	18,515,778.84
	<b>\$471,843,256.86</b>

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended 30th October, 1948, after contributions to Staff Pension Fund and after making appropriations to Contingency Reserves out of which full provision for bad and doubtful debts has been made	\$ 1,836,578.91
Provision for depreciation of Bank Premises, Furniture and Equipment	279,466.22
Provision for Dominion and Provincial Taxes	\$ 1,557,112.69
Dividends amounting to \$1.05 per share	588,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	735,000.00
Profit and Loss Balance 31st October, 1947	234,112.69
Profit and Loss Balance 30th October, 1948	1,281,666.15
	<b>\$ 1,515,778.84</b>

### RESERVE FUND

Balance at credit of account 30th October, 1948	\$ 10,000,000.00
---	------------------

W. G. MORE,  
President.I. K. JOHNSTON,  
General Manager.

• This feature is furnished monthly by United Grain Growers Limited

MONTHLY

### Highly Successful Year Reported For United Grain Growers Ltd.

Highly satisfactory reports of progress were made to the 300 delegates, representing 40,000 farmer shareholders, who attended the forty-second annual meeting of United Grain Growers Limited in Calgary on November 3 and 4. The Directors' Report referred to the year ended July 31, 1948, as one of the most notable in the Company's history. It had ended the year in a strong financial position and with a large working capital considerably increased over that of a year ago. The year saw marked expansion in the Company's elevator system, with the addition of more than 100 country elevators, bringing the total number now operated to 628. The expansion, which had occurred mainly in Saskatchewan, produced a better balanced elevator system in relation both to the areas of crop production and in the capacity of terminals. The year was also marked by growth in membership and by increased investment by farmers who had over-subscribed an issue of \$500,000 of capital stock.

#### Tribute To Mr. Law

The Directors' Report paid tribute to the leadership given to the Company by Mr. R. S. Law during 18 years when he was President. On account of ill health, he had found it necessary to retire from active business during the past year and was succeeded by Mr. J. E. Brownlee, K.C., of Calgary. The Report mentions the "wise direction and careful administration of its affairs during a long period which put a heavy strain on anyone at the head of important business institutions." Delegates passed a resolution of appreciation of Mr. Law's services.

#### Operations Of The Year

In spite of rising costs and of some reduction in grain handlings due to the small crop of 1947, operations of the year resulted in a very good financial statement. Provision was made for a patronage dividend, amounting to \$250,000, and for the regular five per cent dividend on share capital, amounting to \$178,619.25. Those figures are exclusive of an adjusting payment amounting to \$786,000 made to customers who had sold oats and barley to the Company during the early weeks of the crop year. When that is added to the appropriations for dividends on share capital and patronage dividends, the total amount available for distribution to the Company's shareholders and customers, out of the operations for the past year, is brought to over \$1,200,000.00. Such payments, during the Company's history, now amount to over \$9,000,000.00.

#### Consolidated Statement Of Profit And Loss And Earned Surplus

The consolidated statement of profit and loss and earned surplus showed that earnings for the fiscal year were \$1,155,180.55 after making provision of \$250,000 for patronage dividend. That compares with earnings for the previous year of \$863,743.59 after appropriation for patronage dividend for that year of \$242,000.00.

To the year's earnings were added \$95,705.66, representing profit on disposal of properties.

Interest on bonds amounted to \$86,982.49 and directors' fees to \$9,160.00. Counsel and legal fees and remuneration of salaried directors amounted to \$55,430.00. This sum includes work done by outside counsel on various matters including purchase of elevators and other properties and also financing during the year. The annual meeting expense was \$21,697. Provision for depreciation was made to the extent of \$504,540.00. The total of these deductions is \$677,809.88, leaving the amount of \$573,076.31 subject to deductions for taxation.

The provision for estimated taxes based on income is \$190,000.00, leaving as profit for the year \$383,076.31. That, added to the earned surplus as at July 31, 1947, of \$632,000.85, gives a total of \$1,015,077.16.

From the above amount there are to be deducted dividend of five per cent declared on Class "A" Shares, payable September 1, 1948, amounting to \$164,992.00, and provision for dividend on Class "B" Shares, \$13,627.25. Discount and expenses on account of bonds issued during the year, and expenses in connection with the sale of capital stock are completely provided for in the amount of \$70,251.36. These deductions, to a total of \$248,870.61, leave to be carried forward in earned surplus account \$766,206.55, which is an increase of \$134,205.70 to the previous year's earned surplus account.

#### Balance Sheet

The balance sheet showed total current and working assets of \$7,058,596.63. Current liabilities, without any bank loans which had been completely paid off before the year end, amounted to \$4,158,259.25. The difference of \$2,900,337.38 represents the Company's working capital which had been increased during the year by \$852,932.85.

Outstanding First Mortgage Bonds amounted to \$3,750,000.00, of which there had been issued during the year four per cent Sinking Fund Bonds, due 1963, to the amount of \$1,750,000 to provide funds for the acquisition of additional elevators.

The shareholders' equity in the Company amounts to \$6,153,746.54. That includes Class "A" non-cumulative redeemable preferred Shares to the amount of \$3,299,840.00. Class "B" Membership Shares, par value \$5.00 each, each owner of which has one vote in the Company's affairs, amounted to \$270,185.00. The general reserve stands at \$1,647,057.42, the capital surplus at \$170,457.57 and earned surplus at \$766,206.55, an increase from the previous year of \$134,205.70.

The Farm Supplies Department, which is operated primarily to provide useful service to the Company's customers and all subsidiary companies, showed satisfactory operating results for the year.

The Report dealt with increased charges for elevator services, which had been authorized this year by the Board of Grain Commissioners and The Canadian Wheat Board and which had become necessary on account of very great increases which had occurred in the costs of operating elevators.

A complete Banking Service is available through our Canadian Branches and foreign agents

# COMMENTARY

## Re-election Of Directors

Four retiring directors were re-elected by acclamation. These were: J. E. Brownlee, K.C., Calgary; E. E. Bayne, Winnipeg; R. C. Brown, Winnipeg; and R. M. Wilson, Gladstone, Man.

Subsequently the Board of Directors re-elected Mr. Brownlee as president, Mr. Brown as 1st vice-president, and



**R. C. Brown**  
First Vice-President



**J. E. Brownlee, K.C.**  
President



**J. Harvey Lane**  
Second Vice-President

## Confidence And Concern

Reasons for both confidence and concern in respect to the future of western agriculture were mentioned in the annual report of the Board of Directors of United Grain Growers Limited, in the following paragraphs:

"To examine the outlook for western farming is to find reasons both for confidence and for concern. Confidence can be felt because on the whole western agriculture is in a better position than ever before to cope with adversities that may be encountered. It is efficient, as the combined result of natural resources, of the capacity and skill of the farming population, and of extensive capital equipment. It is in a sound financial position and debts which a number of years ago threatened to spell disaster to many have been largely liquidated from the proceeds of a series of fairly good crops sold at more remunerative prices than formerly prevailed.

"Such confidence is moderated by the fact that inflationary forces have been increasing production costs just at the time when agricultural prices have been showing a tendency to decline. Further, farmers of the United States are in a much stronger position than Canadian farmers. They have been enjoying higher prices during recent years than have prevailed in Canada and have been able to build up financial reserves to an extent not possible in this country. American agricultural production has been greatly stimulated as a result. This may tend to put Canadian farmers at some competitive disadvantage in the future.

"Concern arises because of the uncertain outlook for international trade, arising from the disturbed political and economic conditions which prevail in the world. Western farmers depend upon international trade because they produce for export and must continue to do so. The present world situation leaves grave doubt as to how, in the future, other countries will be able to pay for the food from Canada which they need and as to the extent to which former patterns of international trade can be restored. At the moment, even Great Britain finds difficulty in financing necessary food imports, and is able to

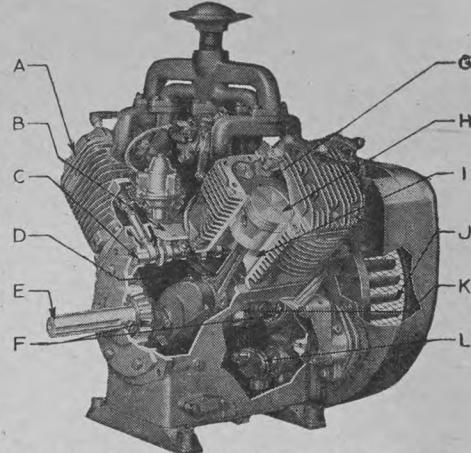
do so only because of loans from Canada and from the United States. Many other countries are buying Canadian wheat and barley only because the United States allows to be used for that purpose funds provided under the Marshall Plan for European Recovery. Such a concession does not apply at present to either oats or flax from Canada and it appears to have been refused in connection with Canadian flour. Difficulties now experienced in exporting these last mentioned commodities indicate the extent to which Canada is now under the influence of American plans for European recovery and give warning of much greater difficulties which Canada will face if such recovery does not come about.

"The solution of world economic problems on which the future welfare of western agriculture depends is beyond Canadian control and only to a limited extent is subject to Canadian influence. We must hope that the solution for such problems will be found, not only from a selfish standpoint, but because they must be solved if the peace and prosperity of the world are to be assured. There will be a continuing need in the world for all the food that western Canada can produce, for world food requirements are expanding more rapidly than world production. But means must be found by which such food can be transferred and paid for, and if not found the consequences will be serious alike for this country and for other countries.

"Pending general world improvement it is important that Canada should explore and develop every possible export outlet for this country's agricultural production, and there are many such outlets both in the United States and elsewhere. Equally Canadian policy must be directed towards encouraging compensating imports into this country.

"Essentially the problem is one of markets and not that of marketing machinery. It will not be fundamentally altered by any change in such machinery, and the problem of markets will remain whether the Government of Canada is involved in the machinery of marketing to a greater or smaller extent than now."

## The "Inside Story" WHY WISCONSIN Air-Cooled Engines Are Best!



Look at this typical 4-cylinder Wisconsin Air-Cooled Engine, sliced open to show why the Wisconsins, from 2 to 30 hp., are the choice of over 50 farm machinery manufacturers and hundreds of thousands of farmers:

- A. V-type engine cylinders are cast in pairs, separate from crankcase . . . easy servicing . . . economy replacement.
- B. Camshaft is precision ground . . . uniform . . . quiet.
- C. Pump and generator housings mount on crankcase . . . extremely compact.
- D. Balanced connecting rods eliminate variations in excess of 1/4 oz. . . . smoothest running.
- E. Pulley, sprocket or driving gear mounts directly to extended crankshaft . . . eliminates outboard bearing or solid power take-off.
- F. Timken tapered roller bearings

Let us tell you more about 4-cycle Wisconsin Air-Cooled Engines, in a full power range, from 2 to 30 hp., in singles, twins, and 4-cylinder types. Write today for descriptive folder and the name of your nearest dealer or distributor.



## WISCONSIN MOTOR CORPORATION

World's Largest Builders of Heavy-Duty Air-Cooled Engines  
MILWAUKEE 14, WISCONSIN



## NR All Vegetable Laxative Eases Constipation Overnight!

When you're tired, and farm chores seem to weigh like a ton of bricks—when you get dull headaches—you probably need a thorough, gentle "housecleaning" with this ALL VEGETABLE Laxative. Nature's Remedy is a real good medicine, for it's made from vegetables and herbs. You just take one or two of the tablets at night, when needed, with a full glass of water, and by morning you will have relief.

### Honest Medicine, Used By Farmers For Many Years

Nature's Remedy is not a new-fangled idea. It's time-tested and tried. Thousands of farmers believe in this ALL VEGETABLE Medicine, because they know it's mighty hard to beat vegetables and herbs for clearing up the system—making you feel good and eat good again. Ask your drug store for Nature's Remedy, called NR Tablets for short. Only 25 cents for 25 tablets.



TAKE NR TONIGHT . . . TOMORROW ALL RIGHT

**NR NATURE'S REMEDY**  
NR-TABLETS-NR

MADE BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF TUMS



# DEAF?

## -Here's Good News!

Thousands are regaining the joy and happiness of hearing with a revolutionary new and amazingly economical hearing aid that's ready to wear without individual "fitting." Costs half or less than half the price of others. Operates at less cost ( $\frac{1}{4}$  of a cent per hour battery cost) than any other single-unit hearing aid of equal power. It has the acceptance of the American Medical Association, Council on Physical Medicine.

This new, light-weight, single-unit hearing aid is the product of the Zenith Radio Laboratories, world-famous for their 30 years of research and leadership in *radiomics* exclusively.

Anyone who wishes to try this amazing new hearing aid can do so for 10 days—at home, at work, anywhere—on a Hear Better or Pay Nothing (money-back) offer.

If you want to delight family and friends who want you to hear and enjoy life with them, just drop a postcard to the Zenith Radio Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Dept. CD128, Canada Trust Bldg., Windsor, Ontario, for full, free information about their Hear Better or Pay Nothing offer. Made by the makers of world-famous Zenith Radios.

**Got a COLD?**

Check it with

**MINARD'S**  
"KING OF PAIN"  
**LINIMENT**

Just inhale the soothing, healing fumes, for quick relief. It's fast acting! Get a bottle today.

17-46

**35c**

LARGE ECONOMICAL SIZE 65c

**SQUEALS in your WHEELS?**

#5050 GLOVE COMPARTMENT GAUGE

#7750T PENCIL TYPE GAUGE

**THEN IT'S TIME TO  
GET A DEPENDABLE  
SCHRADER TIRE GAUGE**

Makes an ideal gift  
at any time.

A. SCHRADER'S SON DIVISION  
Scovill Manufacturing Company  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

## Second Chance

Continued from page 10

finance the work himself, second, to enter into a straight contract at so much per acre, or third, to work for the government. In the midst of public meetings and numerous press statements from either side, the government threatened to seize the Lassiter equipment and, two weeks after suspension, entered a statement of claim in the Supreme Court, for the return of the half million dollars advanced. As a result of this and other pressures, negotiations leading up to the present contract were completed and the new contract entered into on December 31.

However, amidst all of these difficulties no criticism was made of the quality of the Lassiter job. The potentialities of land-clearing on an immense scale remained. Lassiter figures showed that the actual cost of the completed job had averaged only \$21.60 per acre and he argued that this cost would be still further reduced as the job got further under way. The government learned too late that its unique first contract was unworkable, while Lassiter found out that an agreement by the government for a \$500,000 advance could mean just that and no more.

UNDER the new contract Lassiter acknowledged indebtedness to the government of \$504,000 and agreed to apply \$201,000 due him for work done, on his indebtedness. Payment by the government is now made monthly, based on reports of progress approved by the Board of Trustees appointed to supervise the project; but from each monthly payment 15 per cent is to be deducted until the indebtedness to the government is retired in full. Furthermore, the contract provides for a chattel mortgage covering all the company equipment, as security for the remaining indebtedness; and until the latter is retired in full Lassiter Ltd. is not to receive money in excess of \$600 per month.

Notwithstanding the successful negotiation of a new contract, the future is not clear sailing. In the first place, it may not be possible to find 100,000 acres of land which the contractor is satisfied he can break profitably at \$25 per acre. In such case the Board of Trustees can call for a competent arbitrator on any block questioned by Lassiter's Ltd. The contract provides that the decision of such arbitrator (who must be experienced and approved by all members of the Board), is final, and both parties must abide by his decision. Nevertheless, it is understood that some, at least, of the land in the project as a whole will probably be excluded because of heavy green timber or rough land. This, in addition to some land too poor for cropping, may make the full acreage difficult to secure. Meanwhile, all private settlers are being kept out of the tract until Lassiter has finally determined what land he is willing to clear at the contract price.

Even if the work can go full steam ahead from now until September 1, 1952, however, clearing will need to be greatly accelerated if the job is to be completed in the time stipulated. Up to this summer 9,000-odd acres had been made ready for seed, though only 6,000 acres was ready in time for

seeding last spring. By next spring, the best estimate I could get was a total of not more than 13,500 completed acres.

Plowing and breaking is limited to the period between April 1 and September 1, at the latest. It may even be necessary to move this forward to August 15. A gang of five of the huge disc plows are calculated to average 1½ acres per hour each over a 24-hour day. This means 150 acres daily if this average can be maintained. At this rate it will take well over four full breaking seasons before the last acre is broken, which would mean that the last land would be turned by the plow in the fall of 1952 at the very earliest, or the spring of 1953.

Lassiter's worry is probably not that his machines cannot do the job in time. There is the very costly item of breakdowns to consider and the time which can be wasted in one way or another, thus seriously cutting down the average amount of work done per day. Brushing, for example, is a winter job, and piling and burning are summer jobs. If the weather is not favorable and the piled wood will not burn, it means either re-burning or leaving a lot for picking up, which is expensive and time-consuming. After the clearing of the land comes the breaking, then the preparation for seeding.

Lassiter's penchant for unlimited power and huge machines is demonstrated by his efforts to float and level the land after breaking. I saw a huge cylindrical tank affair, which I was told weighed about 23 tons and had been discarded. It was made of a large steam boiler to the outside of which had been welded a series of 18 knife-like projections, each completely circling the boiler. This was intended to be drawn by one of the powerful D8 Caterpillars over the rough, broken land and particularly the heavy, upturned sod in sloughs to cut and level it. A better piece of equipment was later designed, which consisted of a heavy iron-shod log, from the top of which there were dragged 2,200 pounds of railroad iron, the dragging end of each being equipped with a long and downward-projecting slicing iron.

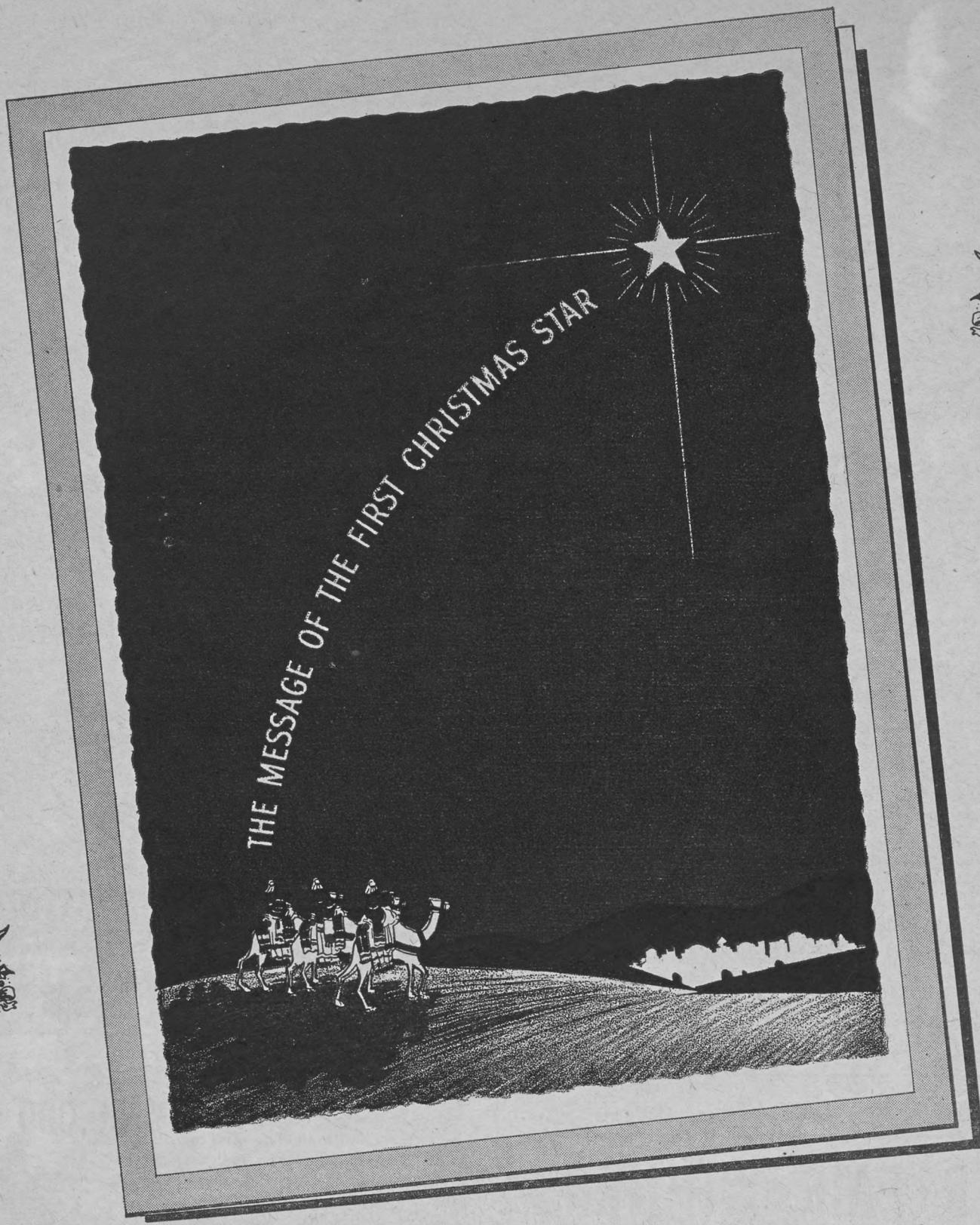
BEFORE the bust-up a year ago the government had permitted 35 veterans to draw lots for land on the project. At a half-section each, of which an average of 250 acres would probably be cleared, this would have required 8,750 acres ready to seed last spring. Fortunately, a few veterans to whom land had been assigned, did not turn up.

It is by no means certain that Veteran Land will be assigned in the future by drawing lots. Last year the legislature of Alberta changed the whole agricultural lease system. A lease is now called a "homestead" lease instead of a "crop-share" lease. Veterans have been assured that the ultimate cost of their land will not exceed \$25 per acre, which, it will be noted, is the equivalent of the top price to be paid for clearing and breaking. Payment will be made on a crop-share basis at the rate of one-third share of the crop or crops grown on land under cultivation, for the first seven years after the time the 20-year lease begins; and a one-eighth share of all crops grown on land brought under cultivation after the lease commences. In the latter case, however, no crop share is

to be payable for the first three years from the beginning of the lease. After the first seven years of the lease, a one-eighth crop share applies to all of the land under cultivation. At the end of the fifth or sixth crop years the veteran may gain title to his land by payment of an amount fixed by the Minister of Lands and Mines, provided he has satisfied all encumbrances and fulfilled his settlement duties. The scheme is different from V.L.A. land, in that the settler may obtain land without qualifying as a farmer. Moreover, after ten years, if the veteran has remained in residence on his farm and has provided it with a dwelling and other requirements, he may, with the agreement of the Minister, secure title to his land.

**I**f we may assume that enough satisfactory land can be found within the project, so that each contractor can meet his entire contract; that the land will then be fully occupied by veterans, who will be asked to pay not more than \$25 per acre; that each veteran will have a half-section of land on which approximately 250 acres are cleared and ready for seeding when he takes over (the balance being left for windbreaks, woodlots, and stands of timber); and that at the end of ten years, at most, all veterans will have gained clear titles to their lands, what then is likely to be their position? It is understood that any lands not cleared by government contracts will be thrown open to homesteading by private individuals. These individuals must become resident owners and, after the manner of settlers everywhere, will proceed to clear by their own efforts, as much of the easily cleared land as they can. The tougher portions they will have custom-cleared as they can afford it. The chances are, then, that the non-veteran homesteader will get his land cleared on the average for perhaps considerably less than \$25 per acre. It is true that, whereas the veteran will have approximately 250 acres cleared and ready for seeding, when he steps onto his land, the ordinary homesteader will probably require several years in order to achieve this amount of cropping land. The ordinary homesteader, however, will increase his equity in his land by anything he does himself, but the increased value of the land cleared for the veteran will have been paid to the contractor. The answer to the question then, which time alone can determine and which will vary as between one settler and another, will depend partly on how well farm prices are sustained during the next few years, and partly on the ability of the veteran to utilize as much as 250 acres of crop land with reasonable efficiency, from the beginning of his lease.

Some years ago an economic survey among settlers on the grey-wooded soils of northern Saskatchewan indicated that 70 acres of crop land was required to maintain a minimum standard of living for the settler and his family, and that by hand methods this could be achieved after 14 years, at the average rate of five acres of land cleared per year. A somewhat similar cropping acreage would probably apply today. If this is true it is conceivable that the Wanham project might have been placed on a somewhat more satisfactory basis for veteran settlers had no more than a



**T**HE shining symbol—the first Christmas star—envisioned for the Three Wise Men who beheld it an era of everlasting peace on earth and goodwill to men . . .

That dream, with all the blessings which it foretold, has not yet been fully realized; yet throughout more than nineteen centuries of the Christian era it has remained the hope of millions of earth's people.

Today, as never before, it is the condition of survival for our civilization and our homes.

That the message of the first Christmas star—Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men—may govern the acts of statesmen and nations and all human thinking may well remain our hope and prayer for the coming year.

On behalf of the Board of Directors of  
**UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED**  
I extend to you and yours the Season's Greetings

Hamilton Building,  
Winnipeg, Canada.  
December, 1948.

*J. P. Howes*  
PRESIDENT.



## WINTER

TREES TO CUT and haul from the wood lot . . . loads to take over snowy roads to town . . . chores to do about the barn . . . cosy evenings by the stove.

Time now to make long plans for next spring and summer . . . to take stock and get finances shipshape. When you're in town, call on our local branch manager for a chat. You will find him always ready to discuss loans for any useful purpose, his advice helpful. Ask him for a copy of the new edition of our Farmers' Account Book . . . a practical means of keeping record of all farm operations.

### THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

## WINTER FAIR WINNERS

USE

### Wood's Feed Grinders and Grain Rollers

More prizes were won at the 1948 Royal Winter Fair by owners of Wood's Feed Grinders and Grain Rollers — than by owners of any other feeding equipment.

Again and again, prizes in the livestock section — for grand champions and reserve champions — went to Wood's equipment owners from Canada and the United States.

This success by Wood's Feed Grinder and Grain Roller users is another proof of the advantage of feeding freshly ground or rolled grain prepared with Wood's equipment — the feeding practice of champions.

#### THE WOOD'S LINE

MILKERS — MILK COOLERS — FEED GRINDERS — GRAIN ROLLERS  
ELECTRIC FENCERS — FARM FREEZERS — WATER HEATERS  
WATER SYSTEMS — FARM VENTILATORS

Write for Information



**THE W. C. WOOD CO. LIMITED**  
HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY • GUELPH, CANADA

quarter-section been cleared on each half, leaving it open to the veteran's choice as to whether an additional acreage should be cleared now or at his later convenience.

Perhaps the time has gone when it is either economically or socially desirable that settlers on wooded soils should have to acquire ownership of land fit for cropping by the long and arduous processes of pre-war days. This large scale experiment in the Peace River district of Alberta will help to prove the point one way or the other. If so, it will take between five or ten years, at least, to discover whether grey-wooded soil three-quarters cleared and devoid of buildings or other permanent improvements is worth up to \$25 per acre.

### Peace Tower

*Continued from page 5*

but I always understood that the C.C.F. was the political party of the working man. Yet here were the insurance department employees picketing their office just as if the office contained such class enemies as Canada Packers or the Steel Company of Canada.

#### Nose-out-of-Joint Department.

Prime Minister Emeritus King put a lot of noses out of joint the other day, at his last press conference. A veteran scribe asked him about any appointments he was destined to make, before he retired.

"My day's work is done," he said wanly.

Then he turned toward his successor, and indicated that Hon. Louis St. Laurent was top man now. This is very bad news for a lot of the hangers-on, ever-hopefuls, party hacks, and others. They had felt that in one last wonderful flourish, King would reach out, and with one stroke of the pen, get them in out of the cold for life. Instead, he said: "My day's work is done." For some of the hopefule, they might also add:

"My day is done, too."

For the new man has his own friends, his own ideas, his own methods. All across Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver, the boys were hoping to get one foot in the trough, somehow. Looks like a hard winter, now.

#### On Reading Hansard

HOW many half-baked political arguments have you listened to conducted by people who developed more heat than light because they were not certain of their facts? How many of these discussions could have been made instructive had the contesting parties read Hansard, taking the trouble to inform themselves of the exact utterances of our public men at Ottawa?

Hansard, as everyone knows, is the official, verbatim, stenographic report of speeches, debates and proceedings in the House of Commons and the Senate at Ottawa. These speeches are

recorded by male stenographers and immediately transcribed. They are printed during the night and ready for post office circulation next day.

It will be a surprise to many to know that a complete day by day issue of Hansard will be mailed to them as it appears, anywhere in Canada, for three dollars a session. For most busy people the big job is to get time to read the tremendous bulk of it, but it is well indexed, and if one desires to restrict his attention to certain subjects, or just to keep his eye on his local member, the table of contents at the beginning of each day's instalment is invaluable. Address orders and checks to the King's Printer, Ottawa.

A society has been formed in Toronto, known as the Friends of Hansard, whose sole and worthy aim is to promote a wider knowledge of current Canadian questions, such as may be got by a reading of Hansard. Those interested may reach the secretary, Mrs. D. A. Homuth, at 49 Heath Street West, Toronto.

### Personal PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

Send Christmas cards made from your favorite snapshot — exclusively yours — beautiful — original — inexpensive!

**12 for \$1.00**  
POSTPAID

**Free** SEE YOUR CARD BEFORE YOU BUY! Send us negative of snapshot, this ad and 3¢ stamp. We will return to you immediately FREE sample Christmas card, your negative and folder illustrating designs and greetings. No obligation. Free offer expires December 5th.

YULECARDS — Box 220-8, Regina, Sask.

**IF YOU CATCH COLD  
QUICK!  
TAKE**

**MATHIEU'S  
SYRUP**

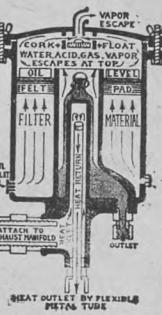
For best results follow the instructions exactly



### 50,000 FARMERS

**Can't  
Be  
Wrong!**

**RECLAIMO  
Leads Over  
All Other  
Tractor  
Filters.**



YES . . . Farmers who DEPEND on clean oil to keep their tractors and trucks operating at top efficiency, KNOW that no other filter will abstract dirt and harsh abrasives from motor oil better than RECLAIMO! Insist on RECLAIMO . . . the miniature oil refinery under your hood . . . and let the savings speak for themselves.

Write for FREE Booklet.

**Reclaimo Company  
(CANADA)**

617C - 10th Ave. W.      Calgary, Alta.

#### Announcement of

### SUBSCRIPTION RATE INCREASE

As from January 1, 1949, Country Guide subscription rates will be as follows:

Canada (EXCEPT WINNIPEG CITY)	\$1.00 for two years. \$2.00 for five years. \$3.00 for eight years.
-------------------------------	--

Winnipeg City \$1.00 per year; outside Canada \$1.00 per year

# The Countrywoman

## A Measure For Giving

**I**N Christian lands, at this season, particularly, our thoughts and activity are centred on children. Family bonds are tightened, friendly circles enlarged and we seek out ways by which we may find expression for the finer human feelings; love, kindness and goodwill. Our immediate objective is to bring some measure of joy and happiness into individual lives.

True charity overflows the family circle and spills into the world about us. Thus now, more than at any other time perhaps, any story of children going hungry, ill-clad, sick or uncared for, is apt to touch us deeply. We have heard such stories from two women who have recently been travelling across Canada, telling what is being done to help children in war-torn countries. They came asking our understanding and further aid. Through many weeks of travel, covering thousands of miles in European countries, they have seen with their own eyes and heard from the lips of workers actually engaged in the care of needy children in hospitals, camps and homes. Their appeal was for contributions of money, clothing and medical supplies.

One visitor was Dr. Lotta Hitschmanova, executive director of the Unitarian Service Committee of Canada, who spent three months travelling through eight European countries. She pointed out that we see much in the news of the failure in international diplomatic conferences but all too seldom do we hear the good news from other successful conferences. From May to September, 1948, some eight international conferences on education, health and welfare were held. She attended three, including one on Mental Health, held in London. It is most encouraging to note how the people of the nations are endeavoring to understand and work with each other.

The second visitor was Mrs. R. T. Tanner, field secretary of the Canadian Save The Children Fund, who made a strong plea that we inform ourselves on the principles and charter of United Nations, particularly stressing three points: (1) Greater protection of human rights; (2) World citizenship; (3) Welfare work on a world-wide scale. "We do so much talking and dreaming. We really do not understand what life is like in the war-devastated countries. Many still live in a twilight in underground tunnels. We must act now or soon it will be too late; soon these suffering and war-shocked children will be young adults. Starved bodies will die but damaged minds live on. There is a danger of a whole generation being lost."

**T**HE cry is for shoes and clothes, particularly babies' clothes. There is a great shortage of textiles of all kinds. Remarkably good work is done on used clothing sent to make it ready for use again. Canadian shoe manufacturers had been canvassed by letter by the Unitarian Committee for possible donations and one firm had sent 100 pounds of shoes. Stories were told of a family owning only one pair of shoes between all members; of children strapping boards to their feet, to serve as shoes; of children unable to attend school because of the lack of shoes or clothing and thus missing the opportunity to be served the one nourishing meal a day which is provided at the feeding stations set up at schools, hospitals and sanitaria. In one home established for 120 needy children there were three nightgowns and one pair of pyjamas; 80 had no shoes. In a hospital for men in Poland there were three overcoats for 40 men and a great shortage of trousers. A worker remarked, "Needing trousers is almost a disease in this country."

French shop windows are full of goods but the quality is not good and the price of food is high. It is possible for a French family to spend 90 per cent of its income on food—and still go hungry. French children are growing up without milk. At a children's home at Sevres 13 quarts of milk daily are provided for 128 children. A former Nazi prison camp in the British zone has been converted into a

*Aid asked and given proves that charity abides in the hearts of people and among the nations of the troubled world today.*

by AMY J. ROE.

children's home for 58 poor, mutilated children, by 15 British school teachers.

Milk, meat and fats are still terribly scarce. British, French and Scandinavian workers are in the field working energetically to relieve the need as far as they possibly can. Sweden has undertaken to feed 70,000 children from three to six years of age. Stories were told of older children bringing their brothers and sisters of under-six years and standing patiently by watching the little ones eat, and not attempting to touch a morsel of the food, which they so badly needed themselves, but hoping each day that something might be left over for them. Poland has invited 3,000 homeless children



One nourishing meal a day is given at centres.



to come and be fed from its scanty stores of food. Britain, still on short rations, has cut its food budget by 100 calories a week for each person in order that more food may be sent to continental Europe. The supplies sent are handled by the agencies in the field. They do not go to the governments of the countries concerned and do not go into the black market.

**B**ETTER crops this year in eastern and central Europe have meant a slight improvement but it is estimated that it will be 12 years before food supplies will be adequate to meet the need. The great cry is for warm clothing of all kinds.

We are thus able to see how private and public charity can fill a great need over and above what is being done by United Nations. The governments of the member-countries of United Nations contribute chiefly to the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund — abbreviated to UNICEF. These are the funds which go to supply one nourishing meal a day to children. Some

30,000 feeding stations have been set up as of June, 1948. Over four million children and nursing and pregnant women in 12 European countries have been served with one meal each day.

The meal served varies a little from country to country. In the main it consists of a little stew, bread and a glass of milk; a bowl of soup with milk and a piece of bread; a meat sandwich and a glass of milk; or spaghetti, fish and a glass of milk. In establishing the fund, the principle was clearly and definitely laid down by United Nations that: "Distribution must be on a basis of need, without discrimination because of race, creed, nationality status or political belief."

The conditions under which millions of people were forced to live—weak from hunger and cold and crowded together—broke down resistance to disease. The children, particularly adolescents, were especially vulnerable and among them tuberculosis has been appearing in new and extremely virulent forms. In an effort to check the spread of tuberculosis among children, UNICEF is assisting in mass vaccination programs in a number of countries in Europe. These programs have been developed as a joint enterprise by the people of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. It promises to be the largest single mass immunization ever undertaken. It is estimated that some 50 million will be immunized under the plan.

**T**HE Unitarian Service Committee, with headquarters at 48 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario, has sent more than one-quarter million pounds of clothing to Europe in the past year. It has 139 convalescent homes, where children are under the supervision of kind personnel. They eat all the good food they need. They are warm at night and clean as they never have been clean since they were born. They get new clothing to replace the filthy rags in which they were found. A plan is in operation whereby a contributor of \$45 may "adopt a child for three months" to be given care in such a home. More than 2,000 children have been adopted by Canadians for a period of three months or longer. When the contribution is completed—it may be made in three instalments of \$15 each, the donor will receive a photograph and a case history of the "adopted" child.

Hundreds of individuals, church organizations of many denominations, men's and women's service clubs and schools are contributing to this drive for funds, be they large or small, and for used clothing.

"Let us think of the problem in terms of a single child as precious as your own," is the plea made by the Canadian Save the Children Fund with headquarters at 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont. Contributions may be made direct to the treasurer or through local or provincial committees. Every gift will be acknowledged if the name and address of the donor is sent with the parcel. Canadian SCF works with sister funds in Britain, Sweden and France. Money is used to buy powdered milk, pablum, cocoa, and cod liver oil. They ask for collection of good used clothing, shoes, sheets, towels, diapers, soap and soft toys. Canadian organizations including the Local Council of Women, Home and School Associations, I.O.D.E., Women's Institutes, Church Sunday schools, Council of Jewish Women and colleges have been generous in their regular support of the Fund.

Much of the enjoyment of Christmas is in the preparation, so children should be given a part in this fun. The holiday will mean more to them if they are allowed to help. Boys and girls should develop a spirit of giving instead of getting. Children enjoy making gifts themselves and should be encouraged to make them. It may take more time and patience to help a child make a present than it does to purchase one, but the satisfaction he obtains from his own handiwork is worth the effort. Let them share in the air of secrecy, and the wrapping and hiding of gift parcels.



*Old Nig was nervous about going into the swift stream at the ford across the gully.*

## Story of "The Bend"

DAD came to Saskatchewan in the summer of 1906, looking for a homestead. Thirty-two miles north of Lloydminster with the last settlers twenty miles behind him, he climbed over a hill to his first glimpse of the valley that is now our home. The blue river hills were west and south and east of him, for here the North Bend of the North Saskatchewan encircles an area of about twenty-four square miles. The prairie grass tangled about his feet so densely that it hindered walking, for it had not been burned or grazed for years. Three deer bounded across a little clearing and disappeared into the poplars.

"This is it," he decided.

Dad checked the boundaries of the quarter he wanted to homestead, then satisfied himself that there was an adequate supply of water on it. This was consistent with his ranch country background, and a wise move, for many of the neighboring farms have no satisfactory water supply.

He filed his claim in the fall of '06, and returned to the States, to prepare for the move to Canada. When he came back to Saskatchewan in the spring of 1907 he brought a railway carload of equipment and supplies. In the car were four cows and three horses, a mower and rake, a little household equipment and small tools, and the food which Mother had preserved to bring to Canada. By the end of March he had located the stuff on his quarter and pitched a tent.

Mother and the baby joined him in April. She left Kansas after the grass was green and the flowers growing and got off the train at Lloydminster to face a late, cold Canadian spring. Dad met her with horse and buggy to

make the last lap of the journey, 32 miles through slush and mud and water. The baby in her arms coughed fitfully and she wrapped him as warmly as she could against the chill wind.

The gully was swollen with melting snow water, and old Nig was nervous about going into the swift stream at the ford. Mother must have been nervous too, jolting over the hidden rocks as the water swirled over the bottom of the buggy so that she must raise her feet or soak them. She had to be careful lest she be jolted off the seat, baby and all.

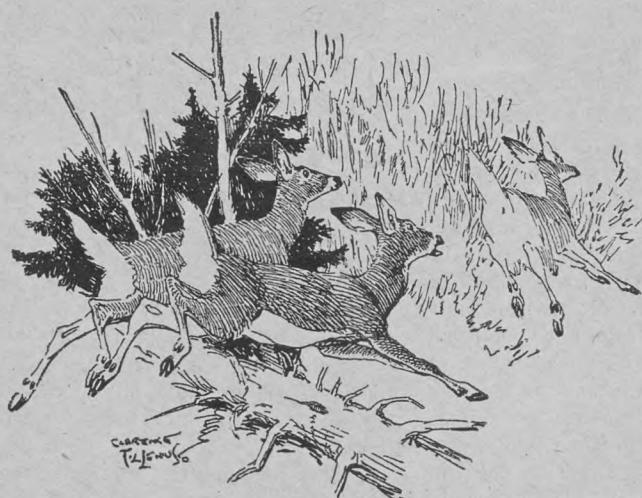
Inside the tent was the cook stove, and the iron bedstead was set up, so that at least Mother had a place to lay the baby and stretch her aching arms. While they were still in the tent six inches of snow fell, and as it melted the ground under their feet became about as muddy as the out-of-doors.

The baby contracted whooping cough. An impossible distance from medical aid, Mother battled the strangling illness that hung on stubbornly into the summer.

With the warm weather the mosquitoes became unbearable. They bred in the heavy grass as well as in the many sloughs. Green vegetation burned in smudge pots inside the tent. Later when there were neighbors it became an act of hospitality to set the smudge pot beside the visitor's chair. Larger smudges were built outside for the livestock. These had to be fenced to keep the tormented

animals from burning their feet in their efforts to get closer to the merciful smoke. Though the grass was luxuriant the tormented animals could not get their fill, for the mosquitoes were rampant 24 hours a day, and the stock would leave off grazing to find refuge beside the smudge.

As soon as the frost was out of the ground Dad broke about seven acres with the three horses. This was broadcast to oats, which were mowed and



*Illustrated by Clarence Tillenius*

stacked for feed.

A one-roomed log shack was built as soon as possible. There was a cellar for the preserves, and a sod roof, which sifted into the cooking and onto the floor incessantly. When fall came the house was "muddled up" and more sod put onto the roof for extra insulation. During the winter Dad had to be away for a few days, leaving Mother alone with the baby. One day

*A pioneer's daughter tells of life in the early days along the banks of the North Saskatchewan and of a family Christmas celebration.*

by

BERTHA CAMPBELL KURJATA

as she dressed the baby she heard a loud noise and looked up to see the ridgepole cracking under the weight of the sod roof. She quickly got the baby outside, then took an axe, went to the poplar grove and cut a strong, green post. This she managed to trim to the right height and install under the overburdened ridgepole. By spring there were seven such posts in the room. Incoming wood and snow to melt added to the confusion of dodging them as she went about her daily work.

BY spring they had had enough of that. Off came the sod roof, and the posts were discarded. When the snow in the Rockies melted the river raised to its highest banks and the stream was full of driftwood. An old ferry came floating downstream, and was salvaged with other lumber to replace the sod roof. They decided to make the ceiling higher. This they thoroughly regretted when the next winter came and water froze beside the stove.

The first Christmas in the log cabin was a lonely one. There was homemade candy, and a few toys for the baby improvised from Mother's trinket box. The settlers must have felt a long way from home.

By the time the next Christmas rolled around several other families had homesteaded in the neighborhood. Mother and Dad invited everyone in the "Bend" for Christmas dinner. Mother worked late into the night on Christmas eve, after the toddler was asleep, cooking, cleaning and preparing for the occasion. A little spruce tree was brightened with homemade decorations, and its boughs laden with a bag of home-made candy for each guest. Two extra bags were placed on the tree in case someone should appear unexpectedly.

Christmas day dawned clear and cold, and everyone in the Bend did come. What a happy commotion as 25 pioneers, starved for someone to talk to, crowded into the little shack and looked for a place to deposit wraps and lap robes. The boughs of the little tree sagged as simple home-made gifts (not a store-bought one among them), collected on its branches and under its base.

The gifts were not to be opened however, until the dinner was eaten. And what a dinner! There was roast chicken with dressing, mashed potatoes, sweet carrot pickles, cranberry sauce (from the low bush cranberries that grow along the river hills), and plenty of hot mince pie. After

dinner, while the men smoked and the women did the dishes, a knock at the door surprised them. Two young men, snowshoeing over the valley in an attempt to locate a homestead, had seen the smoke and come to get warm. There was plenty of dinner left, still warm on the stove, and while it was set before them Mother must have been glad that there were two extra bags of candy on the tree for the strangers.

**I**N the summer of 1908 five or six families from the U.S.A. homesteaded in the Bend. Most of them brought a carload of equipment, so that by now there were two binders, a drill, some plows and haying machinery in the neighborhood.

The district informally took on the name "Yankee Bend." Provisions came from Lloydminster with tedious oxen or work horses. Whoever went to town brought out the Yankee Bend mail, and the whole neighborhood feasted on the accumulated letters, papers and packages. As the settlers cleared more land and harvested bigger crops they faced the task of hauling the grain over 30 miles to the elevator at Lloydminster. Mother made many of these long trips.

In the spring of '07 Dad sowed the seven acres to wheat, hoping to raise enough seed for the following year when he would have more land under cultivation. By the fall of '07 three of Mother's brothers had homesteaded here.

Uncle Bert improvised a thresher that worked much better than a flail. A six-inch well casing was used for a cylinder, the teeth were made of bolts. The cylinder was turned by a little three horsepower engine. Bundles were cut with a pocket knife and fed by hand into the cylinder. The straw was thrown out onto a chicken wire screen, through which the grain fell, and the vibration of the screen prevented its becoming plugged. A man with a pitchfork cleared away the straw, which was stacked for feed. There was plenty of grain left in that straw stack, but this was not wasted for the stock ate it. When the threshing was finished there were 200 bushels of seed wheat in the granary.

In 1909 Greenstreet and Jones built a little country store and post office about 12 miles south of the Bend, where the hamlet of Greenstreet now stands. As the country north and east of the river became settled, many such stores with post offices were built to serve their needs. The mail was carried with horses, and the extremities of the country were such that His Majesty's mail suffered occasional indignities. On one occasion, Mother passed through Monnery to find the regular storekeeper and postmaster away, and a neighbor holding the fort in his absence. He told her that the regular mail carrier was unable to make the trip to Charlotte. As Mother was passing through there it was agreed that she take the mail. The mail sack was locked and loaded into the buggy, whereupon the harassed neighbor handed her the key. "Reckon you better take this along," he told her. "Dunno just how they'd get the sack open without it."

The year 1910 was the "Rabbit Winter." Livestock was scarce and not to be slaughtered for meat, but the prolific jackrabbits were healthy and

(Turn to page 42)

# It's Here!

## NEW Rinso WITH SOLIUM

—gives the Whitest Wash!



*Never before anything like this!*

Imagine this! On rainy days or sunny days . . . whether you hang clothes indoors or out . . . new Rinso with Solium puts a new brilliance in your wash . . . a brilliance never known before!

Yes, the results will amaze you! You'll see white clothes come whiter than brand new . . . washable colors get brighter than brand new! You'll even see yellowed and grayed clothes

made whiter than brand new! No other soap can do this because no other soap contains Solium.

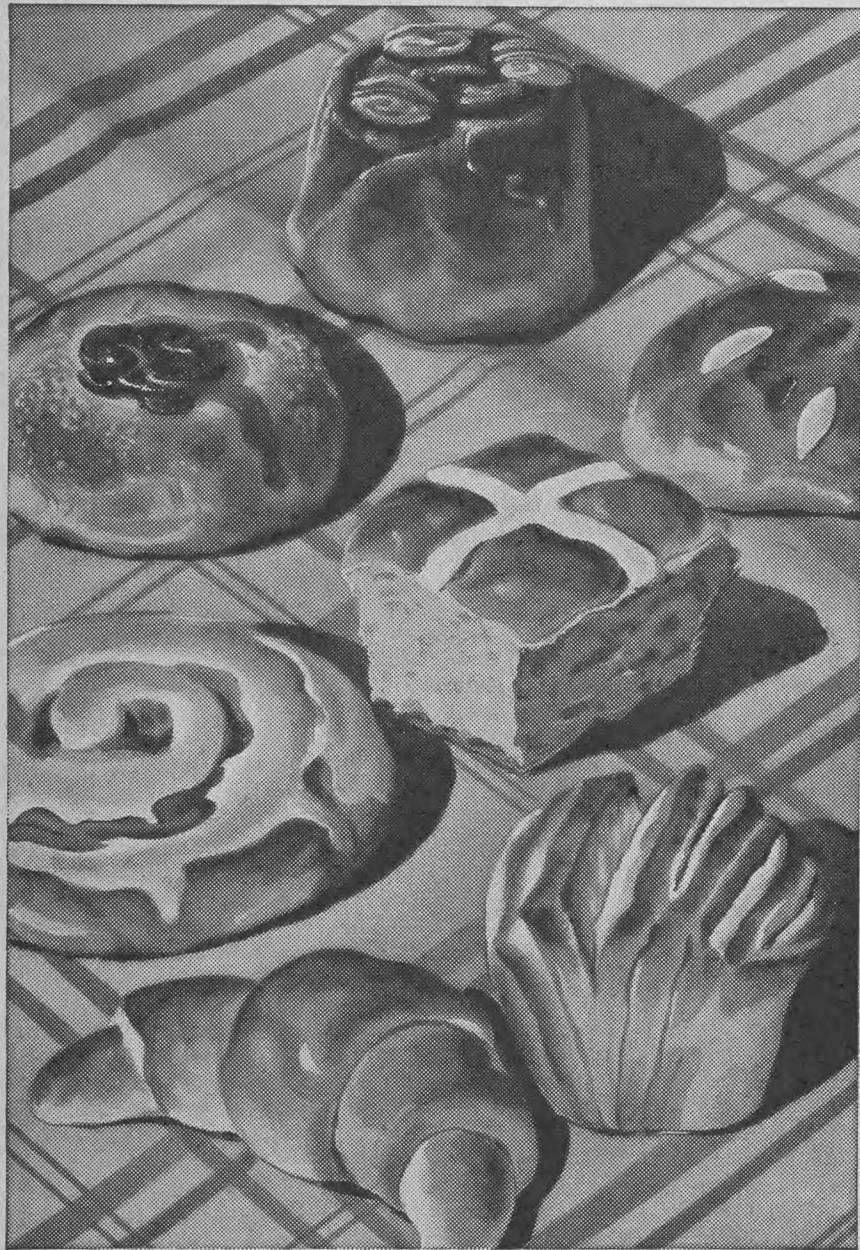
And the more you wash clothes with new Rinso THE WHITER AND BRIGHTER THEY GET! What's more, you'll see these astounding results no matter how hard the water. For the whitest wash every time, get new Rinso containing Solium today!

A LEVER PRODUCT

**SO SAFE FOR CLOTHES . . . SO KIND TO HANDS**

*7 different ways  
to brighten meals  
with*

## NEW FLEISCHMANN'S ROYAL **Fast Rising Dry Yeast**



• Crisp dinner rolls... spicy rich dessert breads—what a sparkling addition they are to any meal! And how the family loves them—so fragrant, so mm-m! delicious made with quick-acting Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast requires no refrigeration... stays full strength for weeks on your pantry shelf. You can always be sure of quick action... finer results in all baked goods. No waiting—no extra steps—Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast works fast—helps you turn out more delicious, finer textured baked goods in jiffy-time.

Get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast to-day, at your grocer's.

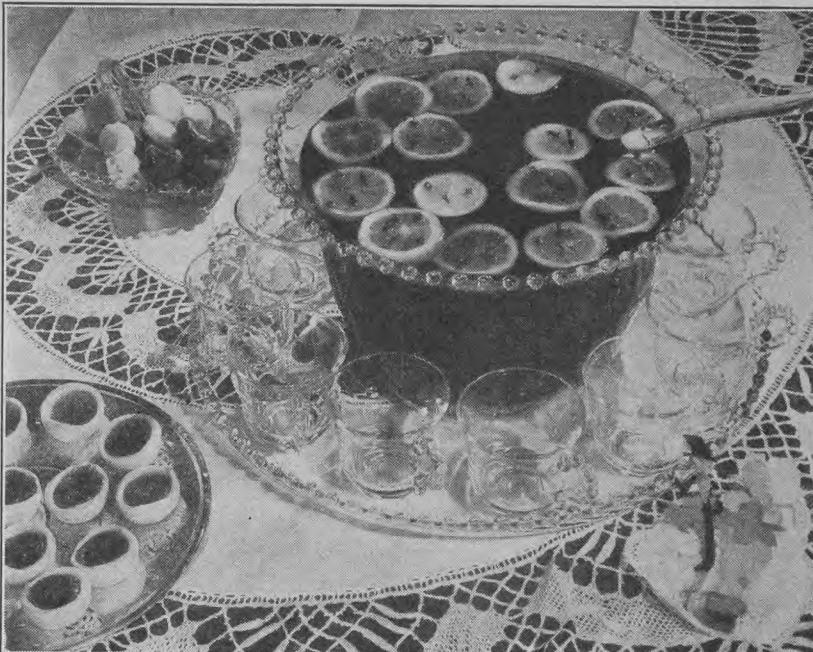


**Keeps in the cupboard**

## *Christmas Entertaining*

*Tasty foods to add to the holiday festive board.*

by MARION R. MCKEE



*Serve Williamsburg Fruit Punch with dainties for an evening party.*

THE festive Christmas season is almost here. The kitchen is almost bursting at the seams preparing good things for the holiday eating. Mother is busy these days. With the Christmas cakes and puddings already made and ripening in their special containers she turns her attention to the various cookies, candies and other sweets needed for friends who will "pop in" for a visit.

The favorite cookie recipes are made again, only this time they are cut into fancy shapes such as stars, Santa Claus' reindeer, and Christmas trees. To add an extra holiday touch a bit of green or red jelly or candy is placed on top of each cookie. Shortbreads are decorated in the same way and carefully stored to be ready at a moment's notice. Pastry is a must at Christmas time and takes many wonderful forms.

For a luncheon few things can compare with a jellied chicken loaf. This may be prepared early in the day or the day before and make its appearance at the proper time. Such a luncheon could be started with hot Christmas bouillon, and followed up with sweets and a big bowl of punch to toast good fellowship. Dainty sandwiches cut in unusual shapes also contribute to perfect holiday entertaining, and of course a piece of Christmas cake must be served to every guest to insure him or her a "happy month" in the coming New Year.

### Williamsburg Fruit Punch

2 qts. strong tea	1½ qts. cranberry juice (or grape juice)
2 c. lemon juice (strained)	
4 c. orange juice (strained)	2 qts. water
2 c. sugar	1 qt. ginger ale

Mix tea, fruit juices, water and sugar and chill. Just before serving add ginger ale and pour over large piece of ice in punch bowl (makes about two gallons). Garnish with slices of orange with cloves stuck in them.

### Almond Shortbread

1 c. butter	1 tsp. baking powder
2/3 c. fruit sugar	
3 egg yolks	½ tsp. salt

Chopped almonds 2½ c. flour

Cream the butter, sugar, salt and egg yolks, then add the sifted flour and baking powder. Knead until well blended. Then roll out and cut into shapes, using as little flour as possible. Brush each cake with egg white and sprinkle with chopped or flaked almonds. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) until delicately browned.

### Jellied Cream Chicken

1 4-5 lb. stewing chicken	¼ c. cold water
	1½ c. thin cream
Water to cover	Salt and pepper
2 carrots	2 T. lemon juice
2 stalks celery	1 tsp. Worcester-
2 onions	shire sauce
1½ c. hot strained chicken broth	1/3 c. chopped pimento
2 T. gelatin	

Disjoint chicken, cover with water, add vegetables and simmer for 2 or 3 hours or until meat begins to drop from bones. Allow to cool in broth, skim off fat then strain to remove vegetables and excess fat. Skin chicken, if desired, pull meat from bones—do not chop it. Reheat 1½ cups of carefully strained chicken broth, then dissolve gelatin, softened in cold water, in it. Cool slightly, add remaining ingredients. Pour into greased mold and chill. This makes 8-10 servings.

### Divinity Tarts

-1 egg white	¼ c. powdered sugar
1 c. shredded cocoanut	¼ tsp. almond or vanilla extract

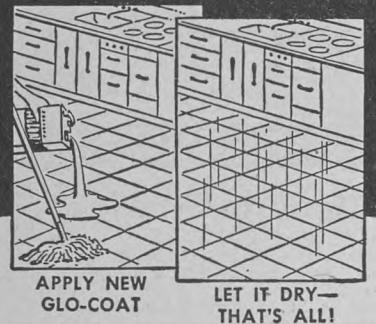
Mix together without beating the egg white. Work into a paste. Fill shells and bake in a very hot oven for five minutes, then reduce heat and cook five to ten minutes longer. They should be delicately browned on top.

### Christmas Bouillon

3 lbs. chopped shin of beef	3 pints cold water or stock
1 egg white	6 cloves
1 pint canned tomatoes	2 tsp. salt
½ onion, chopped	¼ tsp. pepper

Bouillon cubes

Put everything but the bouillon cubes into a kettle, bring slowly to boiling point and simmer gently one hour. Add, if desired for flavor, bouillon cubes and more seasoning, and water to make six cups. Strain through cheesecloth and serve hot in bouillon cups. Meat may be used as another meal in hash or in croquettes.

**NOW!****Brighter floors  
than ever before****Brighter-than-ever  
New Glo-Coat**

shines without rubbing or buffing!

Thanks to special postwar ingredients, new GLO-COAT now gives floors nearly twice the shine! Simple as ever to use—simply apply, and let dry. GLO-COAT dries to a brilliant shine—wax protects your floor. Get new GLO-COAT today!



**SAVE**  
by  
buying  
the  
large size!

**Johnson's Self Polishing  
GLO-COAT**

**RECORDS** ALL TYPES—  
Western — Dance — Sacred — Classical  
FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST.  
Orders Shipped Same Day Received.  
**NATIONAL RADEX LTD.**  
419 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG

**LONELY HEARTS: MARRY RICH!**  
Let us help you find real happiness. Join Canada's Greatest Club, old and reliable. 24 years of dependable, confidential service. Members most everywhere. Proven results. Free particulars in plain sealed envelope. C. C. CLUB, Box 128, Calgary, Alberta.

**For Bad Cough  
Mix This Splendid  
Recipe, at Home**

Needs No Cooking! Big Saving!

You'll be pleasantly surprised when you make up this easily prepared mixture and try it for a distressing cough. It is no trouble to mix, and costs but a trifle, yet it can be depended upon to give quick relief.

Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup of water for a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. (Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.) Get a 2½ ounce bottle of Pinex from any druggist, put it into a 16 ounce bottle and fill up with your syrup. The 16 ounces thus made gives you four times as much cough medicine for your money, and is a very effective relief for coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

This splendid mixture has a three-fold action. It soothes the irritated membranes, loosens the phlegm and helps to clear the air passages. Thus it makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known as a soothing agent for winter coughs. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

**Bring On The Turkey***A review of points in roasting the turkey.*

WHEN the lordly turkey is carried proudly into the dining room on Christmas Day it is truly a sight to behold. To present a turkey in such a manner takes considerable preparation, and a brief review of the points in roasting and serving this noble bird may be a help to the novice cook.

To avoid having too little or too much stuffing here is a simple rule which will make just the right amount for your bird. Count one cup of crumbs for every pound of turkey, dressed weight. Then, if the bird weighs ten pounds or less, subtract one cup from the total. If the bird weighs more than ten pounds, subtract two cups from the total.

When stuffing the turkey fill the body cavity and the crop cavity lightly to allow for swelling during the roasting. Use a needle and strong thread to sew up the abdomen opening, or insert three or four toothpicks horizontally through the skin on either side of the opening and lace around the toothpicks with clean string. This is easily removed after roasting.

When the bird is stuffed and before placing it in the roasting pan, truss the wings and legs close to the body to prevent drying out and to preserve the shape. The wings are pressed closely to the sides and cord or string used to tie them firmly and hold the neck skin in position. Press the legs to the body, and tie the ends of the drumsticks securely to the tail piece.

There are many different ways to prepare the turkey for the roasting pan. Since turkey is somewhat dry the bird is usually rubbed over with butter or lard, greasing the breast well. Bacon strips are sometimes laid across the breast of the bird in place of the grease coating. Some prefer to dip a clean, white cloth or cheesecloth in melted fat and tuck it around the bird for the whole roasting period, and in this way the meat keeps moist.

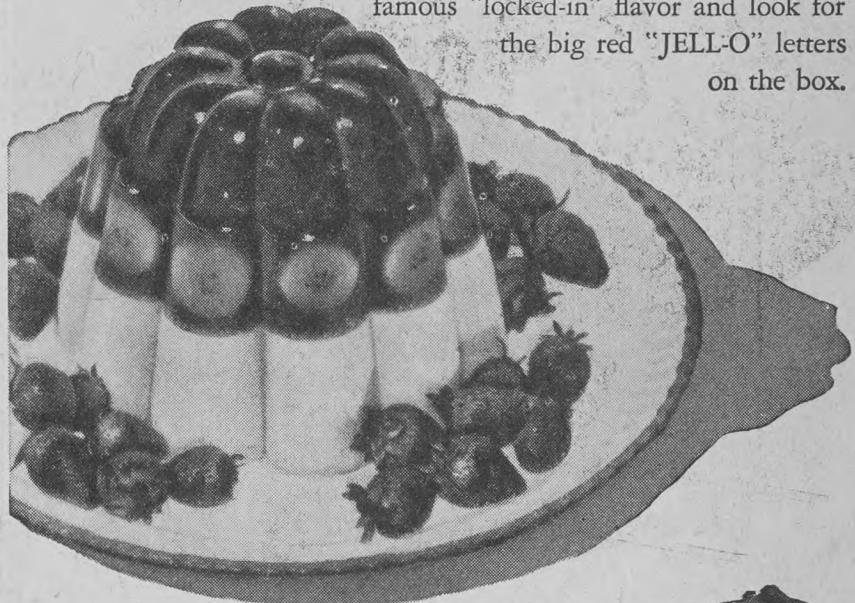
The turkey may be roasted in two ways; either with or without a lid on the roaster. In the open pan roasting the turkey is laid on its back in the pan and placed in a hot oven of 400 degrees Fahr. for 15 minutes. The heat is then reduced to about 300 degrees Fahr. for the remainder of the time. Frequent basting will be necessary unless the bird is covered with a greased cloth. It will keep the breast meat moist if the turkey is laid on its side throughout the roasting, changing sides when half time is up.

FOR closed pan roasting the bird is laid on its side, and one-quarter of a cup of hot water is added to the pan. No basting is needed. Lift the lid of the roaster two or three times during the roasting to allow the steam to escape. The turkey may be placed on its side during the cooking time for the same reason as above, turning it at half time. If a well-browned bird is wanted remove the lid during the last half hour of roasting.

Allow from 15 to 20 minutes per pound depending upon the size and age of the bird, the larger birds requiring less time per pound than small birds. Chickens require a little longer

**Wonderful...because  
It's Famous JELL-O**

ARE you looking for a colorful dessert—a dessert that's appealing and fresh-flavored, and suitable for both youngsters and grown-ups? Here it is—favorite Jell-O! Marvelous plain or with fruits or cream, marvelous varied in such simple but exciting ways as suggested here, and on the packages. For desserts that are really thrilling, remember Jell-O's famous "locked-in" flavor and look for the big red "JELL-O" letters on the box.

**Thrilling, Colorful:**

A gorgeous two-tone mould that's amazingly easy and economical to make. Dissolve 1 package Strawberry Jell-O in 2 cups hot water. Turn half into mould, adding banana slices; chill until firm. Chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened; place in pan of ice water and whip until thick and fluffy. Pour over set Jell-O in mould. Chill. Unmould and garnish, using unhulled strawberries when available.

**Inspired though Simple:**

(Left above) Lemon and Lime Jell-O, chilled separately, broken in sparkling flakes with a fork . . . then piled in dessert glasses. Equally effective with any two contrasting colors and flavors of Jell-O. (Right above) Cubes of fresh-flavored Raspberry Jell-O layered with icy-cold custard sauce, in a tall dessert glass. Lovely to look at—and m-m-m-m, dee-licious!

**What's found only in Jell-O?****That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!**

STRAWBERRY  
RASPBERRY  
CHERRY  
ORANGE  
LEMON  
LIME  
PINEAPPLE





## Turkey and...

**CRANBERRY JELLY MOULD**

1 tablespoon (1 package) unflavored gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups jellied fresh cranberries OR  
 1-15 ounce tin jellied cranberry sauce  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice  
 1 cup finely chopped apples  
 1 cup diced celery  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped nuts (optional)  
 Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve thoroughly over hot water. Break up cranberry sauce with a fork and add gelatine and combine thoroughly. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into oiled jelly mould (1 quart capacity).

THINK of the delicious jellies, crisp salads and tasty frozen desserts you'll make in a McClary Electric Refrigerator. And of course you'll not be satisfied with anything less than this most modern of all refrigerators.

For economy and long life the McClary freezing unit is sealed-in; it never requires attention. The all-steel seamless food compartment is porcelain enameled, stain resisting, easy to keep clean. Most modern insulation keeps cold in. Interior lights up immediately the door opens. Cold control provides lower temperatures almost at once. Shelves are strong and easily removed.

Ask your McClary dealer to show you all the convenience features of the McClary Electric Refrigerator.

**M'CLARY** RANGES • REFRIGERATORS  
FURNACES  
AIR CONDITIONING UNITS

*products of*

**GENERAL STEEL WARES**



per pound of meat than do turkeys, and usually 20 to 25 minutes is needed.

Smooth, rich gravy is the perfect accompaniment for roast turkey and is simple to make. Estimate the amount of fat in the roasting pan after the bird is removed, and add the same amount of flour. Mix this into a smooth paste. Add boiling water until the gravy is of the right consistency and cook until there is no taste of raw starch. Season this to taste. The giblets and the neck of the bird are often simmered for an hour in a saucepan with hot water to cover, then chopped and added to the gravy.

When serving time comes place the turkey on a large platter to allow room for the carved meat. If the turkey is of monstrous proportions, it may be necessary to provide an extra plate for the carved pieces, so the carver will have plenty of room.

Carving is the official duty of the host and requires some practice before perfection is reached. The bird is easier to handle if the neck end is placed to the carver's left if the carver is right handed. Reverse for left-handed carvers. The carver may either stand or sit depending upon the size of the bird and his skill.

With turkey the leg is removed from the body and divided in two at the joint. The dark meat is then sliced from the leg. The wing is next removed being careful not to take any of the breast meat with it. Now slice the breast in large, thin slices. Complete the carving of the whole of one side of the turkey before starting on the other side.

### Envelope Gifts

IT is surprising how many useful gifts can be sent in an envelope. Of course it must be made of strong paper with well gummed edges. Into an ordinary size,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches, you can put a handkerchief for a man, woman, or child. Naturally you would expect to pay letter-rate for such an envelope. To a bride, you can send in the same way a doily or a few of your favorite recipes written on cards for her file.

A package of needles folded with your letter goes neatly into an envelope and so does a small needle-book or a card of snap-fasteners. A small flat change-purse travels well in a brown envelope of the right size.

Larger envelopes of tough brown manila are good for mailing a collar and cuff set or a jabot, or a pair of nylons, or gloves, or a man's tie. A scarf, a colored head-square, or an apron of fabric or plastic, a bib for baby made of plastic are other practical ideas for envelope gifts. Even a well folded laundry bag will travel this way.

A busy friend on a farm would appreciate one of the chemically treated cloths for cleaning silver. This can be popped into an envelope conveniently. Or maybe you wish to send a package of special paper for cleaning silver or paper dusters which can be disposed of easily. Shelf paper, fancy paper doilies or serviettes are real labor-savers. Those brightly colored decals sold for decorating furniture are another suggestion, and then there are the packages of seals for jelly glasses. You can even fit one of the flat chore-boys into an envelope. —M.M.S.

**ASTHMA Sufferers —**

**Vapo-Cresolene.**

**WORKS WHILE YOU REST!**

• Vapo-Cresolene's soothing, medicated vapors help get that much-needed sleep . . . by relieving the paroxysms . . . by making breathing easier. For 68 years, this famous inhalant has been helping to lessen the severity of paroxysms of whooping cough, cough in bronchitis, spasmodic croup, and coughs due to colds. Electric or Lamp-type Vaporizer, directions enclosed. At your druggist's.

For Free Descriptive Booklet, Write to:  
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., Miles Bldg., Montreal, Que.

### Chenille Corsages

Send for our special offer of materials for making three beautiful Chenille Corsages with complete instructions. Price \$1.10 postpaid. Flowercraft Supply Co., G1727 Venables St., Vancouver, B.C.



**DON'T SAY "BREAD" SAY M'GAVIN'S**

**M'GAVIN'S Good BREAD**

### Get-Acquainted Club

Through social correspondence thousands yearly meet their "ideal." Write today for list of eligibles. Many Canadians. Simpson, Box 1251, Denver, Colo.

**Use it in your daily dusting**

*a few drops on your duster prevents dust from spreading. Makes dusting faster ... easier*



# For New Good Looks

Start the holiday season with an appraisal of your good points and build on them.

by LORETTA MILLER



Ella Raines of Universal Pictures emphasizes the beauty of her heart shaped face with coiffure.

**L**ET the holidays find you looking lovelier than ever! No matter what shape face you have, you can actually appear twice as lovely if you employ little tricks in the application of makeup. Hair, too, should be given its share of attention.

A too large nose can be made to appear in better proportion if a very delicate application of rouge is made over the entire nose. The outer edges of the rouged area should be so carefully blended into the skin that no line of demarcation will be noticed. Eyes that appear too small, and perhaps too close together will appear larger with the proper makeup. First, use either mascara or a greasy pencil for darkening the upper lashes, ever so lightly. Do not darken the lower lashes. Then using a pencil which is less greasy, make a series of little dots and dashes right in with the brow hairs. Let the outer tip of the brow extend just beyond the natural tip, if it is flattering. This, of course, will depend upon whether your face is narrow from temple to temple.

Sitting squarely in front of your mirror, and with all your equipment before you, study each step of your makeup as you go along. If one trick doesn't prove flattering, try another.

The over-plump face, like the very thin, should be given special consideration. Makeup should be used carefully and every effort made to minimize the width while increasing its length. The hair arrangement, too, can be employed to add length to the too-plump face.

If you have this shape face, here are some tricks you might like to use when putting on makeup. Do not extend the outer tips of the brows out too far or they will seem to add width to the cheeks. The same principle is used in the application of lip rouge. The coloring should be kept within the natural margin, especially at the corners of the mouth. Cheek rouge must be placed far back on the cheeks so that the region down the centre of the face will appear long and narrow. This, alone, will make the face look thinner. The girl with the too-round face will do well to keep the hair off her forehead, but to let it come out ever so little in front of the ears.

Beads, necklines and earrings also play an important part in the

beauty picture of the girl who wants to appear thinner. Large button earrings should not be worn. Small earrings, with perhaps a long, narrow look, will prove ever so much more becoming. Round necklines are taboo, as are choker beads. The most flattering neckline is V shaped, and the most becoming beads are small and lie just inside of the neckline.

No shape of face benefits more from the clever application of cheek rouge as does the too thin. Correctly used over the chin and cheeks, even the thinnest face can be made to appear in perfect balance. Touch the rouge puff ever so lightly to the chin, shading it delicately at the edges. Then make the application of coloring under the eyes, and perhaps a bit out toward the ears. If this particular placing isn't flattering, try the rouged area closer to the nose. (These can at best be only general suggestions because the proportion of one feature to another enters into the picture and makes every face just a little . . . or a lot . . . different.)

The too thin face will do well to have bangs or a curled fringe of hair cover the forehead and to draw the hair back at the sides. A little fullness, either in a series of soft curls or puffs, or a pageboy arrangement, will aid the illusion of width.

**A**LMOST every tall girl wants to be shorter, while the diminutive miss would much rather be just a few inches taller. Here again, little tricks will make the too tall girl appear in better proportion. Vertical stripes are taboo. Horizontal stripes, when properly used, will do wonders toward cutting inches from one's height. Wide lapels, instead of long, narrow ones, pockets that cut across the hips, or patch pockets, a jacket of just the right length, and not an inch longer, and clothes with fullness at the sides are fashion tricks that take inches and add pounds to the too tall girl's appearance. One of the biggest mistakes the too tall girl makes is in stooping over and spoiling her carriage. The tall girl should have a regal carriage. She should walk with her shoulders back and her head high.

If you are under five feet be happy and make the most of your size. Unless the short girl is away out of proportion she has a splendid chance to be dainty, feminine and important looking. The short girl who is fashion-wise should never wear a belt that seems to cut her figure in half. Her dresses will be moderately straight, without peplums, shawls, capes and hip fullness. Vertical stripes, providing they are not too wide, will give the illusion of height. Modified shoulders that cling to the figure will be flattering. The short girl will do well, too, unless her legs are especially attractive, to wear simple shoes. Ankle straps, exaggerated platforms and bows and buckles detract from the short girl's appearance and gives her a cluttered look. Posture is especially important to the short girl. By carrying her head high, and shoulders straight, the too short girl takes on an air of importance.

# "SALADA" TEA

Outstanding Quality • Delicious Flavour

Mrs. Housewife  
SAYS:

"I have been using Best Hi-Do Yeast for over three years and find it wonderful, have also induced many of my neighbours to use it too. It is a 'best seller' at our local grocery store."

Ask your Grocer



Keeps WITHOUT REFRIGERATION!



"Tex-made" IBEX blankets, known to generations of Canadians as a quality product, provide warmth without weight . . . are made of softly napped flannelette with blue or pink borders on grey or white. Colourful . . . eye-appealing plaids are also offered in the lower priced "FALCON" line. Standard sizes are available at your local retail store.

**Tex-made**  
T.M. REG'D.  
FABRICS

By DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED  
MONTREAL CANADA

Be sure to sign your name and address to all correspondence. Frequently letters are received with either name or address missing and it is necessary to hold up the correspondence until the subscriber writes us again. Give special attention to these details before sealing your letters.

# Cold-Stuffed Nose FEELS CLEAVER IN SECONDS WITH Vicks Inhaler



## Ladies, Gentlemen

We are still at your service. Write for low price list. Prompt service. STANDARD DISTRIBUTORS, Box 72, Regina, Sask.

## LEARN SHORTHAND

Typing, Bookkeeping, Accountancy at home.  
Write the M.C.C. SCHOOLS  
(Successors to Home Study Institute)  
301 Enderton Bldg. Winnipeg, Man.



## FREE

A Dandy Book of Treatments for all Common Ailments.

Write to:

**HEALTH PRODUCTS**  
Dept. A. Kelowna, B.C.



## Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

Learn at home this quick money-saving way. Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections, instead of tiresome exercises. You read real notes—no "numbers" or trick music. Some of our 550,000 students are band LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you are playing your favorite popular songs. Mail coupon for our Illustrated Free Book and Print and Picture Sample. Mention your favorite instrument. 50th yr. U. S. School of Music, 11512 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

## FREE PRINT AND PICTURE SAMPLE

**U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC**  
11512 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.  
Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name instrument.)

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....  
Name ..... (Please Print)  
Address .....

## "The Bend"

Continued from page 37

were freely used to supplement the other game which was not too plentiful. Snares were set along the rabbit paths. The rabbits were stewed, roasted or made into rich rabbit pie. All these rabbit dishes were delicious . . . if you were very hungry. A neighbor tells of hauling grain out to Turtleford that winter. He cheered himself along the cold trail with the thought of a thick, juicy steak for supper, rare treat after months of rabbit diet. He seated himself in the warm cafe, and beamed as the Chinese proprietor came to call out the menu. "Labbit Steak, Labbit Loast, Labbit Pie . . ." offered his host. There was no other meat to be had. Evidently, that year in the cafes as well as at home, one had his choice of rabbit or rabbit.

Each homesteader was allowed to take out 10,000 feet of lumber without paying stumpage. A few miles north of the river little sawmills sprang up among the native spruce, jackpine and tamarac. When the crops were put away and the sleighing came, the homesteaders piled horse feed and chuck-box onto sleigh bunks and started north to cut their timber and have it made into lumber at the mills. Our home, just south of the river, was a convenient place for the travellers who lived to the south to stop overnight.

Early in the morning they would go out, lantern in hand, to feed and water their horses. In the kitchen a yellow coal oil lamp spluttered through the haze of smoke from the griddle on the stove, where Mother prepared breakfast. Those breakfasts were intended to see the men through cold and snow and bad roads until noon, and prodigious quantities of porridge, bacon, eggs, and sourdough pancakes were consumed. It was characteristic of the hospitality of pioneer days that no payment was ever accepted from those who stopped over. One did what he could to help a neighbor along and received the same consideration in return.

Mother's sourdough starter was brought from the States. Each day a cup of starter was saved to leaven the pancakes next day. She tried not to show her astonishment the day an old-timer came along to borrow a "worm" for his sourdoughs. The terminology startled her.

WHEN some of our own men folk went "up north" for fish, fur or lumber, Mother spent the day before their departure in an orgy of cooking. Huge kettles of mashed potatoes were made into patties and frozen outside on a floured board. Meat was ground into hamburger patties and treated similarly. Mince pies came out of the oven four at a time. They were frozen for an indefinite period, and when thawed out were oven fresh. Old fashioned sugar cookies sat about the kitchen in heaping pans, waiting to be packed in large pails. A can of cooking fat and a pail of Roger's syrup were added to the chuck-box, for outdoor work in the winter cold made the men crave quantities of fat and sugar.

The homestead, now brushed and cleared and broken was yielding bumper crops, but demanding much in machinery and upkeep. The long winters must not be spent in idleness.

Leaving Mother at home to attend the livestock Dad and my brother went north to fish on the lakes. They would catch the fish, then start on their rounds of peddling them from house to house, ranging back to the river and working on as far south as Lashburn and Maidstone.

How well I remember, as a little girl, the excitement when the men came home from these expeditions. Usually they got home about supper time, smelling of fish and buckskin and talking loudly in their gladness to be back. A couple of candy bars were sure to be found in the pockets of my brother's green and black checked wool mackinaw. Supper around the kitchen table was a festive affair, though the food might be only potatoes with milk gravy and fried eggs. Mother might crave one of the big whitefish in the bottom of the sleigh box, but she never cooked one while the men were home. Fresh fish, they reported, tasted pretty good to them the first day they pulled their nets, but by the time they started out to peddle they were heartily sick of the sight and smell of fish. It was their custom to cover what territory they could in a day, then lodge with a farmer overnight. In almost every home they found fish-hungry people who couldn't wait to get that good looking jackfish into the frying pan. Inevitably, they had fish for supper.

When our own supper was cleared away I was put to bed to munch away at one of the candy bars till sleep

came. The lamp would be carried to the table in the room which was living room and bedroom combined. Dad, Mother and my brother then gathered around the table to tally the profits of the trip and make entries in the black ledger book. The men's pockets disgorged what seemed to me (as I peeked cautiously around the chiffonier that screened my bed) piles of glistening silver that would have made Midas' hoard look slim. It comes to me now that it must have looked different to those gathered around the table as they counted nickels, dimes, and quarters and compared the total with the cost of the tractor they needed so desperately.

Eventually the tractor did come, a little Fordson which was too small to be the help they had hoped for, but was nevertheless a step onward from pioneering.

## THE Model T Ford was bought in

1920. Mother was a true pioneer at heart, for in those days of the automobile's youth, a woman driver was a presumption indeed. Nevertheless Mother drove it, here, there and everywhere, and whatever spell of temperament it may have had in its later days, always got it home under its own steam. The roads were impossible (they still are, in the Bend). A late spring or a prolonged wet spell kept much of them under water. There was always an axe in the back of the car in case it became necessary to cut corduroy to cross a mud hole. On



## Pompon Topper

by ANNA DE BELLE

### Design No. K-147.

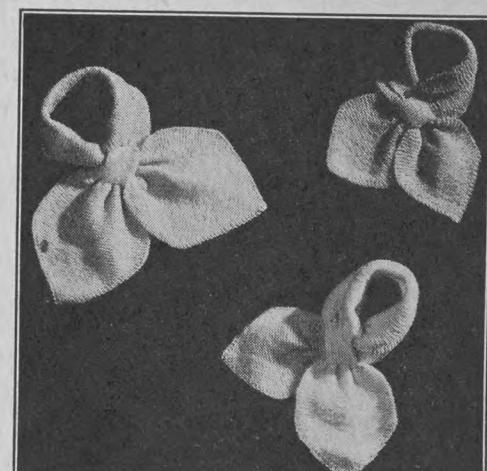
Just show this "topper" to any young girl or young matron and see how happy she would be to own one. They knit up in a jiffy and the pompons can be made in three separate colors so that the hat can be worn with different outfits. But how about making it in "her" school colors? Pattern is No. K-147, price 20 cents. Address orders to The Country Guide, Needlework Dept., Winnipeg, Man.

## Butterfly Scarves

by ANNA DE BELLE

### Design No. K-117.

These pretty scarves may be worn either for warmth or for decoration. They are lovely on a woollen dress; ideal with a suit; snug under a coat and cozy at all times. One end slips through the simulated "knot." Can be knit in one or two colors. Pattern is No. K-117, price 20 cents. Address orders to The Country Guide, Needlework Dept., Winnipeg, Man.



## Something New In Needlework

Just off the press—the December issue of Country Guide's Good Ideas needlework bulletin. It contains complete instructions for making one needlework design, information about stitches, needlework news and—a catalog of interesting designs and patterns. We include one copy of the bulletin, free of charge, with each

order for stamped needlework or patterns. Single copies of the bulletin only are 5 cents and a 1 cent stamp (or 6 cents). Twelve copies (one mailed to you each month for a year) are 50 cents.

Address orders for bulletins and needlework to The Country Guide, Needlework Dept., Winnipeg, Man.

expeditions into the muskeg country a block and tackle was taken along, and the car stripped down to the bare essentials . . . the engine, transmission, chassis, four wheels and a piece of two-by-four to sit on being about all that remained intact.

Some of the neighbors of the "Woman's place is in the kitchen" school of thought prophesied a dire end for Mother and the Model T. They might have been interested the time she came home backwards. The low clutch burnt out, and being unable to get up the river hill in high she had to come home in reverse.

In due course the Model T developed a leaky radiator. Returning from a trip north, Mother stopped at a slough to fill the radiator, leaving the engine running while she carried the water up the bank. The engine stopped abruptly. Upon investigation Mother found that the ignition wires had caught in the fan belt, ripped off the sparkplugs and twisted into greasy ribbons. She was seven miles from the nearest house, a storm was threatening, and she didn't know which wire went to which plug. She used the trial and error method, and it must have been a welcome sound to hear the engine splutter back to life. A couple of hours later, drenched to the skin, she limped into a friend's yard on two cylinders.

On one occasion Mother and Dad were returning from a business trip to Battleford. They had planned to get home that evening, but just at nightfall a bad storm threatened, and they stopped beside a little country school house and prepared to take shelter there for the night. Just as they were ready to turn in, horses hoofs thundered into the schoolyard, accompanied by delighted whoops from their riders. This was followed by a lumber wagon. It developed that a dance was to be held in the schoolhouse that evening and the people weren't going to let a little rain spoil their fun. A small crowd assembled, the fiddles were tuned, and soon the dancers were whirling around the room. "Ladies bring baskets" was the term which implied that cakes and sandwiches were expected from the women folk. At midnight coffee was made and lunch passed, free to all. Then the fiddles were tuned again, and the "Fisherman's Hornpipe" came forth like mad. A man in a cowboy shirt and a battered stetson climbed onto a bench to bellow "A-la-main left to the corners all" . . . The revelry was off again till dawn, when the weary dancers went home to change their clothes and do the chores, and Dad and Mother started on towards home.

**T**HE settlement in the Bend was protected from bush fires by the river on three sides, but in the fall when frost had killed the green grass,

a prairie fire could run rapidly through the hay meadows. Most of the homes and granaries were enclosed by fireguards. One fall, after the threshing in the Bend was finished, the men emigrated en masse for a few weeks to take advantage of the good threshing wages offered farther south. The women, watching the blue haze that lay over the earth turning the sun into a little red ball, realized that a prairie fire was burning in towards them from the south. They were depending on the heavy grass for winter grazing for work horses, and the feed for the cattle was piled into huge haystacks in the meadow. Fireguard to be sure, but a strong wind could blow a spark across a fireguard.

On a Monday morning the wind shifted so as to drive the flame directly toward them. The two able men who had stayed in the district went grimly to work plowing furrows from which backfires might be set, to burn a path in front of the main blaze so wide it might not cross. The women left their babies with older women and turned out to carry water to fight the flames, and to patrol the fireguards to quickly beat out any fire that might get across them. There were not enough workers for the size of the fire which threatened them. Unguarded, the fire fingered its way across the guard around the big stack. The wind had blown a wisp or two of hay across the plowing to form the bridge which carried the flame to the haystack. Forty tons of hay went up in smoke.

The men, almost dead on their feet, dragged on for five days and nights. On the night that the big fire burned closest Mother walked all night up and down the fireguard on a mile and a half beat. The strong wind which blew the fire towards them blew the suffocating smoke and heat ahead of it.

At last, on Friday there was rain. Not much, but enough to put out the flame. The guards still had to be watched lest burning roots, unextinguished by the rain, caused the fire to break out in some new place.

A great deal of damage was done to the grazing. This was written off by the settlers as a part of pioneering.

Time went on and the Bend and surrounding districts rapidly filled up with settlers. The baby that Mother nursed through whooping cough that first summer became a young man. War came and went and was followed by the "flu" epidemic. A little settlement of 18 Indians was wiped out completely excepting a young man and one little girl. At La Claire, where the hamlet of Paradise Hill now stands, the postmaster boasted that the "flu" would not get him, but the swift, white death claimed him and his wife within two hours of each other, with neither of them knowing that the other was sick.

By 1910 there was a surprising number of second generation pioneers running around. A one-roomed school was built, replete with teacherage and a big tin barn. That school still serves the district. Across the river, five miles from the school, a little hamlet was born . . . two elevators, a store and a post office to start with, soon to be followed by another store, a hotel, and a livery barn.

In 1928 Dad and Mother sat in their car watching as the steel was laid to Frenchman's Butte. Three mails a week now, and seven miles to truck their grain . . . An era had passed.

## When baby fusses because of "Childhood Constipation"



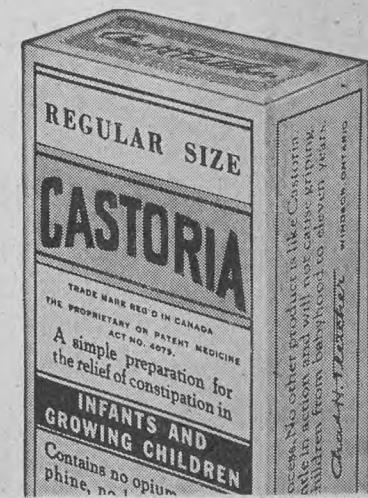
### ... give gentle Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children—again available in the Family-Size Bottle."

**Get Castoria at your nearest drug or general store today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.**

And remember . . . the money-saving Family-Size Bottle is back!



# CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative  
made especially for children

For another safe and sure "Baby Protection"  
Use Z.B.T. — the Baby Powder made with Olive Oil

## SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Also other makes. Fully rebuilt and guaranteed for 5 years. Singer drop-head models, \$57.50 up; other makes, \$37.50 up. Rush order with remittance or we will ship C.O.D. at once. Repair parts for all makes on hand. Order parts needed or ship head only for overhaul. All work guaranteed for 5 years.

**HUMEN SEWING  
MACHINE CO.**  
Edmonton - Alberta



**Sew more ... SAVE more ...**

## WITH A NEW SINGER!

It's nice to have everyone say how smart you look!

Nicer still to know you're putting money in the bank . . . to realize that, as you sew so easily with your lovely new SINGER\* Sewing Machine, you're actually saving money!

And the more you sew, the more you save — because your SINGER is built to take it!

Every SINGER, from treadles to streamlined electrics, is designed to give years of enjoyable, economical sewing!

SINGER's "Magic Control" makes sewing forward and backward so easy . . . hinged presser-foot lets you sew over pins and bulky seams! Many other outstanding SINGER features save work, speed work.

### Choose your SINGER model from this line-up:

#### • Treadle —

long or round bobbin.

#### • Electrified Treadle —

long or round bobbin.

#### • Cabinet Electrics —

cabinet, console, desk models.

#### • Electric Featherweight Portable —

only 11 lbs. but does full-size job.

**SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE!** NEW SINGER SEWING MACHINES are sold only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS. Send for free catalogue illustrating new models. Write to headquarters below for catalogue and the address of the SINGER SEWING CENTER nearest you.

424 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

254 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

700 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal, Que.



### IF YOUR SINGER NEEDS REPAIRS LET SINGER DO IT!

Your SINGER should always give you its original trouble-free performance.

However, should your SINGER ever need repairs, let a SINGER expert do the job.

Then you can be sure of expert SINGER service, guaranteed SINGER repairs, and warranted SINGER parts.

P.S. We will also electrify your SINGER treadle machine if desired.

## SINGER SEWING CENTERS

Copyright U.S.A. 1947, by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

All rights reserved for all countries

\*Registered Trade Mark by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

## December Sewing

No. 2832—Something different in a shirtwaist dress with a choice of sleeves. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric, 12 yards binding.



No. 2565—A smart little wrap-around for the house. Cut in sizes 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 35-inch fabric.



No. 2364—A new dress for the school belle. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 35-inch fabric, ¼ yard 35-inch contrasting fabric.



No. 2858—A two-piece dress with a dashing scalloped peplum. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 39-inch fabric.

No. 2876—A new dress combining three ideas—scalloped side opening, tricky cuffs, and a pleated skirt. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 39-inch fabric.



No. 2344—A fashionably chic dress designed for winter smartness. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 39-inch fabric.



Be sure to state correct size and number of pattern wanted.

Patterns 25 cents each.

Write name and address clearly.

Address orders to The Country Guide Patterns, Winnipeg.

Send 25 cents for the Fall and Winter magazine which includes a complete sewing guide. Illustrated in color, it presents many pages of charming pattern designs for all ages and occasions.

## Flight From Nome

Continued from page 9

Joe finished his cigarette and observed, "Quite a dream." Then he bounced his big, solid figure about until he was comfortable. In less than a minute he was sleeping soundly.

DANNY tried to relax. He closed his eyes and counted salmon going over a waterfall. No luck. He thought, savagely, Joe's flown so many bomb loads that he's lost the human factor. To him a load is a load whether humanity or bombs—so many pounds per square foot of wing surface. I should quit and save my own skin. No, can't do that. He's the better instrument man. I'm the better bush pilot. I might be needed. Besides, there's Maureen. I've got to string with Joe, and like it, until they marry or call it off. And her heart will never call it off, but pride will do it in a hurry. We're a proud breed and pride exacts a stiff price at times.

He relaxed again and closed his eyes and tried to think of the mercy flights, but memory conjured only tragic pictures—the Russian pilot coming suddenly onto the Nome radio towers, throwing his plane perpendicular and passing cleanly between them, only to crash. The friend who radioed, "Only God knows where I am. I'm going down and I'll leave everything to Him." He found the wreckage. Danny was sure that He had taken care of everything because his friend was a good man.

He thought of the Army pilot blown from a bomber. The man had a confused idea that he was on the ground and wondered how he got there. But he pulled the rip cord and found himself thousands of feet above snowy mountains. That turned out O.K., and Danny smiled faintly, but it didn't bring sleep. He couldn't get today's flight from Nome to Anchorage out of his mind.

He got up, walked to the window and looked at the weather—plenty of ceiling and visibility. Grey clouds were spitting snow particles indifferently, like a tired man raking leaves. The weather wasn't bad. It wasn't bad at all. The street scene was normal—drifts against the above-ground water mains, drained for the winter; a few sled dogs sniffing about, seemingly cold and miserable.

He heard the door downstairs close softly and saw Maureen walking briskly down the street. Her parka hood framed a face that was full of warmth, sympathy and courage. He thought, Joe, you damned fool, you'd better wake up before it's too late. Lose her and you've lost something your life will never again know. An Eskimo girl and two dogs joined Maureen and he heard the native girl's giggle and his sister's soft laughter. He sat down in his favorite chair and looked at the ivory carvings that Maureen periodically dusted and rearranged. Most of them were collectors' items from remote Arctic and Bering Sea islands where trade goods were more important than money.

There were thirty-odd ivory birds—carved from walrus tusks by the Saint Lawrence islanders. He could tell Maureen's moods by the bird patterns. Instead of doodling with pad and pencil, she doodled with the birds. Sometimes the ducks would be in one

group, the geese in another, and the other types in a third. Often they were in groups of four couples each, as if ready for a square dance. Sometimes they were lined up like soldiers. Again they formed a circle, heads toward the centre as if in grave conference. Today they were in V formation.

Danny was beginning to doze, when he sat up with a jerk. V formation headed south, he thought. So she's heard about Joe's interest in Nancy and she's answering her pride instead of heart? That's the right answer, the only answer when you live in a small place like Nome.

There was an extension into the room, but Danny went downstairs to the telephone and called the AAA office. "Johnny, who's booked for Anchorage tonight?" He thought, it'll be the usual women and children because the "safe" pilots will be up front. His face was hard and bitter now.

Johnny's voice came back clearly, "You know the company's creed, 'The Safest Way Is To Fly AAA.' It's paying better dividends since Lynch and Reagan are back. Big Kate, the dance hall queen is going Outside to see her granddaughters, Mary McGee, and ten months old son, Butch—going Outside to see her folks."

Danny caught his breath sharply. Once the Nome Nugget had said, "Jack and Molly Reagan are taking their youngsters, Danny and Maureen, outside to visit the youngsters' two sets of grandparents." He said, "Go on, Johnny."

"Father Carney is booked," Johnny continued. "Pete Remke, deputy United States marshal is taking Old Man Kent Out. As the sourdoughs so quaintly put it, the old man has 'missed too many boats.' In other words, he's stayed up here too long and gone nuts. Chuck and Honey Martin are booked. They're breaking up after trying marriage about a year. Too bad. He's the one-woman type, and she's the woman."

"Who else?" Danny's voice had risen slightly, and carried a critical, demanding note.

"Mrs. Dowling is expecting a baby most any time now. She's going Out."

"Oh brother!" Danny groaned. "There would be an expectant woman."

"What's that, Danny?"

"Skip it," Danny answered. "Who else?"

"That's just about a load because we're shipping out ivory and furs," Johnny answered.

"Quit ducking, Johnny. Is Maureen booked?"

"Yeah. She wanted to surprise you, I think. Her bags are already at the airport," Johnny said. "She wanted to leave quietly. Didn't want anyone to know. She'll give me hell."

"Maureen doesn't peddle much hell and you know it," Danny said. "Thanks, Johnny. The usual flight plan, I suppose?"

"Yeah . . . Moses Point, Unalakleet, McGrath, Farewell and Anchorage," Johnny answered.

"By the way, Johnny, cancel Maureen's reservation."

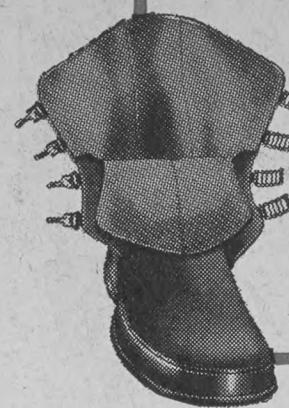
Johnny didn't answer for several seconds. "If we had television, you'd see me shrugging my shoulders in a resigned, beaten sort of way. The reservation is checked off."

For thorough protection

**MINER**

Pressure Cured

**OVERSHOES**  
Cashmerettes and  
Wool Jerseys



**COCHRANE:** Four

buckle cashmerette. A

semi-excluder with warm

henna shade fleece lining, for men.

Also one, two and three buckle styles  
for all members of the family.

**WHIZZ:** Men's glove fitting  
Wool Jersey; Concealed  
slide fastener.



**THE MINER RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, GRANBY, QUE.**

**IT'S MINER for all types of protective rubber footwear.**

## FARMER'S HANDBOOKS

**"Guides To Better Farming"**

Published by The Country Guide Limited

### No. 4—Farmer's Handbook on Livestock

**25c**

Best information on livestock nutrition and feeding—the five nutritional principles; vitamins; minerals. Also information on cattle raising (beef and dairy cattle), hog raising and feeding economy, sheep raising, pests, and diseases of cattle, hogs and sheep, etc. And on the last page of the book is a handy gestation table for mare, cow, sow and ewe. Price only 25c postpaid.

### No. 5—Farmer's Handbook On Soils And Crops

**25c**

A book on Western farming conditions, giving invaluable information on types of soil, erosion, erosion control, maintaining soil fertility, moisture conservation, forage crops and soil fertility, seed cleaning, weed control, pests and diseases of field crops, etc. Price only 25c postpaid.

### No. 6—Farmer's Handbook On Poultry

**25c**

Poultry housing, culling poultry, breeding and chick care, egg production, producing for meat, poultry feeding, pests and diseases, concerning turkeys, raising geese. Price only 25c postpaid.

### No. 7—Farm Workshop Guide

**50c**

Many hundreds of practical farm workshop features combined in Canada's finest farm workshop annual. Illustrations and instructions for gadgets and practical farm plans. Price only 50c postpaid.

Order By Number — Send Your Order Direct To:

**The Country Guide Book Dept.**

WINNIPEG

CANADA

To The Country Guide Book Department, Winnipeg, Canada.

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ Please send me in return

books number \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_



How's about an old fashioned taffy pull? Children love the rich, full flavor of Rogers' Golden Syrup . . . and it's nutritious, too. Housewives delight in its variety of uses for cakes and cookies, on hotcakes or waffles or in candies and frostings.



## ROGERS' GOLDEN SYRUP

15

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention The Guide

Danny hung up, went back to the bedroom and began dressing. Joe opened a resentful eye. "What is it this time, another crash or just sleep-walking?"

Danny counted ten. Then ten more, and managed not to blow a fuse—no mean achievement considering his Irish blood and present mood. "Can't sleep," he answered briefly. "I'm going out for a walk."

He remembered to put on his Saint Christopher's medal. He tucked his rabbit's foot into a convenient pocket. The four leaf clover was in his bill fold. My common sense tells me this is rather foolish, he thought, but I feel a little easier when the chips are down—like a girl with mad money.

DANNY met Maureen coming out of the airline office. He knew by the puzzled expression that she had learned of the cancellation. Through the window, he could see Johnny pretending to be full of business. He could see the blackboard on the wall with its familiar:

### THE MALEMUTE

Pilot	Joe Lynch
Co-pilot	Dan Reagan
Leaves	7:00 p.m.

"Let's walk, Maureen," he said. He gave the giggling native girl a quiet glance and she giggled and crossed the street. The dogs followed along.

"Why did you cancel my reservation, Danny?" she asked. She had always been that way, never barging in swinging, but striving to find out the score, then governing her actions accordingly. But he could see in his sister much of his own tenseness. He didn't know exactly how to explain the situation, and she said, "So much of the time it has been us two against the world. We always pull together, so there must be a reason. If it is a good one, Danny, it's O.K. to cancel. But . . ." She drew a deep breath and a little catch in her voice told him that she was close to tears. "People are beginning to feel sorry for me. That . . . I can't take. I hadn't wanted to bother you . . ."

"I've seen it," he said. "Joe needs a good sock on the jaw. Not necessarily

with a fist, though I've considered that, too. His head is in the clouds and I've been hoping that he would come down to earth and quit riding his good luck. No dice. Now I'm afraid he'll come down to earth and take a plane load of people with him. It's silly, but try to understand. Call it presentiment, hunch or the logical result of a man getting off the beam. I feel that Joe's heading for trouble. I don't want you along."

"What can you do?" she asked.

"I can't walk into AAA's flight operations office and say, 'Cancel today's flight from Nome, I think we're going to crack up,'" he replied. "They'd think I'd gone nuts, like Old Man Kent. But I can keep you out of a potential crash. Listen, Maureen, let's have it cold turkey. Do you think I'm suffering from belated war neurosis?"

"It's all very real to you," she said. She looked at him curiously, intently, as if she hadn't taken a real look at her brother since his return, which was not true. "And your feet are on the ground. Why don't you lay off a few trips? Or, better still, accept one of the planes the AAA has offered you." She thought a moment. "No, of course you wouldn't do that. If something did go wrong, you'd always have a sense of guilt—the conviction that if you had stuck, you might have averted trouble. But, seriously, Danny, I don't feel—can't believe—that your hunch is coming true. It's your Irish superstition."

"Still . . . I hope you won't go on today's flight," he said.

"I won't, Danny, if you don't want me to," she said. "And another thing, you've carried the ball for me long enough and postponed your own affairs. I'm a big girl now . . . turn me loose." She smiled gently, hoping that he would understand. "I've met Nancy. She's lovely, sensible and sweet and that is super approval coming from a critical sister. I'll take tomorrow's plane."

"I think I'll go on to the hangar," he said, stopping at the AAA garage. "Be seeing you." He tried to make it casual, as if nothing could happen, and that he would see her in Anchorage.



"O.K. you mugs! This is the law! The jig's up—You're coming with us—it's a one way ticket from here on in—Bla—Bla—Bla—"

## Refit and Tighten FALSE TEETH With AMAZING PLASTI-LINER

If your plates are loose and slip or hurt; refine them better than new, with this pliable, non-porous strip. Just lay on plate, bite it and it molds perfectly, hardens for lasting fit and comfort. Evens forever the mess, bother and expense of temporary applications that last only a few hours or few months. Will not injure plates, and guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. Write for Plasti-Liner today.

\$1.50 for each reline, postpaid.  
DENTAL PLASTICS CO.  
P.O. Box 435 Winnipeg, Manitoba

## INDIGESTION is not just stomach trouble



### it's serious and needs treatment

Nature warns you through indigestion that something is wrong in your stomach. You may be suffering because undigested foods create poisons in your system—you lack nourishment. The best and quickest treatment is to remove the cause. Use Fruit-a-tives, the tablet that contains 10 of nature's own medicines. Fruit-a-tives will bring you quick relief by getting at the root of your trouble. You will have a good bowel action—your digestion will be stimulated. By helping your liver to create more bile Fruit-a-tives creates a natural flow of gastric juices. Soon, you'll feel well again. Sold on a money-back guarantee.

## FRUIT-A-TIVES

**LONESOME?** Marry rich. Confidential introductions by letter. Established 1924. Nationwide membership. Continuous, dignified, dependable, individual service. I have made many happy, why not you? Free particulars, photos, descriptions sealed.

LOIS REEDER, Box 549, Palestine, Texas.

### MAGNETO REPAIRS

Speedy service; expert work; genuine parts. Write for our exchange plan on new super-power Bosch magnetos. Brown and Murray Limited, 237 Fort St., Winnipeg, Man. 130 9th St., Brandon, Man.

### SILVERTONE HEARING AID

No Batteries  
A small efficient Hearing Aid.  
Fits in Ear Unnoticed.  
Sterling Silver in Flesh Color.  
Otosclerosis Causes 65% of Deafness.

People notice your Deafness with Hearing of less than 70 per cent. Write for Leaflet or Send Order to Silvertone Hearing Aid \$12.50 postpaid

### SILVERTONE HEARING AID

Postal Station "L" (1) Winnipeg, Man.



A cold in the nose and constant "blowing" soon makes nostrils red and sore. A little 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly soothes the soreness and helps relieve the inflammation.

FIRST Aid for cuts, burns, scratches, scalds and 101 other home uses. Jars 15¢, 20¢ and 30¢. Tubes 20¢, 25¢ and 30¢.

**Vaseline**  
TRADE MARK  
PETROLEUM JELLY  
AT ANY DRUGGIST; OR FROM YOUR MAIL ORDER HOUSE

age the following day when she took a plane for the Outside. But he looked over his shoulder, and she was standing there, smiling rather sadly, as if she, too, felt today's flight was jinxed.

THE heating plant in the hangar had failed, and the plane's surfaces were covered with frost. He called a mechanic and they dragged a rope—seesawing—over the wings to clear it. After that he checked fuel and helped lash the freight. The Malemute was like the old Victoria—tested and found not wanting. She was a DC3 with bucket seats along each side and a cargo floor down the centre. Like the CAA's King Chris, she had landed in places never intended for planes of her weight and speed. And like the Victoria, running at sea in her seventy-fifth year, she was beloved by Alaskans.

Jack Jefford, the CAA's chief pilot, came into the hangar. He had been a bush pilot before qualifying as an instrument man, and they spoke the same language. They hadn't had a good bull session since Danny's return. "Notice any changes up here, Danny?" he asked. He was like Danny, dark, with a nice smile and a manner that put others at ease.

"Yeah—you can fly instrument, all over the country," Danny answered. "And you fellows put emergency landing strips in spots I never dreamed of seeing them. It took a bit of doing."

"Yeah. Some of the stuff went over lakes and frozen tundra by cat train, but plenty was flown in," Jefford answered. "You know what the weather is like all over the territory—which makes it easier."

"In the old days, you had to fly to your destination to find out whether there was visibility or ceiling on the ground," Danny said.

"Which brings me to this, Danny," Jefford said. "It's none of my business, but you're wound up like an eight-day clock. Take it easy. You've gone through tougher situations than any you'll ever know again up here. That's why I dropped in to mention CAA emergency strips and weather stations. There's a warm front moving in from the Pacific, but you should beat it to Anchorage with plenty to spare. I'm leaving at five o'clock, and except at McGrath, where it's snowing, I'll have good weather all the way. Maybe an hour's instrument weather over the mountains, but clear at Anchorage." He slapped Danny between the shoulders. "That's the stuff, boy, relax. Remember what we used to say in the old days?"

Danny grinned. "It can go on like this for days, getting tougher and tougher, then things get worse." Thanks for mentioning it, Jack. I'll buy you a drink in Anchorage."

He watched King Chris take off, then went back to the hangar. The telephone was ringing. It was Maureen and her voice was disturbing. "I'm home, Danny," she said. "Joe learned that I had made reservations, then cancelled them. He's furious. He said it was time the Reagan children grew up. He insists that if I have a common sense reason for not going out tonight it is O.K. If not, it is something else again. In a way he has something on his side."

"No doubt of that," Danny answered. "That is, from his viewpoint. What do you want to do? Perhaps the



**Christie's  
PREMIUM  
SODA  
CRACKERS  
SALTED**

**Everybody  
Enjoys Eating**

**Christie's  
PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS**

Get a package or two from your grocer to-day

### MAKE FRIENDS

Don't be LONESOME. You can enjoy friendship and companionship with worthwhile and interesting persons. Personal, confidential service for lonely people. FREE particulars in sealed envelope. Sincere, lonesome folks write Social, Box 157-J, New York 11, N. Y.

### You Can Make Money . . .

by collecting club orders for new blankets made from old woolens. Brand new, all wool or pure wool, full size blankets, in newest colors. Direct from mill to you. Write for catalog today.

**MIDLAND MILLS**  
Dept. 98  
Midland, Ontario

**You're SURE  
to Please  
When ...**



**You GIVE  
Coleman**

### Easy-to-Use APPLIANCES

Coleman Appliances bring with them the thrill of receiving them plus the pleasure of using them. Remember, as Christmas gift time approaches, Coleman Appliances are always most welcome.

#### They Last for Years

Few farm homes have sufficient light. Many have good light in only one room. Every one-lamp home needs an extra Coleman. You can make someone's Christmas lighter, brighter and happier with a new "Sunshine" model instant-lighting Coleman Lamp. It's really something special to give and to receive.



#### Ask for a Demonstration

Visit your Hardware, Departmental or General Store... ask for a demonstration of Coleman easy-to-use appliances today. Now on display!

#### Santa's Favorites

On your Christmas shopping list, jot down these favorite Coleman gifts: Pocket Stoves, Irons, Lanterns, Lamps. See them now. Give gifts that serve... Coleman Gifts!

"Major" Lantern



CLIP and MAIL  
TODAY!

**THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO., LTD., Dept. 232-G  
9 DAVIES AVE., TORONTO 8, CANADA**

Please send me FREE colourful folders with pictures and information about Coleman Gift Appliances.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

(coffee?)

Oh yes!  
**BLUE  
RIBBON**

**For Quality — Ask for**  
**BLUE RIBBON**

episode has jolted some sense into his head. In that case there's no reason why you shouldn't go out with us."

"I'll surrender with dignity and graciousness," she told him. "You're always sweet about me, Danny. I'm afraid you've spoiled me badly."

Her buoyancy made him feel better. He thought, maybe she'll change her mind at Anchorage. Joe can change it for her and not half try. Sometimes things can go on like this for days, getting tougher and tougher, then they get—better.

When Joe showed up at the airport, he was on a strictly formal basis. "She's ready to go," Danny reported.

"I'll file the flight plan," Joe said. "And make a last minute check on the weather. Have the Martins arrived yet? One of the charter jobs is flying them to Nome."

"No," Danny answered. "I understand they broke a ski in the take-off. They'll be an hour late."

"We'll wait," Joe said. "Martin is one of the line's heaviest shippers. Now, one more thing."

"Shoot!" Danny said briefly.

"We're not hitting it off," Joe said. "No sense in kidding ourselves. One of us is off the beam. I think it is you, and you think it is me. I'd like to take a sock at your jaw, and you'd like to swing at mine. Right?"

"Right!"

"But we aren't taking our personal feelings into the plane with us. They can be submerged," he continued sensibly. "If not, then we'd better quit and let another flying team take over. Right?"

"Right!"

They talked quietly, looking each other squarely in the eyes, but there was no friendliness.

**D**ANNY went over to the waiting room where the passengers were gathering. Old Man Kent was standing with his back to the heater. He was slight and he wore a closely-cropped mustache which was snow white. His cheeks were pink and his eyes were bright and merry. He wasn't a dangerous patient—just a little old man who wandered off and couldn't find his way back.

"They're taking me Outside to cure me," he said. "I'll be back with the break-up and watch the ice go out of the Yukon again. Ain't missed a

break-up since Ninety-eight, I know a creek where there's pay." He chuckled. "If I can get somebody to grubstake me, I'll strike pay next time, sure."

"Sure you will, Dad," the deputy marshal said agreeably. "They can't keep you oldtimers down."

"All I need is to be cured, and I'll be back. I ain't the man I used to be, but I know the game," Old Man Kent babbled on. "I was going over Chilkoot Pass. Solid line of men, climbing steps out in the ice. If you stepped out of line you lost your place. Then the slide came. It caught a lot of good men. I dug my pardner out. A handsome, fine figger of a man. But hell on school teachers." He chuckled and nodded, then awakened with a jerk. "I've seen it all . . ."

"Sure you have, Dad," Pete Remke said.

"Knew Jack London. He put me in one of his books," Old Man Kent said. He blinked at Danny and asked, "Ain't you Danny Reagan?"

"That's my maiden name, Dad," Danny answered.

"Knew your folks well. Your ma was a fine figger of a woman," he said, dozing. "Knew 'em all, Jack London, Rex Beach . . . all of 'em. I was on the wharf in Skagway when Soapy Smith and Frank Reid shot each other."

"Sure you were," Pete Remke said, but he thought, enough guys claim to have been on the wharf during the gun battle to collapse it.

"Knew 'em all, Soapy Smith, Jack London, Ham Grease Jimmy, Swiftwater Bill," Old Man Kent said. He chuckled happily. "I was with him when he took one look at the Miles Canyon waters. The Yukon turns over on its side there, it does. And Bill said, 'I guess I'll walk.' That's why they called him Swiftwater Bill. He cornered the egg market in Dawson, he did. He'd had a fight with his girl, and she liked eggs. She didn't get no eggs until she made peace with Bill. Oh I knew 'em all . . . Jack . . ." His chin dropped to his frail breast and he dozed, a little old man who had never struck it rich and never would. A little old man who had missed too many boats, but had helped develop the country while he was missing them.

A car drove up with skid chains slapping the fenders and stopped. A

## When Your Little One Catches Cold

**B**est-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of children's colds is warming Vicks VapoRub. Results are so good because VapoRub starts to work instantly! It penetrates to upper bronchial tubes with special medicinal vapors . . . stimulates chest and back surfaces like a soothing poultice. And it keeps up this penetrating-stimulating action for hours to bring relief while the child sleeps! It's no wonder that most mothers use Vicks VapoRub.



**AT BEDTIME** rub throat, chest, back with Vicks VapoRub. Relief-bringing action starts to work at once to relieve distress.

**WORKS WHILE CHILD SLEEPS** to bring relief during the night. Often by morning most misery of the cold is gone! Try it tonight!



**VICKS  
VAPORUB**



"I'd say they went that way!"

**"EXPORT"**  
CANADA'S FINEST  
CIGARETTE

**Christmas Greetings**

ARE EXTENDED TO ALL OUR  
FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS  
THROUGHOUT THE WEST

**KANE - MARR LTD.**  
Winnipeg, Man. Kenora, Ont.  
Construction, Municipal, Mining, Logging  
and Industrial Equipment Distributors

**CAT'S PAW**  
*The finest RUBBER HEELS & SOLES*

**SILENT HEAT OIL BURNER**  
NEW COMBUSTION CHAMBER  
For Cook Stoves, Quebec and Circulating heater;  
no ash, no dirt, no dust; just turn it on. An oil  
burner at low cost; complete with oil tank, draft  
regulator, new combustion chamber, fire bricks,  
cement.  
Price \$14.95  
DELIVERY IN 5 DAYS  
Free Leaflets.

**Silent Heat Oil Burner Co.**  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

**When Skin Torture  
Drives You Mad!**

Try clean, powerful, penetrating Moone's Emerald Oil. The very first application should give you comforting relief and a few short treatments convince you that you have at last found the way to overcome the intense itching and distress. Moone's Emerald Oil is easy and simple to use—promotes healing. Ask any good druggist for Moone's Emerald Oil. Satisfaction or money back.

large woman stepped out and paid the driver who followed her into the room with two pieces of smart airplane luggage. She spoke to no one because no one spoke to her . . . in public.

Old Man Kent, awakened by the blast of fresh air, blinked and whispered, "Big Kate, Pete. What a handsome woman she was in her prime. Mighty well preserved now. Five feet eleven she stood in her socks—slim ankles, but big calves. Broad hips, mighty broad hips, a slim waist and . . . a noble buzzum. And when she drew in a deep breath and let it out, it made a man think of home. Many's the good cry I've had in my beer. She sings alto. A fine figger of a woman. They don't make 'em any more I guess. The consumptive-looking critters they have nowadays, with their flat fronts, flat sterns and skinny legs would never've caught the eyes of the men of my day. I knew 'em all . . ."

Big Kate removed a Russian sable coat, because the room was warm, and tossed it over the back of a chair. It was an old coat, but one doesn't laugh lightly at sable's age, and Kate was conscious of quick gasps among the few women present. She had removed her diamond rings—huge stones of the finest quality and there were bands of white skin on her fingers where the rings had been. When visiting her granddaughters, Big Kate remembered the fitness of things, and there was no vulgar display of gems. The coat, too, worn for warmth and not for show, would go into storage in Seattle.

Her raven black hair was touched with grey, like frost on a charred log. In her face was a touch of hardness and the wisdom that comes from a profound knowledge of mankind. She had grubstaked many men, and a few had struck pay. She managed her financial affairs wisely and owed no man. She had the sourdough's affection to the old "Vic" and the Malemute.

THE Dowlings arrived a few minutes after Big Kate. Hank Dowling fussed over his wife as if she were a chick and he an old hen. He kept saying, "Don't slip on the ice! Be careful, Edith, don't let that door bump you." He kept a tight hold on her arm until she was seated in a comfortable chair, then he perched nearby.

Big Kate hardly glanced at them, but she thought, another race between the Malemute and the storm. Why do they delay going to the hospital? There's nothing worries a pilot more than the possibility of midwifing en route.

"Ask anybody," Old Man Kent said, "and they'll tell you I knew 'em all—Jack London. He put me in a book. Tex Rickard. The little Doolittle boy who used to be around Nome turned out right well, I hear. Oh, I knew him too. General or something, isn't he?"

Father Carney came in quietly and set down his bag. He rubbed his hands briskly and held them toward the heater's warmth. His cheeks were ruddy and a shock of silver hair lent him distinction. He had a fine, deep voice and only a few years ago it was said that his was the best pair of mushing legs in the North. There were some, however, who argued that when the good father's legs played out, God took over. His shoulders were wide

and thick. He was a man fitted for the rugged life he had led.

Sometimes he travelled by plane, sometimes by umiak or dog team, and occasionally by canoe or pole boat. Someone called him Padre of the Frosts. It was a good name.

Danny helped Mary McGee out of a cab and into the waiting room. Beneath her parka she wore a smartly tailored outfit, and she carried a brand new hat in a tricky box which dangled from a finger not previously assigned to hold her baby. Her handbag hung from her wrist. She was harried, but smiling.

Her ten months old baby, Butch, greeted Danny with a smile and a lusty burp, which startled the youngster, momentarily. He was dressed in a blue parka. The hood was faced with a strip of ermine which went nicely with his black hair and eyes. His single tooth seemed to be in aimless quest. There was nothing for it to do, but it lent something to his smile.

"He's the healthiest thing I've seen in years," Danny said, but he thought, I wish he would cancel his space.

"We're going out to see his grandparents," Mary McGee said. "Aren't we, Butch?" Butch burped, again looked startled, then smiled.

Danny thought, and years ago Jack and Molly Reagan and children started Outside to visit the children's grandparents.

"Ah, hello, Butch!" Father Carney exclaimed as they came into the waiting room.

Big Kate smiled for the first time at Butch, and she thought, I'd like to hold the little dickens. Then there was a momentary touch of sadness in her eyes. She resumed her normal expression—a poker face.

"Butch should be asleep," Mary McGee said, "but . . . too much excitement I guess. His formula doesn't seem to agree. He burps a lot after meals."

"Maybe so," Danny said, "but he looks capable of taking on the world's heavyweight champion for a finish fight."

Joe Lynch came in, nodding to those that he knew, then stood with his back to the heater. He's beginning to worry a little, Danny thought. Maureen isn't here yet and he's wondering whether she'll show up. Of course she'll show up. If she didn't he'd lose face, and lately he worries more over face than a Jap. But still he hasn't got one important point—this payload is people and not bombs. He can't jettison if he gets into a jam.

Danny heard his own car's familiar motor a few minutes later, and he saw a trace of relief mixed with triumph as Maureen came into the room. "I made some last minute changes in my dress," she said, "and asked Johnny to drive me down. I telephoned flight operations and learned that the Martins hadn't yet arrived."

So she made last minute changes in her clothes? Danny thought. She's wearing trail clothes. She's ready for a lot of walking if necessary. Maureen pulled off her mitts and several pairs of eyes, including Big Kate's, glanced toward her ring finger. They were polite and not too obvious about it. He wondered whether Joe had noticed. Yes, he had. There was bitterness about his lips as he turned and left the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**USE A LAXATIVE?**

**Be Sure You're Taking  
the Right Kind!**

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a gentle way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

—it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it has a fine chocolate taste, its action is thorough and dependable.

—it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It works easily and effectively at the same time. In other words, Ex-Lax is

—the Happy Medium!

**EX-LAX** The Chocolated Laxative  
Only 15c. or 35c.

**Your BOOKER IS READY NOW**

Weight 240 lbs.  
Height Overall 34"  
Width 18", Depth 17"  
Approximate Heating Capacity 5500 cu. ft.  
**HOUSE SIZE**  
THE NEW IMPROVED PATENTED

**BOOKER**  
*Self-Feed COAL BURNER*

ALUMINUM TRIMMED ALL CAST IRON

**For Immediate Delivery**

More than 22,000 home owners in Western Canada are satisfied users of the Booker Self-Feed Heater, because this is the only heater that burns the cheapest small-sized Western Lignite coals (average cost \$4.00 per ton) generating complete warmth at all times. A semi-automatic magazine feed heater it has no moving parts to go wrong; you start a fire but once a year and it requires but two fillings per day. Safe and absolutely controlled all the time.

The Only Heater Which Throws The Heat Downwards—Keeps Floors Warm.

• Booker Furnaces Also Available.  
See Your Local Dealer or Order Direct.

**INTERNATIONAL Heating & Supply Ltd.**  
KING AND JARVIS WINNIPEG

**ENROLL NOW**

New winter term classes commence January 3rd. Radio Servicing, Radio Broadcasting, Wireless Telegraphy, Railroad Telegraphy, Day, evening and home study courses.

**SPROTT SHAW RADIO SCHOOL**  
812 Robson Street Vancouver, B.C.

**'Rheumatic Pain  
MADE IT HARD FOR ME  
TO GET ABOUT'**

"For many years, I suffered a great deal from rheumatic pain in my legs and arms, particularly in my knees and shoulders," writes Mr. Pierre Camiray, Taschereau, P.Q. "Pain made it hard for me to get about and it was often difficult for me to sleep at night. It was a fortunate day for me when I learned of Templeton's T-R-C's and started using them. Since taking Templeton's T-R-C's, I feel like a new man. Although 65 years of age, I am able once more to work hard by day and sleep comfortably at night."

Don't suffer needlessly, when you may get quick, longed-for relief. Enjoy your work, enjoy your rest—try Templeton's T-R-C's today. Used and recommended by thousands for relief of wearisome, nagging Rheumatic, Arthritic, Neuritic, Sciatic pain; also Lumbago (lame back) and Neuralgia. 60c. \$1.25 at drug counters.

T-87

# ASPIRIN RELIEVES ACHE AND PAINS OF COLDS SORE THROAT

LOWEST PRICES  
12 tablets ..... 18c  
24 tablets ..... 29c  
100 tablets ..... 79c

GENUINE  
ASPIRIN IS  
MARKED THIS  
WAY



## Building Materials

### ALUMINUM CORRUGATED FOR ROOFING and SIDING

5 to 14½ ft. lengths. Sheet 36" —  
cover 32" wide, 24 gauge.

Brick Imitation Papers in Roll 18".  
Color: Red, Buff, and Green. Black Joint  
and White.

Revetement Algo-Brique 5/8".  
Color: Red, Buff and Green.

Asphalt Shingles, Roll Roofing, Scutan  
Paper, Tared Felt, Beaver Board.

Prices and samples on request.  
Immediate Delivery From Stock.

**A. L. Gonville Mfg.**  
CHARRETTE QUEBEC



### Mr. Farmer: THE NEW IMPROVED NELSON FARM RECORD



Is now simpler than ever. Do not start another year without this book. When you have used it one year you will wonder how you ever got along without it. It is Canada's Simplest, Complete and Workable Farm Bookkeeping System. Every Farmer can understand it. It will give you daily and monthly Totals of your Receipts and Expenses, and at the end of the year it will automatically give you Total Taxable Receipts, Total Deductible Expenses, Total Non-Deductible Expenses, Grand Total of all Expenses, Net Taxable Income, Profit or Loss, Net Worth and all other information. Will require only five minutes each day to keep. Send for your copy now. The price is so low that you cannot afford to be without it. It is made in two sizes.

One-Year Size, \$1.85 — Three-Year Size, \$3.75

**NELSON FARM RECORD**  
714—7th Ave. West, Calgary, Alberta  
Please send me one copy of the NELSON FARM RECORD postpaid. I am enclosing Money Order

for \$ ..... Send ..... Year Size.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## Call Of Christmas

Continued from page 12

the chain and turning its yellowed fangs upon the steel.

In usual course Tim would have ended the bear's struggles straightway with a merciful bullet. Now he hesitated, in a quandary. If he killed the bear he'd be bound by thrift and duty to salvage the pelt; for Tim never killed wantonly. But that would take a heap of time, and with Pete and Christmas' calling him across the range, Tim wasn't waiting to skin anything, not even a black fox. Neither could he leave the bear in the trap. In spite of the apparent cruelty of his calling, Tim possessed the tenderest of hearts and had a paradoxical love for all the wild things on which he made a living.

Just here the bear made out Tim standing amid the bushes. There was a harsh cough-cough as the fur clad giant reared upon his hind legs and lunged at the old trapper. The chain snubbed the beast short.

In the lunging struggle that ensued Tim noted suddenly that the heavy chain had become wedged in the crevice of a frost-split boulder close to the trap and that the bear, with but a foot of play to the chain, was putting forth his great strength in a manner exactly calculated to wedge it tighter still. An idea flashed abruptly to Tim's mind.

DROPPING his pack, he broke off a dead tree limb near by and cautiously mounted on the other side of the rock on which the chain had snubbed. The end of the long bracket that clamped the jaws of the trap was also wedged in the crack of the rock. Waiting his chance, Tim placed the end of his heavy branch on the bracket and pushed down with all his strength. The spring bent downward slowly and the jaws of the big trap fell apart. Before the bear had time to realize that he was actually free, Tim had climbed to the lower branches of a nearby pine and sat chuckling as he watched the brute's dull amazement.

For a space the animal worked off its wrath by battering the trap about and splintering and rending the dead branch Tim had dropped almost into his jaws. Abruptly then its wrathful reddish little eyes found the man, and it squatted, growling fiercely, at the base of the tree. Then it made off through the forest.

Old Tim grinned as he watched him out of sight. His loss had been little either in time or money; and the thought of it somehow answered the holiday spirit that was growing in him. He got into his webs again and swung on through the darkening aisles of the woods toward his cabin. There was a dull ache to the leaden sky that told of coming snow, but Tim's weather nose told him it was yet some time away. If he started for Banion by dawn he'd make it all right.

The alarm had Tim out before grey streaks next morning. He stuck his head outside. The sky was still heavy, but no snow yet. Far up toward Sawtooth he heard the faint howl of a lone wolf. The wind had veered toward the south.

Within half an hour Tim was on the trail, a small pack of grub and blankets nicely placed on the flat of his shoulders, matches and eatin' tobacco in easy reach, his lightest rifle in his hand.

The cold was intense, but that was nothing to a young man under sixty. It made the going better. The dry snow hissed and rang beneath his skimming webs.

THE going grew steep and steeper. Toward mid-afternoon a bit of snow began to fall. Nothing in that unless the wind went on shifting. It didn't. The snow continued soft and light. Tim heard the lone wolf call he'd caught at dawn—nearer now—coming from somewhere in a dense spruce valley up ahead. For five or six seconds silence reigned; then there came an answering wail, not of one wolf but a chorus of many.

So there was a wolf pack on the upper Jack Pine this winter. It had been five years, come February, since Tim had heard that devil's chorus. They'd drifted in over the north slopes of the mountains, he guessed, and that accounted for the abrupt scarcity of game he'd been noticing the past week.

Presently he came out on the open ridges that led up to Sawtooth, where the winds kept the snow crusted and glassy. He removed his webs the better to negotiate the upgrade. Carrying them under one arm, he pressed on across the windswept drifts. Let him have all today without a storm and he had that 80 miles faded all right. Yes Ma'am, he could travel a few yet, he could. He'd get to Banion on Christmas Eve instead of Christmas Day, like he'd planned, if he shod till dark tonight and made another big push next day. He could hear now the whoop of delight Big Chief would let out at sight of him.

Trust Big Chief to know where to lay hand on a bottle or two. Then the two of them would forgather. They wouldn't sleep any that night. Just sit in a huddle and talk each other deaf, dumb, and blind.

What a bucko mate Big Chief had been those three years! Always doing his share of the cooking and wood chopping, and a little bit more. And when it came to packing he'd slip an extra 30 pounds into his own load, knowing Tim was older and not so strong.

Visions of other days must have turned Tim's sight inward for a space. At any rate, just there his two feet went out from under him on the icy surface of the snow. Instinctively as he fell he released his grip on his snowshoes and rifle and cast himself flat on the hard crust. But at that point there wasn't a single outcrop to cling to,

and Tim went tobogganing down a 500-hundred-yard slope as steep as a house roof. The top of a dead-pine stub stopped him momentarily, but a rotten branch broke off in his hand. He brought up finally amid a pile of debris far below in the valley bottom. For a minute he lay there, dizzy and half dazed.

The dull shooting pains that ran through his right leg made him sit up, and he saw the full extent of his predicament. His rifle and snowshoes had disappeared somewhere in a deep, brush-choked canon below. Tim shuddered as he saw how close he had come to following them. Still, things couldn't be much worse; for on straightening his leg the throbbing pain in his tendons ran up to his hip. With bated breathe he seized a dangling spruce limb and pulled himself upright, heart pounding with tension. The moment he put his weight on his right leg it doubled beneath him—the throbbing pain, centralized in his knee, telling that it had been severely wrench.

A groan broke from Tim. Right there his whole trek over Sawtooth and his Christmas with Joe Pete went glimmering. Not to see Pete this season, after all! Oh—!

If he made it back to his cabin now, it was the best he could do; and first he must recover his snowshoes and rifle. Several miles of drifts lay between him and home, and much of it would not support his weight without the shoes.

Shock and disappointment seemed to have numbed the very roots of his will; the fangs of the frost had bitten deep before he rallied himself for what was next to be done. Breasting through deep drifts, he began working his way along the gully rim, seeking a way down, groaning at the pains that shot up his leg at each movement. Before he had gone 40 feet he had to stop and administer first aid. Twenty minutes later, with the aid of his clasp knife and a buckskin thong, he had completed a rude brace of heavy bark strips for his injured knee that would help bear his weight when he stepped on it.

Presently he found a break in the cliff that would let him down to the canon bottom, then floundered back to the spot where his snowshoes showed half buried. For a quarter of an hour thereafter he searched and dug painfully here and there for his belt rifle, to no avail. The weapon had sunk past finding in the loose, powdery drifts.

TIM gave up the hunt. The growing cold and his pain were weakening him. He would need all he had to make it back to the cabin. A bit light-headed from the effort of fastening on his webs, he struck out, limping painfully, down the gully, a tightness constricting his throat and chest at the thought that every step, every moment now, was taking him farther from Pete and Christmas. Progress became a battle every foot. The weight of his snowshoes brought added twinges of pain licking up his leg, telling heavily on his strength. He had to wallow out of his course time after time, seeking the clearest, levellest paths. But his will gradually stiffened to the task.

Gorr a'mighty, what a mess had come of his being a bit hind-sighted for half a second and stepping on that bit of loose crust! And this day was

### Announcement of SUBSCRIPTION RATE INCREASE

As from January 1, 1949, Country Guide subscription rates will be as follows:

Canada	\$1.00 for two years.
(EXCEPT WINNIPEG CITY)	\$2.00 for five years.
	\$3.00 for eight years.

Winnipeg City \$1.00 per year; outside Canada \$1.00 per year

to have taken him over half way to Banion. Hope and buoyancy had died in him. He hadn't words organized to say what he thought of himself; just swore and wiped wet eyes. No chance to see Banion till spring; and worse than that, he was going to be laid up a week or so at the shack with this leg of his—held from his traps and Pete alike. He didn't even know how he'd manage to cook and keep fire. Some Christmas—blast the low-down luck of a web-footed Chinee!

He didn't know how much later it was when something caused him to glance up just in time to glimpse a dark, low form gliding among the trees above and to his right. A mere flash; then it was gone. A skulking wolf, Tim guessed, but it gave him a slight stir of uneasiness as he pressed on. He was well out of the canon some five minutes later when a long-drawn howl issued from the dark pines in the rear. Once more the howl sounded, answered from another point in the distance. Tim let out a whooping shout. The noise ceased abruptly, and he stood looking back for a space, then started on with a slight shiver.

Wavering, dragging his webs in growing weakness, he was crossing an open glade 500 yards farther when the hunting cry of the wolves broke out again, louder and closer, a sense of impending calamity borne with it on the wings of the wind above the forest. And a minute later Tim, halting to look back, saw the two dark forms appear among the trees at the far side of the open space. It was then that he knew that the wheel of things had certainly slipped into reverse for him; that the wilderness gods which had always smiled on him were bent on smiting him down. Speech, lurid and wrathful broke from him. "A hunting pack. It's my trail they're on an' nothin' else. An' me with only a hatchet!"

As he stood waiting confirmation of his fears he made out no less than seven of the savage killers among the trees. Somehow, he felt, they had sensed his helplessness already, with that sharp, almost satanic cunning of their kind. No hurry about their tactics. He saw them weaving in and out among the shadows, their pale straw-colored eyes aflame. Fierce and half starved, they would hang to his trail indefinitely, he knew though they had yet to nerve themselves for attack on the one thing in the woods they feared. Tim loosed his belt hatchet and started forward again, conscious of the circling pack drawing in a bit closer.

Actual fear began to lay hold of Tim. He knew exactly what he was up against. The pack would grow gradually bolder and fiercer as time passed; and finally, inevitably, would come their concerted attack. It would be a fight then—such a fight as he'd never put up before; and with a bad leg and no firearm it could have but one ending. Even if he took to a tree, it couldn't be for long. The frost would get him.

HIS bad leg dragged now as he hitched his aching body through the drifts, hatchet swinging, always with an eye cocked to the rear. The rods seemed miles, but he kept going, going, going—fighting down pain, ready on the moment to meet a swift, furtive rush of the enemy. His eyes

became dull-brown lightless wells from exhaustion, but he'd stick it out.

"Stick her out—stick—her—out," he muttered in a husky whisper.

And then—

Old Tim had just broken out of the thickets upon a fresh trail—his own trail of the early morning. As he did so his heart leaped within him as it had never leaped before. For there, not a hundred feet ahead of him, what looked like a great dark boulder was advancing upon him.

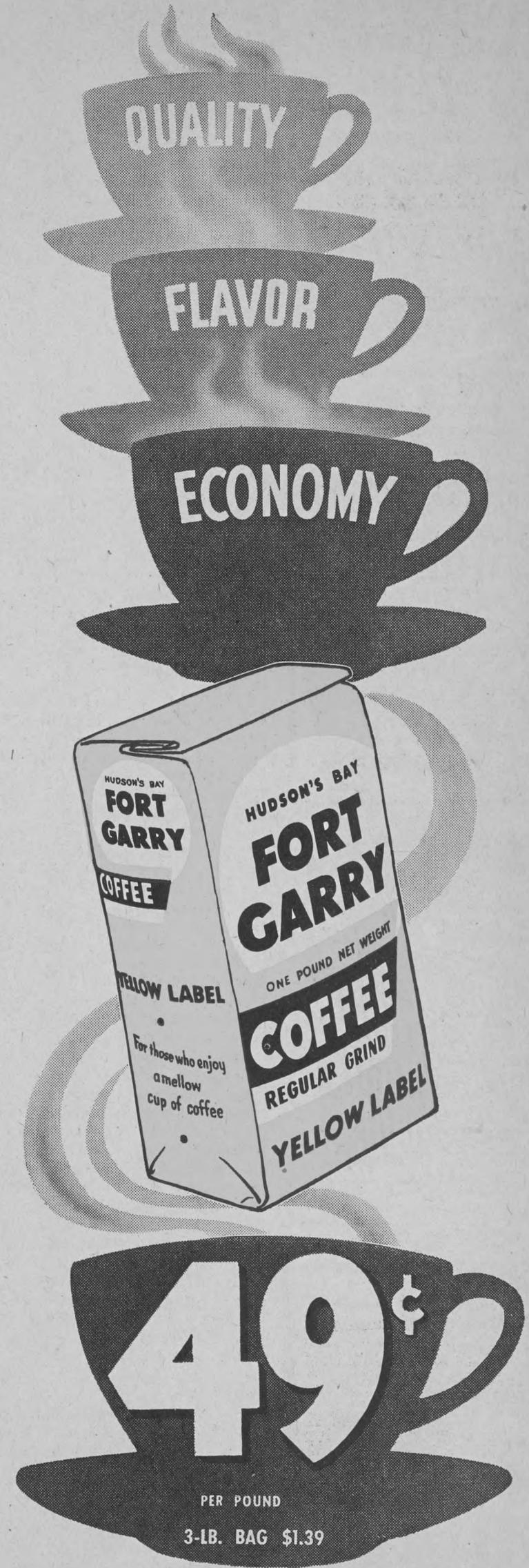
It was the shaggy form of the bear he had freed from his trap the previous day. The beast's back was humped with the speed and vigor of his shambling pace, his muzzle held close to Tim's trail. It needed no imagination to perceive that the familiar scent of the trail, combined no doubt with the gnaw of pain and hunger, had flung the beast into a ferocious killing temper. If he had heard the baying of the wolves from this direction, he was either so savage or so confident in his powers as to disregard the fact.

Old Tim stood stark and motionless, watching its advance, at the end of his rope, caught in one of those nightmare predicaments of which he had sometimes dreamed, yet sought to discredit in his unuttered prayers. Just then the full-voiced chorus of the wolves broke out again beyond the fringe of the trees, their call interspersed now with short, high yaps that to Tim's ears represented the cry of triumph of the wild that was conquering him at last. Here and there a glimpse of gleaming fangs and drooping tails marked the lean, gliding length of the killers; swift impressions of lolling tongues and slavering jaws and the glint of lambent eyes glowing in the shadows, full of the lust of rapine and death. They were gathering about in a phantom circle. Tim gripped his hatchet and backed toward a nearby tree, casting a swift glance aloft. Too big to climb—branches too high—even if he had a climb left in him.

**S**EEMINGLY oblivious heretofore of the wolves, the bear now halted abruptly as his little reddish eyes made them out. Then a low, bawling note of anger issued from deep down in his paunch at the sight of the man whom scent and memory still linked with his suffering of yesterday, and he came on, scarce 20 feet away now, uprisen on his hind legs like a gaunt spectre of vengeance. Old Tim, swinging his puny weapon, backed away before him, keeping his eyes on the monster as the greater of two dangers.

Suddenly, like a grey streak and with no warning, one of the wolves, a huge, lean beast, came lunging at Tim from the rear in long, silent springs. Straight for the man's back he leaped, fangs bared. But somehow Tim had felt the danger, and wheeled in the nick of time, swinging his hatchet in a short, vicious upward sweep. It caught the grey devil full upon the lower jaw and sheared through it. A gurgling, blood-choked cry broke from the killer's throat as he fell backward, struggling and twitching in the deep snow.

Venting strident wild-Indian yells and brandishing his weapon to intimidate his attackers, Tim continued to keep just ahead of the bear, making toward a low-limbed spruce in a final



YOU'LL ALSO ENJOY "FORT GARRY"  
YELLOW LABEL TEA - 85¢ PER LB.

## 99.9% PLUS

PURE CANADIAN ZINC USED IN  
**BURGESS  
BATTERIES**



**BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY**  
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA  
8-188



AT ANY DRUGGIST; OR FROM YOUR MAIL ORDER HOUSE

desperate effort. The bear was but a dozen feet away. Nothing but a miracle, he saw, could save him now. And then, within the turn of a second, the miracle befell.

The maddened pack, their appetites fired to reckless frenzy by the smell of their companion's blood, suddenly swept forward in a compact mass. Quite possibly they fancied they were being robbed of their rightful prey; for they fell upon man and bear alike in a ravening grey tide. Two of them sprang at old Tim. The other five—for the wolf with the broken jaw was back in it by now—surrounded the bear amid a bedlam of worrying snarls, coughs, and bellows, the snoring intake of breaths through teeth, and the horrid click of snapping fangs.

Close quarters now! Old Tim's hatchet flashed through the air a second time, his sure aim inflicting a deep shoulder cut on the foremost wolf that hurled him yelping from the fight.

As his second assailant circled nimbly and warily about him, Tim glanced about, and his heart gave a mighty surge at what he saw. He had stood between two deaths. Now by a weird shuffling of chance, his opponents were at one another's throats. But to Tim, with his primitive, elementary sense of justice, it represented much more than that.

**YESTERDAY**, he had given life and liberty to a black bear. Now, by the undeviating law that makes the weaker beast food for the stronger, the dead tree compost for the living, the bear was unwittingly repaying his score. And what a battle it was! What a tale he would have—if he lived to get out of this—to relate to Joe Pete and the hangers-on in Banion: of how he and a black bear had fought side by side against a pack of wolves and wiped the critters out!

It was a heaving, swaying inferno now in the dimness beneath the great spruce. Twice Tim saw the bear flung from its feet and submerged by the combined rush of wolves from the sides and rear; but with his great weight and strength the beast could no more be pinned down by those lean fighters than a battering-ram. As he shook free of them and rose on his hind legs, something like a grey cloth flapping wildly in the wind hung pendant from the monster's muzzle. It was the leader of the wolf pack, who had secured a snout hold in the scrimmage and was hanging on like a leech, suspended by his jaws as the bear coughed and shook itself. Then two great paws clutched the grey beast, fumbled with it a moment like a man undoing a bundle, and flung it broken and howling over the heads of its companions.

Old Tim let out an exultant whoop at the sight—but broke off with a gasp of pain. His guard had dropped for an instant, and the wolf that had been circling him had sprung in and fastened on his leg. A sweeping downward blow of his hatchet clove the brute's skull, and without a sound it dropped, kicking its life out at the man's feet.

Watching keenly the surging, snarling melee that centred about the bear, Tim stepped over the body and cautiously approached. He saw that the ancient hate that exists between the bear and wolf clans was at work. The

fury of both sides had been aroused to such a pitch that all else was forgotten save the lust for slaughter. Tim might have made good his escape now unnoticed, but no such thought entered his head. Carried off his feet at sight of the splendid battle the bear was putting up, he had forgotten his own danger utterly. An eternal sense of the balance and justice of things leagued him on the side of his benefactor whose appearance had undoubtedly saved his life, and his keen eye was alert for a chance to deal a telling blow against the pack.

Once more his hatchet descended, a deliberate and well placed blow that unclamped the jaws of one big grey beast that clung to the bear's shoulder. Its body slipped beneath the feet of the fighters, and Tim emitted another yip of triumph that drew the narrow green orbs of the other wolves upon him. He was preparing to repeat his attack when the battle abruptly ended. Relieved of the hampering weight of the fallen wolf, the bear rose upright once more, freeing himself of his three remaining tormentors with a couple of full-armed blows that sent one of them spinning a dozen feet with long, red gashes showing along the whole length of his grey coat. Turning for another flank attack, the brutes suddenly realized their desperate plight at sight of their own dead and dying, and their hearts turned to water. For a minute more they continued to circle about with a half-hearted show of attack; then the wounded animal turned tail and slunk into the woods, its companions following.

**T**HE silence that followed their departure was abrupt and absolute. Bloodstained and panting, his trousers ragged, eyes still glowing with battle light, old Tim stood facing the bear once more, at a distance of 15 feet. Raising his gaunt and bleeding head, the bear sat up and stared defiantly back at this original enemy of his, still miraculously standing there facing him. The reddish glow of his malevolent little eyes flamed anew. If Tim were looking for further trouble he was quite obviously ready to give it to him. Then the low but startling sound of the man's voice caught the animal in its tracks.

"Easy, easy, ol' timer," came Tim's soothing drawl. "That was a whoppin' good fight you put up an' no mistake. Yessir, we stood 'em off together, son, an' licked 'em for fair—but don't you go spoilin' it all by crawlin' my hump now. There's grub a-plenty all around ye an' that's what you're a-needin'. A dried-up old codger like me won't do you no good."

The beast moved forward irresolutely. Then the battle light wavered and wan in its eyes, its low, growling subsided, as the warm, fresh scent of blood rose strongly to its nostrils. Moving to the carcass of the nearest wolf, he fell upon it and began then and there making up for the weeks of cold and starvation he had endured.

Unnoticed, old Tim turned and went limping away among the trees. The wind, he noted, had shifted around to the south and the air was getting warmer. Over the silent forest peace had descended again; but to old Tim, with his acute imagination of an outdoor mystic, it was much more than that. Balance had been restored according to wilderness code—debts paid. Tim fancied he could almost see

now those grim powers of adversity which the wolves had embodied drawing back in grave defeat.

It wasn't till now that Tim realized how near done he was. The strain and tension of what he'd been through had taken away what little steam he'd had left. Pain flooded over him again in a dark wave as he hitched his aching body at an ant's pace through the drifts. Chin on breast, teeth tight over groans, he hobbed on—on—on. Lines like knife cuts stood out round his mouth; but, each time he seemed to have reached the end, fresh pain stabbed him to an added final effort. Day was about ended. Twilight was coming now. Then old Tim knew all at once that the mist of darkness enveloping the forest was not before his eyes but in his head. He rallied again; held deathly still until only a stupor remained in which his senses seemed to steep. Then he pressed on until he died again . . .

**I**T wasn't until he stumbled and fell at the edge of his own clearing that Tim recognized his whereabouts, and then he fancied he was daft. Real twilight had fallen now, and through it Tim made out the dark outline of the shack—and in the middle of it a square of yellow light that was the single north window. Had he strayed 20 miles off course, or was some sneakin' fur thief in the shack? He loosed a cracked and rusty shout, stumbled and sprawled again.

Then through fog and earthquake he heard a booming voice yelling, felt himself plucked up and carried bodily through the open door of the shack. From his own bunk he peered up into a bearded face he knew.

"Old Pete! What in time?"

"Sure; no ghost. I come through yesterday round the south pass of Sawtooth, Tim. Rode most of the way with a fur buyer from Banion. The doc he cut up scandalous, but my lung's a heap better and I couldn't mope away Christmas back there with you up here alone. Got in about noon. Figured you was out on the line, so I pried open the door and started cookin'. Fetched us a reg'lar bird for Christmas dinner, ol' timer—"

Tim's fevered brain was buzzing.

"An' me—I was heading up over Sawtooth to see you, Pete, when I crooked a knee, an' the wolves jumped me, an' a old bear come along an' fought 'em for me . . . I'll tell ye all about it later, start to finish."

"But you—up on Sawtooth! If you'd gone on over we'd a' missed each other—"

"An' with a storm coming up I'd not seen you till spring, like as not. Here, let's get the feel of ye again. You'll stick now till spring, won't you, Pete?"

"Let 'em try and pry me out! I'll be fitter'n you by the first of the year. An' I brought a deck o' cards. We'll settle that poker champeenship—"

"Easy on that leg, young timer—"

"You should 'a' seen the doc worryin' about me. 'May be the death o' ye,' s'e; an' I says, 'Better die decent out in the pass than in back o' Beachey's store—'

They said everything twice for good measure. The cabin rang with delighted oaths and laughter and Old Tim mixed a tear or two with the tide as the little demons of silence and loneliness fled into the night.

THE END.

# The Country Boy and Girl

**The Good Little Eskimo**  
by MARY E. GRANNAN

If it hadn't been for the good little Eskimo you wouldn't have found one thing in your stocking last Christmas. I knew all about it then, but I didn't tell you because I was afraid you'd be worried. But this is what happened.

The good little Eskimo, whose name was Yaka, lived in an igloo not too far away from Santa Claus' big ice castle, in the northland. Every day, when Yaka finished his chores at home, he'd harness his dogs and ride over the snow to the castle. Santa Claus was always glad to see Yaka.

"Well, well!" he would say, "here you are again Yaka! Do you think you could give me a hand with this tricycle I'm making?"

Yaka would nod his head and smile, and go right to work. He learned how to make every toy in Santa Claus' land. He could make mama dolls say "Mama." He could put the train tracks together. He could sew the pages of a book. He could fit the Jacks into boxes so neatly that they would snap three times when you opened the lid, instead of once.

One day Santa Claus said, "It's getting very close to Christmas Eve, Yaka. Do you think you could come over a bit early tomorrow?"

"Oh yes," said Yaka. "I'll get my chores done tonight, and I'll be over the very first thing in the morning." And it's a good thing he was. Because it had rained in the night and then turned cold. And when Santa Claus went out to feed his reindeer, he slipped, hit his head and arm on the step and lay very still.

He was still there when Yaka drove to the castle yard with his dog sled. "Santa Claus! Santa Claus! What has happened?" he cried.

Santa Claus didn't answer. Yaka ran for water. He bathed the old man's head. Santa groaned a little and then sat up. He knew as he did, that his right arm was broken. "Oh Yaka," he said. "What shall I do? What shall I ever do? It is almost Christmas, and my toys are not nearly finished." And then he shook his head sadly, and said, "I'll not be able to drive my eight reindeer, either, with this broken arm."

Yaka helped Santa to his feet without saying a thing. He helped him to the house without saying a thing. He went for the mission doctor without saying a thing. But when Santa was comfortable again, Yaka said, "Do not worry, Santa Claus. I have been watching you making toys every day of my life. I can finish every doll, game, sled, ski, teddy bear in the place."

Santa's eyes brightened. Then they darkened again, "But the toys must be delivered too, Yaka."

"I can drive reindeer," said Yaka. "You'll be able to go by then, and you can show the houses where the children live." With that, Yaka went to work, and he worked every waking hour from then until Christmas eve.

When Santa Claus cried, "On Dasher, on Dancer, on Prancer and Fixen, on Comet, on Cupid, on Donder



At Christmas time we have a wonderful chance to say "thank you" to all those people who have helped us through the year—Mother and Dad especially, then the other members of our family and our friends. Whether your gift is large or small the person who receives it will know you are saying "thank you."

Before the year 1948 ends we have some friends we want you to know. You have seen two of them before on this page—in the month of May we showed two boys playing marbles in the sun, in July these same two boys were taking a dip in the ol' swimmin' hole to cool off, then in September they were helping with the stocking so as to earn a little pocket money of their own. Here they are again, the same two boys and also a little girl bringing home their Christmas tree just like the other boys and girls who read this page.

We would like you to know Bob and his sister Molly, and their friend Dick who lives on a farm just across the road. They have lots of fun together at Christmas time and all through the year. They go picking berries, hunting birds' nests, skating, swimming and often they help each other with chores in order to get finished up a little sooner. You will be seeing more of them again next year. Dick, Molly and Bob join us when we say, "Merry Christmas to you!"

*Ann Sankey*



and Blixen," it was Yaka who held the reins. It was Yaka too, who helped Santa Claus down your chimney last Christmas Eve. That's why I think he's a good little Eskimo.

## Interpret Your Dreams

EVERY little dream has a meaning of its own and you will find it well worth while to dig out that hidden meaning. Buying a ten-cent dream book which gives an explanation of such startling dreams as being chased by a policeman or fighting with a monkey will not help a great deal because a dream is a personal affair with a very personal meaning. Joseph was able to interpret Pharaoh's dreams because he knew they had to do with something very close to Pharaoh's life, his desires, and his ambitions.

And today, the greatest of our scientists are agreed that dreams do have meanings, and that they are based on our hopes or fears. Good dreams are wish fulfillments; they give us an experience in sleep of something we would like to see happen when we wake. Bad dreams are the result of a guilty conscience; they come to torment us when we have "something on our minds."

Your dreams will often pretend to solve something that has been puzzling you. That's why analyzing your dreams when you wake is such fun. Sometimes you will discover hidden problems which were troubling you and which your dreams very kindly set out in a clearer light.

But these dreams are tricky little phantoms too. In painting a mind picture they will often use substitutes such as a black crow for a bad deed, or a policeman for an angry teacher. Yet with care, and by following a few set rules, you can usually arrive at the main story your dream has to tell.

First, there are some general points in the language of dreams. Flying, for example, indicates you have a wish to

rise above some limiting circumstances. Falling means you are tempted to do something wrong. An accident points out you are afraid of the consequences of something you plan to do. If you dream of being chased, you are afraid of somebody and upon waking you should unravel the dream to find out who is bothering you. If you find you are partly or fully undressed in public it indicates you are inwardly rebelling against some restrictions either at home or at school. Find out what these restrictions are and learn to accept them without so much inside boiling up.

When you come to the actual matter of analyzing a particular dream you must remember it is something that happened the day before that caused your mind to run wild while you slept. True, the dream may dig back far into your past for its characters and stage setting but the curtain raiser is always an event of the preceding day.

When you wake up after a dream, you should start to break the picture puzzle to pieces, and then fit it together again so that it makes sense. Take the objects of the dream such as: roller skates, black bear, policeman, main street, cocoanut. Then try to recall any event of the day before that will match up with any of these objects. Perhaps someone had frightened you or hurt your feelings. Possibly the black bear represented this person because your dreams always exaggerate things for effect. The cocoanut might be a stone which the bear hoped to throw at you. The roller skates were to get you out of the way faster. A fall would indicate you had difficulty escaping the annoyance of this person. The policeman on beat at the corner might be your haven of refuge instead of your house.

By this method you will soon uncover a clue to your dream and then you can take steps to solve the problem that is resting heavily on your mind.

Dreams are really tip-offs. Don't let them by without attempting a personal interpretation. Even though you don't always arrive at a clear solution you will find that dream analysis is plenty of fun. And if you become friendly minded toward your dreams, you will find that the worst of them are friends in disguise.—Walter King.

## An Indoor Game

On a piece of paper place 100 dots to form a square 10 by 10. The dots should be about half an inch apart.

To play the game, called "complete a square," two players take turns in joining two dots anywhere on the diagram. The dots can only be joined with lines running vertical or horizontal. Oblique lines are ruled out.

When a player completes a square by putting in the fourth side, he places his initial in it. When all dots have been joined with straight lines, the player whose initial appears in the greatest number of squares is the winner.

You'll be surprised how many different ways you can draw lines so as to prevent your opponent from completing a square if you keep both eyes open.—Walter King.

## Mixed Words

Here are ten sentences with one word in each sentence that is wrong because it is misspelled or does not make sense. Rearrange the letters of this word to form another word that will fit the meaning of the sentence. Check your answers from the list below.

1. The sun sires each morning.
2. Honest men will not least.
3. A glass save is often lovely.
4. The odor of snub is delightful.
5. The children blew the shorn all morning.
6. They rolled down the poles of the hill.
7. The homeless is a damon among men.
8. The melon has an oily yellow skin.
9. The pools rolled far away.
10. The words flashed in the sun.

## Some Riddles To Try

1. What is the richest country in the world?
2. Why is a dentist always grouchy?
3. How can I take two letters from a five-letter word and have one left?
4. What is bought by the yard, yet worn by the foot?
5. What is placed upon a table and cut and passed around, yet cannot be eaten?

## Answers to "Mixed Words"

1. rises.
2. steal.
3. vase.
4. buns.
5. horns.
6. slope.
7. nomad.
8. lemon.
9. spool.
10. sword.

## Answers To Riddles

1. Ireland — its capital is always Dublin.
2. He is constantly looking down-in-the-mouth.
3. Take two letters from STONE and have ONE left.
4. A carpet.
5. A pack of cards.

# THE Country GUIDE

with which is incorporated

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER and FARM and HOME  
Serving the farmers of Western Canada Since 1882

VOL. LXVII WINNIPEG, DECEMBER, 1948 No. 12

## The American Election

Mr. Truman's great personal triumph of November 2 came at a bad time for this page. We did not get an opportunity to join in the discomfiture of the pollsters and the discredited newspaper prophets, nor to cheer the scrappy little man in whom nobody believed but the electors. At the year's best sporting event our lips were sealed till the bleachers were empty. Perhaps, however, a Canadian publication may make some comment in its first post-election issue which might be regarded as undue interest in a neighbor's affairs at any other time.

Foreigners assert that the differences between the two American parties are so small as to be invisible to the naked eye at their distance. Traditionally, however, the Democrats have a better record in promoting external trade. Canada has reason to be satisfied that the administration which guided the Havana trade conference remains at the helm in Washington. Disquieting rumors from the United States during the campaign indicated that Mr. Dewey's associates could hardly wait to get their hands on the reciprocal trade agreements. The ballot boxes have secured the future of that policy for the time being.

The U.S. has had a bipartisan foreign policy for the last few years, but the conversion of many Republican leaders from isolationism is comparatively recent. In quieter times, when American interest in foreign affairs may lag, there is no telling where the recent converts may stand. Other nations have discovered to their sorrow that one of the most constant features of American foreign policy is its frequent and sharp reversals. The need for American participation in world affairs will increase rather than decrease with the passage of time. Should the American people tire of the burden of leadership, the Democratic party is in a better position than its rival to uphold the demands of internationalism.

The American election disclosed a move toward the left of which the newspapers and radio were entirely unaware. Looking at the evolution of public opinion here and in the U.S. one speculates on the possibility of a parallel trend here in Canada. Some of the elements which made for a Democratic victory in the American Union are active on this side of the line; the rising power of organized labor; widespread concern over sky-rocketing prices; an inadequate urban housing program; rising corporate profits and declining public savings; the incidence of taxation at the present, or lower, levels; the conviction that some measure of government support or supervision of marketing is indispensable to agricultural security.

In the United States election the Wallace party ruled itself out because of its refusal to take a stand on Communism satisfactory to the American voter. The Democratic party became the principal beneficiary of the leftward swing. In Canada it will be different. There will be three major parties. To what extent will they severally be affected by an unfathomable leftward trend? To what extent will the period between now and the election see an intensification of interest in these subjects? The answer is one which the party managers would very much like to have.

## Canada's Export Trade

Canada's export trade is undergoing a tremendous important change as revealed by recently released information covering the first nine months of 1948. The standard pattern of trading is for Canada to use its favorable balance from overseas trade to pay its American deficit. In the post-war

years there has been a satisfactory over-all surplus but the soft money earned by overseas trade could not be applied against the dollar deficit, which mounted to \$1,100 million in 1947. Wherefore the Abbott dollar-saving program adopted about a year ago.

The treasury restrictions have surpassed expectations in halting the drain on dollars. August 1948 saw a new low in the American deficit—\$20 million for the month. But the success of the Canadian experiment has encouraged other nations to do the same thing. The whole sterling area is driven to expanding its exports wherever possible, preferably in hard currency markets, and in curtailing purchases in countries requiring dollar payments. Sir Stafford Cripps warned Canada in plain language during the summer that the United Kingdom was obliged to satisfy its wants in the sterling area insofar as possible. Canadian manufacturers are faced with progressively tightening import restrictions in Commonwealth, European, and Latin-American countries. For them 1947 may turn out to have been the last year of an era that is over. The new outlook will require far-reaching, and perhaps painful, re-adjustments. It has come as a shock to some to realize that not all of Canada's war expanded industries can be permanently maintained.

The over-all export picture is, deceptively, well above the same period last year, but some allowance must be made for price increases. A little analysis shows that this picture would have been severely reversed but for increases in the income from cattle, base metals and forest products. But for these primary products, plus the export of locomotives, ships, and farm machinery the over-all deficit would have been \$140 million. The boom in the first two named manufactured products was supported by orders which will probably not be repeated. Farm machinery export was up \$20 million. Cattle and meat exports earned an estimated \$60 million in the short season between August 16 and November 17.

Manufacturers have not shown much uneasiness as yet because high domestic purchasing power enables the home market to absorb output barred from foreign markets. If the trend continues, as it very well may, this country will see a renewed demand for protection. Agreements reached at Havana last year, and negotiations growing out of those agreements, may impose some restraints, but the West has had enough experience of protectionist greed to know that vigilance on this front can never be relaxed.

Another course which the new situation enjoins is the advisability of expanding dollar sales to the limit of Canada's ability. Renewed cattle trade with the U.S. was a good beginning. It brought in twice the income that had been prophesied. The trade in other farm commodities should be resumed or expanded. There is no longer any excuse for the continued embargo on barley, for instance. The hunt for markets is on once more, and the need is no less imperious than it was in the years between the two wars.

## Thunder Out of China

The loudest political explosions of the last month came out of China. The Communist armies inflicted a resounding defeat on the Nationalist forces and made deep penetrations into territories hitherto loyal to Nanking. Wholesale desertions to the Communist forces continue. The Nationalist army in Chang Chun, 60,000 strong, including the American-trained 7th Army, surrendered without a fight, its tanks, trucks and guns intact. American correspondents describe it as Chiang Kai-shek's darkest hour. Less friendly observers declare that his corrupt and decadent regime is sliding irretrievably into bottomless disaster.

Canadians find it hard to assess the import of these changes. A very vocal section of American opinion, which sees the lengthening shadow of Stalin in every sunset, are convinced that the Chinese Communists draw their inspiration and strength from Russia. To them the military upset of the past month foretells the eventual employment of the world's biggest pool of manpower by Russia for the destruction of western democracy. They call for

an emergency session of Congress to approve rescue operations on a gigantic scale.

Others however, with long experience in China have raised the suspicion that the American government has been badly advised. These men describe the Chinese Communists as agrarian reformers whose aims do not go beyond those of democratic people. While the forces opposing Chiang are friendly to Russia they have every reason to distrust intervention by any white power. There is no evidence to show that the Chinese Communists are receiving Russian help of any kind. They are fighting mainly with American weapons shipped to the Orient for their destruction. Canadian witnesses allege that the best thing which could happen to China would be for the venal officials surrounding Chiang to take a permanent vacation in America on the proceeds of their ill-gotten wealth.

Whatever truth may emerge from these conflicting reports, many Americans believe the time has come to look searchingly at their post-war policy. They have poured 4.3 billion dollars into China since V-J Day. The appeal of the Chinese minority parties to the UN General Assembly alleges that not a drop of this aid has been used to boost the Chinese economy. All of it, they insist, has been used to support a doomed regime or fallen into the pockets of bureaucrats, militarists and compradores. No American knows the facts better than Gen. Marshall who seems to have come to the end of his willingness to send good money after bad.

No case before the General Assembly calls for greater statesmanship. Unhappily few cases loaded with materials for mutual recrimination between Russia and the United States.

## Mr. King Retires

To the man in the street the history of Canada since confederation divides into three periods identified with the political activities of three men: Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. And who will say that the contribution to Canadian development by the man who stepped down last month was less than that of either of his illustrious predecessor?

Mr. King came to power in the period of Canada's adolescence. He leaves it a unified nation in the forefront of the world's secondary powers. He took over his party at a time of defeat and division. He quickly imposed his leadership on it and led it through an almost unbroken list of successes. Many able Canadians have served in his cabinet. From all of them he exacted respectful if affectionate allegiance. No one in his party successfully challenged his decisions. He raised the position of prime minister to a new and lofty place in Canada. The Byng episode showed him to be master of constitutional procedure. As a political tactician he has had few equals.

Not all of us have agreed with Mr. King in the crises through which Canada has come. It has seemed at times as though he waited on events rather than shaped them. He gave the false impression of being unable to resolve on a bold course. He appeared to be an incurable fence-sitter. His bitterest critics, however, will concede that whatever they took for timid indecision often required the exercise of limitless patience and self-discipline. Mr. King understood the deep divisions in Canadian public opinion and rose above them. Whatever he fixed upon a line of policy, it was invariably the one which would do least violence to Canadian unity.

Now that he has moved to the comparative obscurity of the back bench, Canadians of every rank and station will wish for Mr. King a long life and sustained vigor to write his memoirs. What a procession of princes, pirates, and politicos would enliven his pages! What a volume of light they would throw on contemporary Canada!

John Strachey, British Food Minister, has opened an exhibition in London to express the thanks of Britshers for food parcels. Over 50,000,000 food parcels have been sent to the U.K. during the past eight years. Canada leads with over 11,000,000. U.S. is a close second. Over 106,000 pounds of bulk gifts were also received in the same period.